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G. W. Henry & Son

SHOUTING:

GENUINE AND SPURIOUS,

IN ALL AGES OF THE CHURCH, FROM THE BIRTH OF CREATION, WHEN THE SONS OF GOD SHOUTED FOR JOY, UNTIL THE SHOUT OF THE ARCH-ANGEL: WITH NUMEROUS EXTRACTS FROM THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT, AND FROM THE WORKS OF WESLEY, EVANS, EDWARDS, ABBOTT, CARTWRIGHT AND FINLEY. GIVING A HISTORY OF THE OUTWARD DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE SPIRIT, SUCH AS

Laughing, Screaming, Shouting, Leaping, Jerking, and Falling under the Power, &c.

With extensive comments, numerous anecdotes and illustrations.

BY G. W. HENRY,

AUTHOR OF "TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS, OR TRAVELS IN EGYPT, TWILIGHT AND BEULAH," "WEDLOCK AND PADLOCK, TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL," "CAMP MEETING HYMN BOOK," &C.

WITH STEEL ENGRAVING OF AUTHOR AND SON.

"If these should hold their peace, the stones would cry out."
Luke 19: 40.

PUBLISHED AND BOUND BY THE AUTHOR:
ONEIDA, MADISON COUNTY, NEW-YORK.
1859.

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PREFACE.

Our apology for writing this book is this:

1.—We believe God has called us to the work.

2.—We love to work for God in spreading Scriptural holiness through the land.

3.—We desire to bless the world with spiritual bread, and at the same time procure for ourselves and family the bread of earth.

We expect to give an account in the judgment for every word we have written. Our book is a child of prayer. Unceasingly have we prayed for the Spirit's direction; the need of which we have felt especially, because our blindness compelled us to the unnatural method of writing through our son and daughter.

O! Lord, if the book please Thee, give it the wings of a carrier dove, and prepare its way to the firesides of thousands; and may it win many souls to Christ after we are dead. Amen!

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.—Introductory.
House put in Order—Matrimonial Excursion—Sons of God Shouting—Crossing the Threshold—Theme of the Book.

CHAPTER II.—Our Platform.
On a Search—Two Pillars—Croakers—Family Quarrels—Gog and Magog.

CHAPTER III.—Platform Exemplified.
Dr. Z. Paddock—Hopping—The Accuser—Crawling out of the Shell.

CHAPTER IV.—The Way Marked Out.
God's order—No neutrality—Map of the route—Gloomy and Spiritual Religion.

CHAPTER V.—Moses and his Mother.
Glory of Egypt—Ark of Rushes—Trust in Providence—Strong Cords—Disconsolate Mothers—Finley's Vision.

CHAPTER VI.—The Plagues of Egypt.
Rip Van Winkle nap—Unusual employment—Moses' Commission—the Plagues—Too much Noise—Funeral scene—Universalist—Come out—West India Emancipation—Spiritual Freedom.

CHAPTER VII.—Israel's First Trial.
A Critical Position—Providence and Grace—At Migdol—Fugitive Slave Law.

CHAPTER VIII.—Crossing the Red Sea.
Young Converts—Morning of Joy—Shaft of Fire—Safe Sleeping—Sea Divided.

CHAPTER IX.—Passage of the Red Sea Celebrated.
Triumphant Songs—Holy Dancing.

CHAPTER X.—Spurious Shouting.
The Camp at Sinai—Moses on the Mount—Israel Backslides—Golden Calf Destroyed—First Mourner's Bench—Breaking the Tables—Dancing.

CHAPTER XI.—Grapes and Pomegranates.
Moses' Anger Justified—Dedication of the Tabernacle—Majority and Minority Report—Experienced Pilots

CHAPTER XII.—The Smitten Rock.
Going Ahead—Trial of Faith—A Revival—Water from the Rock—Noisy Revivals.

CHAPTER XIII.—License to Shout.
Rumseller's License—Slaveholder's License—Christian's License to Shout—When to shout—A Victory—Moses' Funeral.

CHAPTER XXXI.—VIEWS OF JOHN WESLEY.
The Old Tree—Tree of Life—Dangerous Rock—The Model Revival—Wesley not Deified—Misrepresented—Change of Views.

CHAPTER XXXII.—FETTER-LANE CONFESSION.
Extract—Prayer for Pharisees—Vain Hopes—Standing on the Threshold—Controversy with a D. D.—Blasphemy—The Call.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—WESLEY'S VIEWS CONTINUED.
Quotation—Horrible Outeries—Quotation—A Calm—The Greater Danger—Counterfeits—Quotation—Let Uzzah Beware.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—WESLEY'S VIEWS CONTINUED.
Extract—Wonderful Scene—Anotner Sight—Laughing Blessing—Experience.

CHAPTER XXXV.—WESLEY'S VIEWS CONTINUED.
P. 45 and 46, vol. 5—Wesley's Morality—Religion, so-called—As God pleases, a Storm or Calm—Our Warning—Vol. 7, p. 502.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—MISREPRESENTATIONS OF WESLEY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—WELSH JUMPING.
Christmas Evans—Welsh Jumping—Comments by Author.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—VIEWS OF JONATHAN EDWARDS.
Edwards an Endorser—Extracts and Comments.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—VIEWS OF EDWARDS CONTINUED.
Extracts and Comments.

CHAPTER XL.—VIEWS OF EDWARDS CONTINUED.
A word for Croakers—Light without Heat—Extracts and Comments.

CHAPTER XLI.—BENJAMIN ABBOTT.
Abbott's Conviction—His Conversion—His Sanctification—Our Sanctification.

CHAPTER XLII.—SECOND BLESSING.
Two Blind Men—Wesley's Views—Can't Keep Still—Three Gates—Old Piano—Perfection.

CHAPTER XLIII.—BENJAMIN ABBOTT.
Life of Abbott.

CHAPTER XLIV.—PETER CARTWRIGHT.
Extract on Jerking—Dissatisfaction—New Church—The Jerks—Horse-whipping—Blaspheming—Divine Agency—Slaying Power—Divine Power.

CHAPTER XLV.—J. B. FINLEY.
Sixty years ago—Wedding—Wedlock and Padlock—Backwoods Camp Meeting.

CHAPTER XLVI.—J. B. FINLEY.
Universalist—Starch taken out—A Pentecost—A Jonah—Fall and Recovery.

CHAPTER XLVII.—J. B. FINLEY.
A Camp Meeting—Peculiarities of the Work—Interesting Incidents—The Child Preacher—Sinners Stricken Down—Results of the Work—Blundering Tactics—Cattaraugus Meeting—Colonization.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—THE USE OF SHOUTING.
What's the use?—A Stratagem—Old Moses.

CHAPTER XLIX.—THIRD CHURCH, SYRACUSE.
A small Swarm—Peculiarities—Persecution—Endorsed by Bishops—Disturbed People—Healing Faith—Power in the Pulpit.

CHAPTER L.—LAST REVIVAL.
Retrospect—Noisiest of all—Difference—To Fault-finders—Behold he cometh.

CHAPTER XIV.—CROSSING JORDAN.
A hard road to travel—Christian's Triumph—Honors from God—Mountain of Water—The "Second Blessing"—Loss of an Army.

CHAPTER XV.—FALL OF JERICHO.
Ram's Horns—Marching around the Walls—Rahab Saved—Effective Shouting—The Number Seven—Seventh Trumpet.

CHAPTER XVI.—FROM JERICHO TO JERUSALEM.
Saints below and above—Swallow Holes—Corn and Wine—A Shameful Defeat Church Trials—Mouldy Bread—At Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XVII.—A CELEBRATION AND A DINNER.
Ark Coming Back—Why the Glory Departed—Head Religion—Ark on a Cart—Rev. Mr. Uzzah—Music—Curtain Lectures—Bell for Dinner—Widow's Crust.

CHAPTER XVIII.—REBUILDING THE TEMPLE.
A Rip Van Winkle Nap—Things Change—Shouting and Weeping—Bro. P's Remarks—"Ichabod"—Triumph of the Wicked.

CHAPTER XIX.—ADVENT OF CHRIST.
Backward and Forward—Waiting—Celestial Choir—Rapture of Simeon—Heavenly Joseph—Living Redeemer—Watchword.

CHAPTER XX.—CHRIST ENTERING UPON HIS MINISTRY.
Wading—The Waters Deepening—Search for Jesus—John the Baptist—Behold the Lamb—First Appointment—Ten Lepers—Blind Bartimeus.

CHAPTER XXI.—FEEDING THE TEN THOUSAND.
Lepers Noisy—Bartimeus Noisy—Out-door Meeting—Saving Power—Multitude Fed—Christ King—Marvelous Loaf.

CHAPTER XXII.—CHRIST ON THE STORMY SEA.
A Stormy Night—Jesus on the Water—Peter's Request—Sinking and Rising—Faith Stronger—A Question—Peace like a River—Benefit of Agitation.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CHRIST RAISING THE DEAD.
Poor Shoemaker—The Widow's Trust—Widow's Hope—Funeral Procession—Widow's Son Raised—Family of Bethany—Death of Lazarus—"Come Forth"—Second Blessing—Peculiar Exercises.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.
Hilly Country—Another Pisgah—Feeding Swine—Prodigal Coming—Christian's Telegraph—Banquet—Amazement—Second Course—Music—Elder Brother.

CHAPTER XXV.—CHRIST'S GRAND ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.
The Last Appointment—Fat Calves—Better Times—Morning News—Jesus Mounted—Procession Moves—Decision of Supreme Judge—Arrival of the Train.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CHRIST CLEANSING THE TEMPLE.
Committees Report—Cleansing Process—S. S. Celebration—Another Committee—Feed the Lambs.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE CRUCIFIXION, RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.
Extravagance—More Resolutions—Savior Tried—Another kind of Shouting—Soldiers at the Tomb—Tidings of Joy—Ascension.

CHAPTER XXVIII—DAY OF PENTECOST.
Orderly Prayer Meeting—Fire, Fire—Working Converts—Divine Revival—Preaching in Charge—Effects—Spiritual Temple.

CHAPTER XXIX.—YOUNG CONVERTS
Exhortation—Relates his Experience—Power of Salvation—Overdoing the Thing—Paul's Experience.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE WINE OF THE KINGDOM.
We be Brethren—Effects of Drinking—As thou wilt—Critical Spot—Chapter on Wine—Life of the Author—Good morning, Brother Pilgrim.

CHAPTER FIRST.

Introductory.

The last book we gave to the wide, wide world, to read and think about, was entitled "Marriage of the Lamb, or Wedlock and Padlock, Temporal and Spiritual." The idea of wedlock, is the union of man and woman in conjugal love; which is an emblem of the union of the sanctified soul with Christ in Divine love. The idea of padlock, is a union without love either in the temporal or spiritual. The design of the book was to contrast true religion with false, the foolish virgins with the wise, a dead formality with the living power; and in the execution of this design a book was born containing four hundred and sixty large duodecimo pages.

One fourth of the book was taken up in setting forth the birth of the new world, and the six days work laid out upon it by the King, in preparing it for

the residence of his Son, whom he was about to give in marriage to the "elect lady," of whom the Apostle John speaks. The first two or three days were occupied in bringing order out of chaos, in raising the little hills and piercing the sky with the lofty Chimborazos, in scooping out a place for the restless sea, and in furnishing the Bridegroom's palace and its adjacent grounds with beautiful adornments, and everything necessary to meet the wants of the intended occupants. The palace was beautified with its carpet of green; and close at hand the garden of the Lord was prepared, with its lovely walks and fleecy mounds, bestudded and selvedged with unfading flowers of wondrous beauty, which fill the air with their fragrance; at a little distance, on an elevated spot, appear vineyards and orchards, every vine and branch bending with beautiful and delicious fruit; and farther off are seen the lofty pines and goodly cedars which raise their heads in silent grandeur from the summits of Lebanon.

The house and grounds in order, they were soon illuminated by a mighty chandelier, suspended from the arched dome of heaven by an invisible chain, and by innumerable side-lights and reflectors, which look like angels' eyes peering down on sublunary affairs. Then the banquet was prepared for the nuptial festiv-

ities soon to take place. We look from our elevated stand point, which commands a view of the whole plantation, and the sea which yesterday was quiet as a May morning, is now like a country school in the absence of the master. From the little red herring to the enormous leviathan, all are starting off on a matrimonial excursion, male and female. We look again, and this time we use our ears too, and behold another excursion party, which has chosen the air for its element. All, balloon-like, are inflated with hymenial raptures. These are intended partly for the choir and partly for pot-pies. In the wisdom of the Creator all are coupled, male and female. And no two are alike. There is an endless variety of costume; and their songs are as various as they are harmonious and sweet. We call them the choir, but it is not meant that they are a select choir. The King provided for congregational singing. He had no occasion to offer them a salary for doing what they loved so well. It was their chief joy to employ the powers bestowed upon them. So happy were they that they could not help singing. And so well did they perform their various parts, that there was not the slightest discord in their grand epithalamium.

And now appears the animal creation. All are intended for the household of the Son, from the creep-

ing thing to the roaring lion and monstrous elephant. And now the sixth day's morning dawns. It is to be a coronation day. A lord and sovereign of all the lower orders of created existence is to be made. A triune council has been held. The Eternal Three had said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." The decree of the council was executed, and man, the last and noblest work of God, appears bearing the image of the heavenly, and crowned with glory, honor and immortality. And now he is put in possession of his dominion. Every thing that has breath passes before him, and receives from him a name; and as the vast caravan passes along, all do obeisance to him, and give utterance to joyful praises to Him who made him their ruler.

Think you not, dear reader, that the retrospective ear and eye of the patriarch of Uz were charmed with the scenes he describes when he speaks of singing stars, and the shouting of the sons of God at the laying of the foundations of earth? Previous to the birth of the great Napoleon's son, heavy cannon were placed within short distances of one another, throughout the empire; and when it was announced to the happy father that a son was given, he placed the match to the first cannon, and in a moment all France resounded with the cannon's thunder, and the prolonged

shouts of a joyful populace. A similar scene, except the fire and smoke, transpired at the birth of creation. All heaven joined in the noisy triumph.

Here is the first recorded instance of singing and shouting; but, glory be to God, not the last that earth has known.

Come now, dear reader, and see in yonder woodland a lovely cottage, filled with peace and plenty. See the smoke from its chimney gracefully curling and ascending through the green foliage, like incense from the golden censer. You wait at the door listening to the rumbling tread of the porter in response to your rap. He springs the bolt, bids you enter, gives you a hearty welcome, and you find yourself seated cosily and securely in the old arm chair, and surrounded with a circle of warm and respected friends. We wish, in this first chapter, to lead you across the threshold of our subject, and introduce you to the inmates of our dwelling. And now that you are within our walls, we will treat you to the best we have, and make you more than welcome.

The dish with which we will serve you will be, *Shouting*, or *Christian Triumph and Rejoicing*, both cause and effect.

In our book entitled "Marriage of the Lamb," we had only room to talk about building the palace, and

furnishing it, and its surroundings, preparatory to the marriage ceremony, and the flirtings, hesitations, palpitations, wooings and espousals of the elect lady, before she was willing to "mitten" her old lovers, and to forsake all for the King's Son, to be his forever. We have had a pleasant time while attending the long list of weddings, from that of Adam and Eve in the bowers of Eden, to that of Cana of Galilee, which Jesus attended, including that of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Rachel; and finally reached the time alluded to by John in Revelation. He heard a voice from the throne commanding all, small and great, to shout God's praise. All heaven heard and obeyed the Divine mandate. The celestial courts reverberated with praises, like the voice of ten thousand Niagaras, saying, "Alleluia, let us be glad and rejoice."

But a Pharisee inquires, "What is going on here? What is the meaning of this tremenduous noise? It is enough to deafen a body. The happy saints reply, "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready;" and an angel now steps forward and cries out at the top of his voice, "Blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb."

In this Scripture, reader, you will find the theme

of this little book. In the previous volume we were occupied with the preparation and the wedding; in this we are to speak of the victories and rejoicings of the Lamb's wife; and in another volume still, if Providence permits us to write it, we will show how the Father would have this Son's wife attired.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Our Platform.

A few years ago our American periodicals were burdened with the story of Japhet in search of his father; but we are going out in search of the agonizing groans, the hearty amens, the loud hallelujahs, that routed the moles and bats from the crevices of log-cabins, and from the more comfortable no-steepled, and free pewed churches of former times. Where are these three friends now? Who has abducted them? The Pharisees have taken them off to a secret burial, and we know not where they have laid them. But we are in search of them, and shall do what we can to raise them to new life, and to reinstate them in our sanctuaries.

We are now to introduce you, dear reader, to the subject of shouting, and other external spiritual manifestations. And now let us take each a pilgrim's

staff in hand, and travel through the sacred record, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelation, and see what we can find appropriate to our purpose. David accumulated the materials for Solomon to build the temple, and the prophets and apostles shall furnish us with the goodly stones and cedars, to construct this little literary edifice. We will build on the stable foundation—the written word. Standing here, we defy the world. If God be for us who can be against us.

There are two pillars in the Christian temple which have always annoyed the Devil, the Bible and Christian experience; and as it is our business to disturb the old adversary as much as possible, we shall, while constantly referring to the law and the testimony, throw in, as occasion requires, a little of what we have seen and felt. It was a prominent characteristic of Methodists in olden times to relate their experience, and we are strongly inclined to seek the old paths and walk therein. When everything in the shape of theology fails, it is often the case that the simple relation of what the soul knows and enjoys will kindle the fire, which, like electricity, will leap from heart to heart, until the great congregation will be dazzled by its light and melted with its heat; and if all are not fettered with a slavish fear of men, there will be a shout,

and perhaps a loud shout. The witness, as said Jesus to Nicodemus, speaks what he has seen and felt. His soul is all a-glow with feeling; and it is no wonder that words impelled by strong desire and burning love, go like grape shot to the hearts that listen.

We have often been amused while attending camp-meetings and other large convocations, to find there the regular descendants of Nicodemus, like Saul, head and shoulders above the brethren, in their own conceit. How earnestly they endeavor to persuade some of the brethren that their religion is all imaginary. The brother or sister may say, with tearful eyes, that they love Jesus, that Jesus smiles and loves them too, that he cleanses them from all sin, and fills them with joy unspeakable, but these self-constituted censors wonderingly inquire, "How can these things be," and croak back their response,—"enthusiasm," "delusion.' Blind leaders are these, who lead only into the ditch of moral impurity and death.

But suppose it true as these persons, ignorant themselves of the joys of God's salvation, seem to teach, that we cannot certainly know whether we are the sons of God or not; or what is the same, that we cannot tell the difference between the service of Satan and the service of Jesus, between life and death, between darkness and light; we may get some consola-

tion even from that supposition. In that case, so ignorant are we, God will throw us in with infants and idiots, who know not their right hand from their left, so that we are bound to heaven on the babies' or fools' boat if no other.

The subject of shouting has not been a matter of controversy between the Church and world only, but has got to be a kind of family quarrel. This controversy makes sad inroads upon the piety and efficiency of the Church. The day when all secrets are to be unfolded will show that it has done quite as much to recruit the vast army of backsliders, and to un-nerve and weaken the church, as any one of Satan's operations. And it seems to be waxing worse and worse every year in the Methodist Church. In almost every periodical we find this bone of contention. We see a writer, professing the faith of Christ, claiming to be on the same war-ship with the brethren they persecute, and to be led by the same captain, placing his big brogans on all spiritual demonstrations, especially if they do not agree in weight and measure with his balances and half bushel. The brother stepped on so heavily is grieved of course, and thinks it duty to defend practices he loves. Accordingly he calls on the prophets and apostles to endorse him. They back his paper without hesitation. And now he

thinks his foes vanquished. He thinks his paper ought to pass, with holy men of old who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, as his endorsers. But paper thus backed will not be accepted by the children of the Pharisee; and next week out comes another old grey goose quill and tries to capsize the whole concern. Many of the readers are befogged at once. Timid as fawns, which start at the rustling of a leaf, they know not which way to turn to escape their bewilderment. As Peter, while looking at the roaring wave, listening to the terrific thunder, and enveloped in darkness made more dense, by the occasional lightning's flash, they are in trouble up to their chin, and perhaps sink to rise no more.

Alas! how many do we hear confessing with tearful eyes and aching hearts, that they have lost the favor of God, by trying to please our modern Uzzahs, who are always for steadying the ark. Thousands have shrunk from a full consecration, for similar reasons. As the last cord that binds them to earth is about to be severed, they hear a whisper that causes them to hesitate to cut it. What will be the consequences of an unreserved consecration to God, of soul, body and spirit? New duties to perform, and mortifying crosses to be borne. They shrink from these things. The reproach of loud shouting and falling

ader the Spirit's power is more than they can endure. ey cannot sell all they have to buy the pearl of eat price. They dare not sign the contract. And l the way down to the damp, dark grave, they carry d hearts and wear gloomy faces.

If a stranger had overheard the Saviour, as he ught his disciples on the green hills and mountain mmits of Palestine, saying to them that he must up to Jerusalem, and suffer many things at the nds of Scribes, and Elders, and Pharisees, he would ve inquired with astonishment, what! go up to Jesalem to suffer? one would have supposed it the ven of grace. And well may strangers in this the neteenth century, be astonished at the fact that spiral christians must go up to Jerusalem to suffer the rsecutions of Pharisees. Fires are kindled and osses are erected by backslidden class-leaders, by oud Pharisees in pulpit and in pew. Often have od's faithful been heard to pray, to agonize in prayer, at they might be able to endure the flames—to bear th fortitude the pains of crucifixion. Gog and Mag—a man-fearing and man-pleasing spirit, are the uses of much of this evil. It is this popular devil at is now dragging more souls to hell than any of s co-adjutors.

O! thou traveler on the boisterous waves of Gene-

sareth, that entered the land of the Gergesenes, measuring swords with legions of devils, and giving them a free passage to the depths of the sea in a herd of swine—if thine ear has not grown heavy, and thine arm shortened, cast this Pharisaic Devil out of thy Zion, and kennel him eternally in his native hell.—Amen!

CHAPTER THIRD.

Platform Exemplified.

We do not intend, dear reader, to condemn persons or their silence, nor to commend any merely for their loud shouting. We are not called by the Holy Ghost to any such work. It is our design, as heretofore stated, to inquire what is the will of our heavenly Father in reference to this matter. The Apostle Paul has ever been whispering in our ear, do you seek to please God or man? and we remember that Jesus says, "How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only." We desire to please God, and to obtain the honor which he confers, and therefore intend to subject ourselves to the Spirit's dictation; and we hope to induce others to follow our example.

But before we advance farther, that you may bet-

ter understand our platform, and that we pass good naturedly along, and have a pleasant time while exploring our subject, permit us to relate, by way of illustration, an affair of recent date in which the author bore a conspicuous part. It occurred during a camp-meeting we attended, of which Dr. Z. Paddock had the management. The names of Benjamin and Zechariah Paddock have always been music in our ears. When we were a flaxen-haired boy, a wild youth, these brothers and ministers of Jesus, as they went forth to sow in Litchfield Circuit, Herkimer Co., N. Y., scattered some good seed in the youthful furrows of our heart. Their songs, and prayers, and preaching, watered by their tears, were not lost by the way side, although the tender blade did not appear for more than a quarter of a century.

At this meeting, which occurred during the summer of 1857, there was a a love feast called, where thousands sat in open court, waiting to throw in their testimony for Jesus. In front of the stand were sitting with us a row of brethren, among whom were the Doctor and Bro. Gorham. And here let me say, that Bro. Gorham was also one that held a high seat in our affections; from whose sanctified lips we heard the sacred doctrine of perfect love; from whom we received, as the instrument of God's grace, the white

stone with a new name engraved upon it; and who conducted us into the land of Beulah, where we have lived ever since, by the grace of God, in its waving cornfields and fruitful vineyards.

When our turn came to bear witness to the joys of salvation, we arose with a cup brim-full, and as we gave utterance to our feelings, the Angel of the Covenant plunged into the pool and so agitated the waters that every nerve of our body vibrated like a Jew's harp; and as has often been the case on like occasions, before and since, we were raised on tip-toe and began to hop, unable to control our motions, though perfectly conscious of our condition; and while trying to get back to our seat, hopped on the toes of the Doctor and other brethren, and finally fell back in their laps. This made no small stir in the camp. Some shouted, others wondered, and said they had never seen it after that fashion before. But the love feast went on until it blazed like the burning bush.

Just at this point another old acquaintance found his way to our side; one who is faithful in attendance at all the means of grace, rain or shine, in whose employ we served for many years for miserable wages. He is called the Accuser of the brethren. Of course he came with a message. He at once whispered in our ear that we had offended our dearest friends by

our ridiculous performances. Dr. Paddock, says he, is never known to shout aloud, and is never the subject of such peculiar exercises, and there are none of his numerous friends but will say he knows more of the heights and depths of salvation, than a poor blind man just blasted out of the mountain; besides, he has eulogized your books more than any other man, and has given them wings to fly to firesides where they would not otherwise have reached, and now you have lost his friendship by disgracing the meeting. It may be tolerated, says he, by Gorham, for he sometimes shouts himself, but you have disgraced yourself in the eyes of the Doctor. By this time we had hauled in our horns, and shrunk back in our shell like a snail. We would willingly have been trampled upon by the meanest mortal on earth. We were in the predicament of Bunyan's pilgrim, when Apolyon had knocked his sword out of his hand, wounded him in the head, and laid him on his back. But he was one of God's invincibles, and at the critical moment shouted, "O mine enemy, rejoice not against me, when I fall I shall rise;" in a breath he was on his feet again, brandished his Jerusalem blade, and Apolyon cleared the track, and Christian went on his way rejoicing. Soon we began to crawl out of our shell again, and determined to know whether the Accuser had told the

truth or not; for sometimes he tells the truth when it will serve his evil purpose; but then he mixes truth and falsehood just as cotton and wool are mixed in pure woolen goods, so that it is sometimes difficult for the keenest eyed saint to separate the true from the false. According to our determination we told the Doctor all that he had told us. Now the Doctor is one of the German flutes of the Lord's band, and the furrows of his cheeks are always overflowing with tears of Christian love. "Well," says he, "that is all a lie; I was greatly blessed; and was exceedingly tried with myself because I have no such ecstacies; and now Bro. Henry I want to make a contract with you,—*if you will never be tried with me for my stillness, I never will be tried with your shouting, hopping and falling.*" Ah! how delightful to our troubled spirit were the rich, silvery tones of his voice. The contract was signed and sealed with hearty amens in the presence of angels and God.

Now, reader, you may fish something out of this story that will be for your advantage. You have a specimen of the manner in which the Devil is operating throughout our Zion. He disturbs one brother or sister because they are never the subjects of extraordinary demonstrations of the Spirit; and at the same time tells the noisy ones that they had better stop

their mouths and hide their heads. He sits in his great iron chair, and laughs out of both corners of his mouth, to think that he has so adroitly killed two birds with one stone.

Can you tell, reader, why the Devil is said to have one cloven foot? If you do not know, we can tell you. It is because he creates all the divisions among brethren. If he can only crowd this foot into the Church, into families, into neighborhoods, where the Prince of Peace reigns, and all hearts are bound together like Joseph's sheaf, in unfeigned love, and then sow a few seeds of discord, and curdle the sweet milk of fraternal love into bitterness and strife, he has gained a great victory; for "by whom a man is overcome, by the same he is brought into bondage." Some one has said that Satan was like a sun-fish. He would shrink himself to the thickness of a shingle, and slip so smoothly between two brethren, that they would scarcely perceive him; then he would spread out his sharp horny fins until he had fixed a gulf between them as impassable as that between Dives and Lazarus. Alas! how frequently have the peculiar exercises of which many are the subjects, been made the entering wedge of endless heart burnings and strife.

Not a thousand years ago, two sisters, who for years had walked together in Christian love, without

a single discord to mar the harmony of their fellowship, were entirely alienated from one another. While on a visit to a neighboring society, one was awakened to the subject of holiness, sought and obtained it, and like Noah's dove, having found rest on the Ararat of perfect love, returned to her home with the green olive leaf in her mouth. She began to wave it as a token of victory. She exhorted others to come up to a higher standard. And as she testified of Jesus' saving power, the fire fell, and as John fell as one dead at a glimpse of Jesus, on the Isle of Patmos, she fell, though she had always been numbered among the orderly, and measured her full length on the floor; and as the giant oak, uprooted by the mighty storm king, bears down many smaller trees in its fall, this sister, overthrown by a mighty spiritual gale, in her fall broke the bones of the new bonnet of her hitherto loving friend, demolished her fair fabric of artificials, and carried all, and the poor sister's superficial religion in the bargain, down into the dust. This of course raised the devil. Faithful testimony, holy living, and slaying power always set him to roaring. Think not, says the Author of holiness, "that I am come to send peace on the earth; I come not to send peace, but a sword." Wherever the Apostles went and preached, and they preached holiness, his Satanic

majesty was aroused; divisions were made in the Church; multitudes met to discuss the strange doctrine, and Pharisees took counsel together for the purpose of extinguishing the fire; and they even went so far as to put holiness to jail.

But let us jog back to the old church. The congregation is dismissed. The sexton turns the key at a late hour, saying as he goes, this woman is a setter forth of strange doctrines; our old church has never witnessed such scenes before. The two sisters have separated, one going from the summit of Mount Tabor, with the wine of the kingdom sticking to her lips, the other from the valley of Limbo, with a dark cloud upon her brow, and a heavy weight upon her heart. As she presses out the bruises from her new bonnet, and readjusts her artificials, she says, "if such performances are the fruit of holiness, may heaven deliver me from it." And now Satan whispers, through the lips of a member of the Church of Sardis, "this is all wild fire." "Yes," says the sister, "I am convinced of it. She may be a Christian; I shall not judge her; but hereafter she can have my seat to occupy as well as her own." On the next Sabbath she betakes herself to the Church of Sardis, where minister and people are so destitute of life and power as to be unable to raise a quarrel even with the world.

The newly baptized sister now receives a gracious visit from her Leader and Pastor, both heavily burdened with a message. They proceed in the most approved manner. Their approaches are as regularly and carefully planned as in the siege of a towering fortress. They employ any number of friction wheels, well fitted for service by a plentiful supply of soft soap. But finally the germ of the matter is reached. The good sister is informed that her exercises are regarded disreputable, and that if persisted in the result would be, *To Let* would be written on many pew doors. But how does she endure this fiery trial, this crucifixion at the hands of Pharisees and Elders? Alas! she yields to temptation. She witholds her testimony. Her sun goes down under a cloud, and the light that was in her becomes gross darkness. And now the sisters are forever separated, and without a miracle of grace will sink forever.

The devil that so carefully guarded the pew doors, is cousin-german to the one that proposed to kill Lazarus, whom Jesus raised from the dead; for says he, if Lazarus be permitted to go about preaching Christ's power over death, the Elder's salary will be diminished, the Church will be broken up, and our nation lost.

Here you see the effects of Satan's cloven foot.

You see too, how artfully he makes good an instrument of evil. The testimony of the Savior's power to cleanse from all unrighteousness, is used as a means to distract and divide. A sister falls under God's power, and this is made the occasion of a great outcry. Did ever a devil do a darker deed? The Holy Ghost beareth us witness that we had rather meet death on a horse stolen from a neighbor's pasture, and run our risk of heaven, than to be found fighting against these manifestations of the power of God. In one case we rob a man of his horse, in the other we rob God of his glory. It was the business of Pharisees in Christ's day to rob him of glory, and their posterity are pursuing the same calling. It is our earnest prayer that the Church may yet have power to cast out these unclean spirits.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

The Way Marked Out.

Patient reader, in the foregoing chapter we have presented you with a few of our views on the subject we have by the hand; and at the same time have endeavored to strip modern fashionable devils of their fig-leaf coverings, and exhibit them in their native ugliness. We are assured that you have only to see Satan as he is, to abhor him. By the grace of God, all our ransomed powers are pledged, and shall be devoted to expose his arts and undermine his power. No compromise with Satan, but eternal, exterminating war against him.

The question to be determined is whether shouting and other peculiar exercises are allowable or not, and whether under certain circumstances they are not positive duties? We maintain the affirmative of both these questions; not, however, without qualification

as to time and circumstances. God is a God of order. And now we propose to search diligently to ascertain what is the order of God in reference to spiritual manifestations. Let God be true if every croaker's mouth be stopped. The apostle prays that the Gospel may have free course, run and be glorified; as much as to say, clear the track Pharisees, and velvet-eared professors, whose nerves are so easily excited by the whistle of the old Gospel engine, and the shouts and songs of the emigrants, as they thunder through vanity fair and across the enchanted ground to the celestial city. This interpretation of the apostle's words may be doubted by some, but we hope to establish its correctness before we get through.

And now, dear reader, let us lock arms and take a walk down into Egypt. Perhaps we have not heretofore seen eye to eye, but we have had no quarrel thus far. If you are not in favor of noisy demonstrations and slaying power, under any circumstances, it is plain we differ; but we can go pleasantly along notwithstanding our differences. One or the other of us is in error. Christ knows nothing about neutral territory. There is no sitting on the fence between Christ and Belial. But while we are discussing our differences we will try and keep on good terms.

And now that we have arrived in Egypt, before we

start upon our journey in search of the strong proofs of our position, we will map out the route that we are to take. We will follow Moses and the sacramental host out of the land of bondage, through the Red Sea, passing the smitten rock by the way, and onward towards Jordan, where Joshua takes command of the host; we will then cross Jordan with Joshua, and go with him to Jericho whose walls will be demolished, and study astronomy awhile at Gibeon and in the plain of Ajalon where the sun and moon stood still until victory perched upon Israel's banners; we will then pass on to Jerusalem and dine with King Solomon in his palace of matchless splendor, and worship awhile with him in the magnificent temple he erected to God; and then pass on through rivers of sacrificial blood and the smoke of Jewish altars, until we cross the threshhold of the Gospel dispensation, and see face to face the Divine person of whom Moses and the prophets wrote. If we find anything in the precepts and practices of holy men of old that modern men call wild-fire, we will refer the matter to Jesus and let him settle the controversy. We will determine, if possible, whether he approves or disapproves, endorses or repudiates, and his word shall be the end of the argument. And if it should be seen that some supposed friends of order, are, after all, only modern

Uzzahs, endeavoring to steady the ark, afraid that God's omnipotence cannot keep it from tumbling off the cart, as Dagon of the Philistines from his high pedestal, let them heartily repent, and thank God that they are not struck dead on the threshing floors of our Jerusalems. We mean to abide by the written word. This is solid rock. Standing in a cleft of the rock, as Moses when he beheld the skirtings of the Lord, we mean to pursue and complete the little work in which we are engaged.

But we must hasten on. The train is about to move. We will just step in the office and get a ticket, and a check for our baggage. It is now the day of Pentecost, and the cars are for the first time to take the new line, running from the Old to the New Jerusalem. We will go by the way of Germany and call on Martin Luther and Melancthon; we will touch at Wales and dine with Christmas Evans; we will then proceed to London and tarry long enough to get well acquainted with Whitefield, Fletcher, John and Charles Wesley; then we will take ship and cross old ocean to the shores of America, and salute Asbury, Coke, Jonathan Edwards and others, and be sure to stop and say how do you do to Jacob Abbott, father Giles and other pioneers; and as we pass westward we will stop and take a dinner of bear's meat in the

log cabin of J. B. Finley, and have a time with jovial Peter Cartwright; and having ended our journey, we will open our portfolio and show facts in sufficient number to prove that we are maintaining the order of God. If the reader is not satisfied, why, then we shall give him up and let him learn his error when the blast of Gabriel's trump shall be heard by the dead, and God himself shall descend with a shout.

On the journey we shall take special pains to knock at the doors of the prophets and holy men in every age and ask them, whether shouting aloud, clapping of hands, and falling under God's power are in order in their times, or whether they perform their daily marches with muffled drums and funeral dirges, singing—

"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound."

They will respond that if they had their sorrow, they had their seasons of great joy; that if they sometimes wept, they shouted as frequently. The gloomy religion that many rate so highly was never to our taste. When we were a small boy, in a certain branch of Zion, a Christian's thermometer was his face. The one with the longest face was made a Deacon, and the one who could testify that he was the greatest sinner on earth was made an Elder. The unpardonable

sin was for a person to say that he knew his sins forgiven and that he was a child of God. If his joy rose above zero he was pronounced a fanatic, and if his zeal was more than lukewarm he was an enthusiast, and his friends began to shake their heads dubiously, and talk of the asylum. But if a good sister should say in open court that she loved the Savior, the gag law was enforced at once. We then said in our heart, if this is religion, O Lord deliver us from it. We felt as the man on the platform of the gallows, who being told that he could have his choice, to return to his home and live all his days with a perpetually scolding wife or be hung by the neck, replied, "drop your platform and let me swing."

We should have been converted long before, if religion had not seemed so gloomy an affair. All wish to be happy; and when they see Christians who endure instead of enjoying religion, whose life is all conflict without victory, all wormwood and gall without a single drop of the oil of gladness, no wonder they prefer spiritual death, just as the person referred to preferred to sleep in the tomb rather than be caged with a scolding wife, whose tongue, says Solomon, is like the continual dropping of water. Men will not resign the positive enjoyments of life for a life compounded of fears, gloom and sorrow. But, glory to

God, we were not born under that star. Our spiritual morning was an Austerlitz. We passed from darkness to a most marvelous light. Our captivity was turned back. Our mouth was filled with loud laughter, so that we aroused the whole encampment Surely we were not a still-born child if we can judge from the laughing and shoutings of our first moments in the new life. Deliverance came to our heart about one o'clock in the morning of the tenth of August, 1842, after a long season of weeping and mourning. It was given while sister Catharine Acre was explaining, in a conversation of not more than ten minutes, the simplicity of faith and the plainness of the way. Thank God! John Calvin was not able to give all our sisters the lockjaw.

But it is time to close this chapter. We will go as proposed and have an introduction to Pharaoh and Moses, and tarry awhile with the brethren in the brickyard.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

Moses and his Mother.

As Moses and his followers are to be the heroes of the next few pages, it will not perhaps be inappropriate to sketch a little of their history.

Egypt had reached its noontide glory. It had nearly reached, too, the summit of its iniquity. Its cup of wickedness was just ready to overflow. There was a gathering storm of Divine wrath, soon to burst like a tornado on the land, but the haughty king and his courtiers did not perceive it. They were confident in their strength. Abundance crowned their fertile soil, and they exulted in the extent and strength of their cities. Pharaoh reposed in seeming security in his proud capital. Its stately domes raise their heads to the clouds, the golden terraces of which gracefully toss back the rays of an oriental sun, as if saying, this glory belongs to Thee, O king of day. Their temples,

indeed, point toward heaven, but they are scenes of impious worship. And while superstition is enshrined in the temple, vices, like giants of ancient legends, parade the streets and receive universal obediance. And see the proud old slaveholding king as he passes along with his train. They sweep the whole side walk, like our American slaveholders for all the world, and crowd common folks into the ditch, if they are not fortunate enough to dodge off into some alley. But how soon will all this grandeur vanish. Divine stratagem will lead the nation into an ambuscade, from which there can be no escape, where monarch and subject will be overwhelmed and destroyed together.

Our way leads to the banks of the Nile where scenes of greatest moment are transpiring. There stands a Hebrew mother, pressing to her heaving bosom a comely child. It is a plump, curly headed boy, whose beauty is the promise of his future greatness. How rapidly her tears fall, baptizing the cheeks of the little slumbering one. Bitter, scalding tears she sheds. Her soul is an Ætna of sighs and sorrows. No time for shouting now. Only savages would raise the song of joy at such a time as this. It is a time to weep. The tyrant seeks the life of every Hebrew man-child. For three months has this mother with wonderful sa-

gacity concealed her loved one; but she can do it no longer. She must see it coldly murdered or give it to the care of Providence. She prefers to trust God. And now she builds the frail ark of bulrushes, sets it afloat with its precious burden, and commends it to the Divine protection with earnest prayers.

Reader, are you a mother? Have you ever adjusted the tiny coffin pillow for your innocent babe, whose rosy cheek has paled, whose life has stolen away, leaving you only the cold marble brow to kiss? If so, you can sympathise with this mother, in her lonely walks and hours of anguish.

A fairer picture of entire trust in God was never drawn even by the pencil of inspiration. How tenderly she lays the little treasure down in the frail vessel, her heart well nigh breaking as she sees a tear gathering on his cheek like a dew-drop on a rose; but she hears the heavy tread of the sentinel, quickly shuts down the lid, leaves the precious cargo on the stream, and hurries to her home, bedewing the earth with her tears and stirring heaven with her cries. She goes to her closet, there pouring out her sorrows to Him whose sympathies are stirred even by the gasping of a sparrow, shot by the cunning archer. But her sorrow is to be turned into joy. God has sent the king's daughter to the banks of the river. She

has found the babe, she has made it her own, and now applies to his mother to become his nurse. Was there ever a happier providence than this? She holds her boy in her arms again. She had trusted God, and now the child was restored. Again she sheds tears, but not scalding tears of grief. It is a shower in sunshine. She shouts aloud; she leaps for joy. And as she remembers that she holds in her arms the heir apparent of the throne of Egypt, another tide of glory rolls upon her and she falls under its power. Ah, Jochebed, some of the orderly ones will think you are a little too wild in your ecstacy. Away with criticism at a time like this! It is a time to rejoice. The rapture that filled the soul of this mother cannot talk in the ordinary language of life. Extraordinary joys can be manifested only in an extraordinary manner. The louder she shouted the more becoming she acted.

The strongest cord on earth is the love of a mother to her infant; but a stronger one is the love of God to man. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?". Yea she may forget. But the annals of three worlds are defied to prove that God has forgotten one that trusted in him. The names of his children are all engraven on the palms of his hands by the sol-

dier's spikes, and upon his heart by the soldier's spear.

Heart rending indeed must it have been for the Hebrew mother to push off the little helmless ark with its precious freight upon the treacherous waters; and how hard has it been for many a mother to close the eyes of her child, and cast it in the waters of Jordan. How hard must it have been for Abraham to take his Isaac, the fair child of promise, and start upon a three days' journey, to find the place where he was to sacrifice him upon an altar. How must his heart have bled as the knife glittered in the sunlight which was to be sheathed in his tender bosom, and as he thought of the fire which was to consume his body, and the winds which were to play with his ashes on the summit of Mount Moriah. But the blade was turned away from Isaac, and drank the blood of Jesus. Abraham had learned that it was God's province to command, man's to obey; and by his obedience he obtained the honorable appellation, Father of the Faithful. His faith was made perfect by his works. And now he returns with a new exhibition of the Divine faithfulness. He finds it safe to trust God. And if Jochebed was filled with joy when a watchful Providence restored her child to her arms, how must Sarah have felt when Abraham told her the story and ob-

ject of his journey, and restored the beloved Isaac to her embraces. Were there no tears of joy? no shouts of triumph? Ah! says the patriarch, this was the sunniest hour of my life. My limbs were invigorated with new life and made as supple as a boy of sixteen, so that I leaped like a roebuck on the mountain.

But here is a disconsolate mother who cannot precisely see the application of all this, and she inquires, when shall I embrace my little one again? It will not come to you on earth, but you may go to it in heaven. Do you not see the gospel ladder? It stands at your feet and its topmost round reaches heaven. There are three rounds, faith, hope, and love, and angels are constantly ascending and descending to conduct mothers to their children in the abodes of bliss —the homes of their never forgotten little ones.

For the comfort of the bereaved mothers of earth, we will introduce a vision of Rev. J. B. Finley, related in his Autobiography:—

"It was in the summer of 1842. Worn down with "fatigue, I was completing my last round of quarterly "meetings, and winding up the labors of a very toil-"some year. I had scarcely finished my work till I "was most violently attacked with bilious fever, and 'it was with great difficulty I reached home. The 'disease had taken so violent a hold on my system

"that I sank rapidly under its power. Every thing "that kind attention and medical skill could impart "was resorted to, to arrest its ravages; but all was in "vain, and my life was despaired of. On the seventh "night, in a state of entire insensibility to all around "me, when the last ray of hope had departed, and my "weeping family and friends were standing around "my couch waiting to see me breathe my last, it seem-"ed to me that a heavenly visitant entered my room. "It came to my side, and, in the softest and most sil-"very tones, which fell like rich music upon my ear, "it said, 'I have come to conduct you to another state "and place of existence.' In an instant I seemed to "rise, and, gentle borne by my angel guide, I floated "out upon the ambient air. Soon earth was lost in the "distance, and around us, on every side, were worlds "of light and glory. On, on, away, away from world "to luminous worlds afar, we sped with the velocity "of thought. At length we reached the gates of par-[illegible] and O, the transporting scenes that fell upon [illegible] vision as the emerald portals, wide and high, "rolled back upon their golden hinges! Then, in its "fullest extent, did I realize the invocation of the poet:

"'Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring
"To my raptured vision
"All the exstatic joys that spring
"Round the bright Elysian.'

"Language, however, is inadequate to describe what 'then, with unvailed eyes, I saw. The vision is in-"delibly pictured on my heart. Before me, spread "out in beauty, was a broad sheet of water, clear as "crystal, not a single ripple on its surface, and its pu-'rity and clearness indescribable. On each side of "this lake, or river, rose up the most tall and beauti-"ful trees, covered with all manner of fruit and flow-"ers, the brilliant hues of which were reflected in the "bosom of the placid river.

"While I stood gazing with joy and rapture at the "scene, a convoy of angels was seen floating in the "pure ether of that world. They all had long wings, "and, although they went with the greatest rapidity, "yet their wings were folded close by their side. "While I gazed I asked my guide who they were, and "what their mission. To this he responded, 'They are "angels, dispatched to the world from whence you "came on an errand of mercy.' I could hear strains "of the most entrancing melody all around me, but no "one was discoverable but my guide. At length I "said, 'Will it be possible for me to have a sight of "some of the just made perfect in glory?' Just then "there came before us three persons; one had the ap-"pearance of a male, the other a female, and the third "an infant. The appearance of the first two was

"somewhat similar to the angels I saw, with the ex-
"ception that they had crowns upon their heads of the
"purest yellow, and harps in their hands. Their
"robes, which were full and flowing, were of the pur-
"est white. Their countenances were lighted up with
"a heavenly radiance, and they smiled upon me with
"ineffable sweetness.

"There was nothing with which the blessed babe or
"child could be compared. It seemed to be about
"three feet high. Its wings, which were long and
"most beautiful, were tinged with all the colors of the
"rainbow. Its dress seemed to be of the whitest silk,
"covered with the softest white down. The driven
"snow could not excel it for whiteness and purity.
"Its face was all radiant with glory; its very smile
"now plays around my heart. I gazed and gazed with
"wonder upon this heavenly child. At length I said,
"'If I have to return to earth, from whence I came,
"I should love to take this child with me, and show
"it to the weeping mothers of earth. Methinks, when
"they see it, they will never shed another tear over
"their children when they die.' So anxious was I to
"carry out the desire of my heart, that I made a grasp
"at the bright and beautiful one, desiring to clasp
"in my arms, but it eluded my grasp, and plunged
"into the river of life. Soon it rose up from the wa-

"ters, and as the drops fell from its expanding wings, "they seemed like diamonds, so brightly did they spar- "kle. Directing its course to the other shore, it flew "up to one of the topmost branches of one of life's "fair trees. With a look of most seraphic sweetness "it gazed upon me, and then commenced singing in "heaven's own strains, 'To Him that hath loved me, "and washed me from my sins in his own blood, to "him be glory both now and forever. Amen.' At "that moment the power of the eternal God came up- "on me, and I began to shout, and, clapping my "hands, I sprang from my bed, and was healed as in- "s'antly as the lame man in the beautiful porch of the "temple, who 'went walking, and leaping, and prais- "ing God.' Overwhelmed with the glory I saw and "felt, I could not cease praising God. The next Sab- "bath I was at camp meeting, filled with the love and "power of God. There I told the listening thousands "what I saw and felt, and what God had done for me, "and loud were the shouts of glory that reverberated "through the forests."

How much is embraced in the little monosyllable, trust. There is grace enough in it to freight a larger vessel than the steamship Leviathan. Trust ! it is an ocean in a dew-drop, a millenium in a moment. When Dr. Payson was dying he was asked if it was

not hard to leave his children. He replied, when you were a little boy were you afraid to leave your toys in the care of your parent until you returned from school? "Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."

But we must stop. There is no end to this theme. It takes us above the stars, and sets us down amid the shouts of the redeemed, in the mansions of eternal blessedness. So we will close this chapter by singing an appropriate Hymn.

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

I remember how I loved her, when a little guiltless child
I saw her in the cradle, as she look'd on me and smiled;
My cup of happiness was full, my joy words cannot tell,
And I blessed the glorious Giver, *who doeth all things well.*

Months pass'd—that bud of promise was unfolding every hour,
I thought earth had never smiled upon a fairer flower;
So beautiful, it well might grace the bower where angels dwell,
And waft its fragrance to His throne *who doeth all things well.*

Years fled—that little sister then was dear as life to me;
She awoke in my unconscious heart a wild idolatry;
I worshipp'd at an earthly shrine, lured by some magic spell,
Forgetful of the praise of Him *who doeth all things well.*

She was the lovely star whose light around my pathway shone
Amid this darksome vale of tears, through which I journeyed on;

Its radiance had obscured the light which round His throne
doth dwell,
And I wander'd far away from Him *who doeth all things well.*

That star went down in beauty, yet it shineth sweetly now
In the bright and dazzling coronet that decks the Savior's brow;
She bow'd to the Destroyer, whose shafts none may repel,
But we know, for God has told us, *he doeth all things well.*

I remember well my sorrow, as I stood beside her bed,
And my deep and heartfelt anguish, when then they told me
she was dead;
But, O! that cup of bitterness, let not my heart rebel,
God gave, he took, he will restore—*he doeth all things well.*

CHAPTER SIXTH.

The Plagues of Egypt.

And now to get along with the story as rapidly as possible, we will take a forty years' nap down in some sleepy hollow, like Washington Irving's Rip Van Winkle, and see where the world will be when we wake up. Well, here we are again, up and dressed. We have had a seemingly short, but very refreshing sleep. And now how are the world's affairs shaping? What has become of the little Moses? He is now forty years old, full six feet in his stockings, and well proportioned, and well skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians. But what is it he is doing? He seems to be engaged in a very unusual kind of employment. In his hand he holds a pair of ballances. In one scale he is putting the wealth, the honors, the dazzling glories, and glittering crown of Egypt; in

the other, the associations and afflictions of God's people together with the recompense of reward in the world of glory. The scale turns, and he is identified with the humble laborers of the brick yard, and turns his back on the abundance and splendors of Egypt.

The next thing we see of him he is rusticating forty years on the mountains of Midian, preparing for the hardships of his subsequent eventful life. God's appointed hour has come. He stands barefooted on holy ground, and listens tremblingly to the voice of God from the burning bush. I have heard, says God, in heaven my dwelling place of the afflictions of my people, their sighs and tears, their groans and prayers, and have come to deliver them from the proud oppressor. Go to the haughty slave holder, and say to him in my name, let this oppressed people go. He accomplishes his mission. The haughty monarch turns turkey red, and asks, who is God? is there any prince that dare interfere with my decrees? are there any laws superior in authority to my laws? How like the Senators of the slaveholding South when one of their peers arose in his place and said there was a higher law than the constitution. In their wrath they responded, who dare interfere with our reserved rights of making chattels of men and women? and making them lie down in mud holes, that our-

selves and children may pass over dry shod. Moses as well as Seward was a higher law man. He meant to show the world, and Pharaoh in the bargain, that God and one man were a majority. And now see how soon one withering look of God, will dim the glory and blast the hopes of ungodly individuals or nations. The river Nile, its crystal waters agitated by its finny inhabitants, who are sporting in the exuberance of their joy, like children at a Sabbath School pic-nic in the wood, when Moses stretches his rod over it, becomes a stagnant pool of blood, and the fishes float like dead backsliders on the surface.—Again he stretches forth his rod, and filthy, slippery frogs intrude themselves, like the temptations of christians, into every dwelling, from the hovel to the palace, leaping into every bread trough, and polluting every chamber. Again, his rod is stretched forth, and there is throughout the land a stench like that of sacrifices offered to God without faith and good works. Upon the heels of this visitation there come battalions of vermin and locusts, like the army of Blucher, marching to the music of heaven's artillery, and the flashings of Divine wrath. An awful night enveloped Egypt. Fearful thunderings paled every cheek, and the fitful corruscations of electric light rendered the darkness more oppressive.

But hold on says a Pharisee, there is too much noise and confusion! This cannot be God's order! Hold! says a sister I am too nervous and sensitive to endure so much commotion. Why so much racket to awaken a hardened old sinner, and make him let go his hold on downtrodden Israel! Why could not the work be done in a more quiet and deliberate manner! But there is yet more to come. The revival has but just commenced. The arrows are just beginning to rankle. The mourners bench is now to be presented. Through the darkness so thick that it could be felt, were heard loud lamentations. Reader were you ever at a funeral where the first born son, the hope and staff of the father, and the joy of the loving mother, lay in front of the pulpit? The preacher unveils futurity in his sermon, portraying the reward of the righteous and the doom of the wicked; in his address to the mourning ones he breaks up the great deep of the heart with the gospel plough; and now the undertaker removes the coffin lid, and father and mother, brother and sister, take their last look upon the loved one whose life has flown, whose eye once sparkled with intelligence, and whose cheek was once robed in beauty; and now they pass to the tomb burdening the air with their sighs, and from there to the now desolate home. The rocky hearts of infidels

have been touched by scenes like this, and have mingled their tears with the bereaved, as Jesus did with the sisters of Bethany. Now gather together hundreds of thousands of funeral groups, with their woes and wailings, and you may have some idea of Egypt's fearful night of weeping. The angel of death has passed swiftly from dwelling to dwelling. The first born throughout Egypt are slain. And now wailings loud and prolonged break the awful stillness.

The angel has shot his last arrow, and is about to rejoin the celestial choir, when he is caught by the arm by a Universalist who cries in his ear—partiality, your God is a partial God. Why not enter the humble cottages of the Hebrews? In Goshen we hear no wailing, but there is a bright light shining through the lattice of every window. There is not a sick or feeble one among the two millions of God's chosen.—They are all awake, with staves in their hands, their loins girt about; and are feasting on the roasted lamb with bitter herbs. All look like minute men of war, every moment expecting orders to march. But the messenger of God answers, my commission reads thus: "Thus saith the Lord, say ye unto the righteous it shall be well with him, but woe unto the wicked it shall be ill with him."

The voice of the Captain of the Lord's host is now

heard, come ye out from among them and be ye separate, and speedily a solid column of two millions, with cattle and equipages march over the plains with their faces toward the promised land. And now as we are safely out of Egypt, we feel like shouting glory to God, hallelujah to Him that hath delivered us from the power of the old slave holder, shivering in pieces his oppressive yoke. But I see you are something like an inflated balloon, twisting and screwing, with your handkerchief crammed into your mouth. See the man! He withdraws his handkerchief, and sponges up the tears that overflow the banks of his cheeks, and says, it would be a great relief to me, if I could raise the valve, and give a few locomotive yells. It would ease up this inward pressure amazingly. But then what will folks say about it. You know the church I belong to is opposed to shouting, and I am thereby prevented from giving God glory for delivering power.

A few years ago when old England resolved to give back the freedom which had been stolen from their colored population, meetings were appointed in the mission houses for all the slaves on the last night of their bondage. Five minutes before twelve it was arranged that all should fall on their knees and remain in profound silence, the heart mean while pour-

ing out its gratitude to God for their deliverance, until the clock should strike the midnight hour. Now transpired a scene of awful grandeur. Twenty thousand slaves in five minutes were to be free men.—But before the tardy minute hand stood plumb on the old clock, they seemed to stretch forth their hand in advance of time, broke off some of the boughs of the tree of liberty, as Christians do from the tree of life, and regaled themselves with its delicious fruit, so that silence was broken by screams and bursts of laughter and half-smothered shouts; but when the old clock drew back her hammer and struck the first blow, it broke every fetter, and unloosed every tongue, and was the signal for the clapping of glad hands, and shouts that rent the heavens. All, from the little prattler to hoary headed grandsires, joined the triumphant shout. Who can say this was disorder?—who with a free heart in his own bosom can say here was too much noise? When fathers, mothers, children, who had been torn asunder, leap into each others embrace, and all find shelter under the wide-spreading branches of the tree of liberty, it is a time to sing, and clap their hands, and shout.

But the deliverance celebrated by their joyful acclamations, was only temporal. What is the temporal to the deliverance of the soul from the bondage

of sin? What chaff is to the wheat. And what are natural in comparison to spiritual joys? And while the Hebrew and the African are permitted to shout their deliverance, shall the Christian put his joy in the dungeon of his heart, and not allow it to see the light of day? It is natural for joy to show itself by outward demonstrations, God intended that the Christian should exult, and manifest his exultation. The Christian ought to be, and appear to be, the happiest man this side of heaven. Shame and confusion to those who would spike our cannon and put out our torch-lights.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

Israel's First Trial.

We are now safely out of Egypt. Let us now take our Gospel rakes and as we pass over the ground, gather up the wheat by the way; and we will invite sister Ruth to go along with us, to pick up the scattering heads so that nothing may be lost.

How striking the likeness between nature, and the operations of providence and grace. But it is just what we might have expected. It is one God that gives birth to all things. The God that delivered the Israelites from Egyptian bondage, delivers the soul from the bondage of sin. It is interesting to observe the analogy between the two cases. Satan is the monarch, the Pharaoh, that sits enthroned in the hearts of ungodly men. The temples of Egypt were crowded with idols and idolatrous worshippers; and so is the unregenerate heart full of idolatry. Self, in which

Satan enshrines himself, is the chief idol. Then come the subordinate Gods, the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life. These are three slave-drivers, like the task-masters under Pharaoh, who required the tale of brick every night, straw or no straw. We talk about southern slave drivers, and burn with indignation as we hear the slaves cries around the auction block, or when the lash is applied; but what of these task-masters and the woes they occasion? What a tyrant is the lust of the eye. How he lashes his votaries over the fields, and through the mire, storm and sun, to procure a three-story freestone front, or to decorate the body like a peacock strutting in the poultry yard. And the lust of the flesh. Like the horse leech, it sucks the very life blood of virtue and innocence, disgorges itself into the grave, and constantly clamors for more. Then comes the pride of life, as tall in his own estimation as Trinity steeple. He thinks that God has made him, and his kinsmen, from the finest and costliest flour, and the balance of creation from the middlings or bran. All must bow to his sceptre or break; and there are slavish spirits enough to do it. How marvelous to see the obsequiousness of men to the devil and his drivers. They hug their chains just as mothers do their babies.

The difficulties of Moses, as leader, were greatly

augmented by the earthly disposition and tendencies of the Israelites. When Christ comes to the temple of the heart, and begins to upset their tables and break in pieces their idols, he is desired to depart, just as the Gergesenes desired him to leave their coasts when he permitted the devils cast out of their neighbors to enter into their swine, which resulted in the loss of their property. How frequently is it that every earthly hope must be blasted, before even a mourning soul will leave its Goshen of sin, and follow some Moses out of the house of bondage. The case of the author is one of this kind. The drawings of the Spirit and the beseechings of friends were not sufficient to win us from spiritual idolatry. Our first-born was then snatched away. We were then led to the brink of Jordan, and shaken over the gulf. Then our worldly goods were scattered to the four winds. And finally, to complete our calamities, the world with all its beauties was concealed from us forever, by an incurable blindness. Here was thick darkness, thick enough to be felt, temporal and spiritual. But, glory to God, we soon saw the gray twilight of a spiritual morning, and as we steadfastly looked, the sun of righteousnes began to show the upper edge of its golden rim above the calm sea of life, and soon our darkness was dissipated, and soul and body seemed

like the burning bush on the high cliffs of Midian. The world, the flesh, and the devil were now under our feet. Our mouth was filled with loud laughter and shouts of praise, and like Bunyan's pilgrim, we took three leaps towards Mount Zion. And now we are marching with our Hebrew brethren to the promised land. May God keep us from falling out by the way.

Well, here we are, at Migdol, the place where the host are to encamp. The king of day is beginning to draw his golden tinged curtains, and preparing to retire for the night. It is now time for the host to arrive, and we will take our stand where we can see the companies coming in. We see here a band of one thousand, with all their cattle and camp equipage; they have pitched their tent, larger than any circus or fair tent you ever saw, sufficient to accommodate the entire band; and they have stationed their flocks and herds near. One such band as that would be an imposing sight to the inhabitants of the country. We look again and see one hundred such bands with all their appendages, and we exclaim how magnificent the spectacle! But what will you say, Reader, when we tell you that we have shown you but one twentieth of the whole? And here they are, two millions of people, all snugly settled for the night. A vast

army indeed! and all are exulting in newly found freedom. They are no longer laborers in a brick-yard, but the chosen of God.

But now comes an hour of trial. They are in a critical position; and when they hear the thundering tread of forty thousand war horses, they become aware of their danger. Pharaoh is on their track. Here are the practical workings of the first fugitive slave law. He cannot afford to lose so many smart hands. And now the fugitive camp is filled with consternation. Husbands and wives embrace each other as they suppose for the last time. The aged sire prepares himself for his expected fate. Mothers are imprinting kiss after kiss upon the soft cheeks of the infants whom they expect to see crushed beneath the ponderous wheels of Pharaoh's chariot. The earth is moistened as with dew by the tears that are shed, and the voice of murmurings mingling with their sighings, rolls through the valleys and up the mountain sides, like the sound of many waters. Ah! what a weight of fear and regret has settled down on the camp of Israel. This is no time for joyous demonstrations. It is a time of weeping and sorrow. The first temptation has come. God was going to deliver, but he has led them where they are in their enemy's power. The Red Sea is before them, on either hand are im-

passable mountains, and behind them is a relentless and powerful pursuer. Their faith falters, and they are in despair. But now the purposes of God are to be manifested, and his people are to be rescued from their critical position. Moses stands forth and says, "Fear ye not, stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will shew you to-day, for the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day ye shall see no more forever. The Lord shall fight for you and ye shall hold your peace." And now we will leave them for a little, waiting with trembling hearts for the promised salvation.

How similar to this is the experience of the truly converted. How happy are they to think that they are out of Egypt. But temptation comes. Satan, the severe task-master, pursues. And perhaps the soul in its bitterness will regret that it has left Egypt, just as Israel did in his hour of trial. It is forgotten that through tribulation deep, the way to glory runs. But there is many a Moses to cry out, "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." If troubles are as numerous as Pharaoh's minions we will not fear; God will help us, and that right early.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

Crossing the Red Sea.

The darkest time is often just before the break of day. The battle always precedes the victory. The night of weeping goes before the morning of rejoicing. Call down from the realms of glory, one of the many millions there, clothed in white raiment, and who went there through great tribulation, and ask him how many battles he fought on earth. He will answer, ten thousand. Ask him how many victories he gained, and he will reply, ten thousand and one. The last enemy he measured swords with was death, whom he met and conquered in the name of Jesus. One more triumph, then trial; one more day of joy, then a night of sorrow; and the last day an eternity of bliss.

We left our brethren and sisters in the last chapter under sore trials. They were in heaviness through manifold temptations, in order that the trial of their

faith might be found unto the praise of their God. God's ways are not as our ways in the government of his family. We sometimes chastise our children because they make a noise; but God often chastises his children to cause them to make a noise—the noise of weeping and penitential agonies. How like an affectionate mother, who hides behind the door, and rejoices to see her little one in sorrow and tears, searching for her in every corner of the house, refusing to be comforted until it finds her; but when the little one is about to lay down in despair and cry itself to sleep, she shows her smiling face, the tears are all kissed away, and an infant millenium has begun. Our heavenly Father often suffers his children to run into difficulties, that he may have an opportunity of helping them out. It is hardly possible to make us sensible of his willingness and ability to save, in any other way. The physician's skill could never be known if no one was ever sick. Our benevolent feelings could never be known if there were no suffering poor on earth. And the compassion of the Savior could never be realized were there no sin and sorrow in the world.

"With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and Oh! amazing love!
He flew to our relief."

But it is time for us to look after the young converts in the wilderness. Let us go back and see how the battle goes. They have neither horses nor chariots, battle-bow or spear. They are as lambs pursued by a pack of wolves. It was night when we left them; the moon and stars were concealed by dark clouds; and so were all their bright hopes darkened in a moment. But now we are to behold another scene. All are sleeping sweetly as infants in their cradles. All tears have been wiped away. The camp is as light as day. Oh! wonder of wonders! What a spectacle is before us! A shaft of mellow, heavenly light, at least two miles square, based on the earth and reaching up to the heavens. A lady once told us that the most magnificent sight she ever beheld, was the burning of the Presbyterian Church in Utica. The flames bursting out of the lower windows, enveloping the whole building, and finally running up the lofty steeple, made an unspeakably grand pillar of fire. For miles around, a pin could be picked up or the finest print read at the midnight hour. Thus was it in the canvass city of Israel. God was there, the refuge of his people, and his glory blazed with unsurpassed brilliancy. On this ground were experienced their first night of weeping and their first morning of rejoicing.

Reader, if Moses could pause and wonder as he gazed on the burning bush, may we not profitably tarry awhile and behold the glory of God? St. John has truly said that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all, and that if we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus, his son, cleanseth us from all unrighteousness; and again he says, God is love, as well as light, and they that dwell in God, dwell in love; and now, dear reader, if you have been purified by this blood, take our arm, and let us enter into this pillar of fire—of light and love. This is the holy of holies. Here we may inhale the breath of God. Was there ever such a promenade permitted mortals before? Yes. Enoch, and millions more, have enjoyed it. Here the king is seen in his beauty. Here, too, is the secure dwelling place, the munition of rocks. The spiritual senses are delighted, and the soul is tranquil in its assurance of perfect security. When the angel rolled away the stone from the sepulchre of Christ, he sat down upon it with folded pinions, and defied the powers of darkness to roll it back; and now the prisoner of hope may escape from the cold embrace of spiritual death, and reach the secure and charming abodes of the forever blest.

Sweetly and serenely sleep the chosen people.

And now the morning approaches. The venerable father as he arises, says to his wife and children, banish all fear, Pharaoh must first overcome omnipotence, and corrupt Divine faithfulness, before he can harm one of us. Glory to God, the Shepherd that watches over Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps. And now comes the king of day. The mountain summits are tinged with gold, and have on their court dress, awaiting the glorious monarch. How brightly he smiles on the earth, and how quickly darkness vanishes into deep mountain caverns. And now,

> The camp 's to move on,
> And the priests with their trumpets do blow,
> Then all that would stand
> On their promised land,
> Must take up their baggage and go.

Every tent is now struck. Each tribe rallies around its own standard. Judah is the vanguard. Now the vast pillar, which is a fire in the night and a cloud in the day, rises majestically, passes over the host and the sea, and sits on the opposite shore, as if saying to the vast army, come over and pitch your tents on this side the sea. A strange direction, indeed! More strange than the the command of Christ to Peter to step out on the boisterous waves. The infidel may shrug his shoulders and say, that God is a hard master; this is

an unreasonable requirement; for how can so great a host pass the sea without so much as a skiff? But a voice from heaven says to all unbelievers, "Be still, and know that I am God." This is a day when God is to reap honors for himself,—a day never to be forgotten by Israel. And now the command of God comes through Moses, to go forward. All looked with wonder and awe at the movement of the vast symbol of the Divine presence—and now their perplexity is increased by the orders received from their general. They say, what is to be done? If we remain here, Pharaoh will soon be upon us, and we shall be destroyed or re-enslaved; if we go forward we shall be drowned. But these questions were soon settled. Their faith pointed toward the sea, just as the disturbed magnet soon settles and points to the north. Forward they went, the sea divided and gave them a safe passage, and they were soon securely encamped under the directing and protecting cloud. Not a single lamb was lost, and all were happy.

But what of Pharaoh and his host? They continue in their madness the pursuit. He is bound that the fugitive slave law shall be enforced. But all fugitive slave laws are now to receive an everlasting rebuke. There is an angel at the hub of every chariot pulling the linch-pins out. The wheels roll off, and the chariots

drag in the mud. Glory to God for that. Oh! Lord, pull the linch-pins out of every slaveholders's chariot —let them drag in the mud,—and, finally, with Pharaoh and his host, be sunk in the bottom of the sea. Amen!

Reader, if you have truly passed from death unto life, and from the power of Satan unto God, you have passed through scenes similar to those described; impassable mountains on either hand, a sea in front, and a raging enemy in the rear. But you obtained deliverance. The rod of faith was stretched over the sea, the liquid elements became solid rock, like the sides of Christ's sepulchre, you passed with ease and safety, and was baptized on your passage under the cloud of the divine presence. Satan pursues, but his overthrow is certain. Every victory of the Christian is a defeat to him; and when Christ shall lead the sacramental host to the celestial city, the enemy and pursuer of saints will be cast into a hell deeper than the Red Sea.

CHAPTER NINTH.

Passage of the Red Sea Celebrated.

You say we have been having rather a noisy time. Many tears have been shed, many groans have been uttered, and occasionally there has been a shout, and some other extraordinary things, since we started.—You hope that after all this the excitement of the revival will cease; that as the Devil is drowned all will settle down in peace and quietude. Well, for your comfort, we have to tell you if you are a Pharisee and hate noise, that you need not take the cotton out of your ears yet; if Pharaoh and his host were destroyed as ignominiously as the swine of the Gergesenes, the Devil is yet alive; and be it known unto you, that Christians have not yet done shouting and singing.

Let us look again into the camp. Ah! every face is illuminated with joy. But says a Universalist, how

can they rejoice when so many fellow creatures lie in the depths of the sea! How can we be happy in heaven and remember that human beings are in torment! The people of God did not put crape on their hats, or door knobs, but rejoiced as they saw their enemies, and the enemies of God overwhelmed. And now they prepare for a jubilee. The whole camp is stirring. Ten thousand timbrels and harps, with two millions of voices are heard in sacred song. Gladness displaces sorrow. The notes of joy and shouts of victory, roll along the valleys, leap over mountain barriers, and ascend to the heavens. "Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation."

But we see some, with faces a fathom long, reaching for their hats, muttering as they go out, disorder and confusion, no place for meditation and prayer.—Hold a moment. If we gain a victory it ought to be celebrated. Wait a moment brother, we have a few more nuts for you to crack. Scripture says there is a time to mourn and a time to dance. We have had, on our route, occasion for deep mourning, for bitter tears; this all will admit; and this is the order of God. But must a victory be followed by long faces? If ever there was a time to sing and shout, it is after

such a victory as the children of Israel are now celebrating. And if a wicked man gains the victory over his sins, why may he not shout as loud as Israel did?

Let us get a seat where we can see all that transpires in the camp, and hear the music that burdens the air with its delightful harmonies, and witness all the demonstrations of the people's joy. Two millions have just been delivered from a wicked slave holder's power, and brought into the liberty of sons and daughters of the Almighty. Before us lies a lovely green plat of ten acres, environed with two millions of people. They are all dressed in their Sunday clothes. On the green there is a select party, of young and lovely maidens. Miriam the sister of Moses is their leader and governess. All are preparing for a dance. Miriam now gives the signal with her timbrel, and the dance commences. All promenade around the open space, keeping perfect time to the lively music. They shout and leap for joy, and sing the overthrow of their enemy, and the power of Israel's God. Jehovah had gotten a great name.—Israel had obtained a marvelous deliverance. And now in the order, and by the direction of God, they are celebrating the event.

Who is it that says the day ought not to be celebrated with joyous demonstrations? What cares the

nightingale if the toad despises her singing? She would permit the toad to hop back to his damp dwelling, and sing on. And why should those care who are happy in God, filled with heavenly joy to the brim, who have received Gospel measure, joy pressed down and running over, if some cold Pharisee shakes his head, takes his hat and walks out, saying as he goes that these things cannot be right for he has never felt them. We receive his testimony; he never felt the joys we feel. We will leave him with other toads in the dark damp cellars of unbelief. We will continue to sing, and shout, and leap for joy in the holy dance, while the smiles of the Lord is the feast of our souls. Some think that the nearer their faces look like midnight, the more grace they possess. But God, who made the sun, and the flowers never sent us to proclaim such a lie as that. We are told to "rejoice in the Lord always." And what more? "Again I say rejoice." What would have been thought of those who refused to participate in the rejoicings that followed the successful termination of our revolutionary struggle? The house that was not illuminated was a Tory's. The men that would not join in the universal show of triumph was a Tory. A shout went up from log cabin and castle, from village and city, and every patriotic heart cried out, amen! to the noisy

demonstration. And shall we not shout over the victories which Christ is gaining over the Devil? Oh! Lord, we will praise thee. Thine anger is turned away; thou hast comforted us.

CHAPTER TENTH.

Spurious Shouting.

We have frequently tarried by the way as we have come up out of Egypt, being determined to take notes by the way, for our own and the reader's profit. Glory to God! we have seen our enemies overthrown, and have had our jubilee over the event. And now we will take the lightning train, and slide down into the Gospel dispensation; stopping of course to make short calls, to dine and sup along with the patriarchs and prophets, and see what they have to say about shouting, and other demonstrations of intense religious feeling; this being the subject we have by the ear.

The tents are now struck, and the host begins to move, singing in a grand chorus as they go:

"The way is all new as it opens to view,
And behind is the foaming Red Sea;
So none need to speak of the onions and leeks,
Or to talk about garlic to me.
On Jordan's near side, I can never abide.
For no place of refuge I see,
Till I come to the spot, and inherit the lot,
Which the Lord will give unto me."

And now that the bitter waters of Marah have been sweetened, we will all take a hearty drink and encamp for the night. In the morning we breakfast on manna, and at noon dine on quails. And now the pillar of fire moves towards Mount Sinai, where God intends to give his law to his people. Standing in the midst of the most desolate scenery, Sinai lifts its huge form to the skies, like some monster slumbering in conscious strength. Its bald and dreary summit, its rocky, rugged sides, all its sombre features correspond to the surrounding desert scene. Desolation is written everywhere. The scene is a fit emblem of the heart of a proud, self-righteous Pharisee. The law is his glory, and his heart is as barren and cold as the summit of the mountain on which it was given.

But now there is a general inquiry for Moses. No one knows what has become of him. But at the end of forty days, behold two men coming down the side of the mountain. They are coming from the immediate presence of God. Their faces are shining with

the radiance of Divine glory. Moses is bearing the two stone tables on which God has written the law with his own finger; one stone containing our duty to God, the other our duty to man. They are drawing near the camp, but suddenly they halt. Hark! says Moses to Joshua, I hear a shout, a noise in the camp. Joshua listens, shakes his head, and says, this is not the ring of the true metal, it is not the voice of victors in war, there is no God in the sound. Here was a believer who had the drum of his ear purified; no worldly wax to render imperfect his spiritual hearing. Men may pass counterfeit money on ignorant men, but it is not so easy to deceive a sanctified ear in regard to a genuine shout. A hypocritical shout and empty amens are our especial abhorrence, whether read from a gilt edged prayer book, or spontaneously given. Let a Christian with the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of peace, listen at midnight to the mockings of the half drunken sons of Belial without the camp, and then hear the genuine shout of a soul just emancipated from sin, or the songs and halleluia's of a soul just over in the land of Beulah, and the difference will be detected in a moment. Cannot a man, unless his hearing is defective, tell the difference between the bleating of a goat and a sheep? There is as much difference between the

true and counterfeit shout and song, as between the sound of a maniac dancing to the music of his own chains, and the sweet music that enraptures the saints in heaven.

In a certain village there was a revival of religion, and sinners came home like doves to their windows, before the impending storm. Two wags in the village met in the village bar room and made a bet. Says Tom to John, to-morrow is the day appointed to hear the testimony of the converts, and receive them inot the Church, and I will bet you ten dollars that I can make up an experience, and receive the right hand of fellowship. The bet was taken and the money deposited in the hands of the landlord, with a strict injunction to secrecy. Each, of course, as they walked off, took between their teeth a long nine. Tom succeeded in writing a charming experience, extracting it from that of some saint who had gone home to rest. The day of trial arrived. One convert after another related their experience and were received into the Church. Tom's turn came; he read his charming production, and was about to be received, when an old mother in Israel arose and said that he had been telling the experience of some other man, that there was no God in the sound. The plot was discovered, and he was cast out with dogs and sorcerers.

Alas! how many such slippery frogs hop into the gospel net, a curse to themselves and the Church. Know you not, says Paul, that the saints shall judge the world? Let the grave yard of the world receive the dead; the Church only living persons. Amen!

But where are Moses and Joshua? We have wandered quite a distance from them in our cogitations. They are now in the midst of the camp. Moses in his holy indignation had broken in pieces the tables of stone. Aaron, the preacher, and the whole congregation, had backslidden. They were worshipping a golden calf, and it was the noise of their ungodly revelry that the two men heard as they came down the mountain. Alas! what a change! How soon has the fine gold become dim! The Devil has made fools of Aaron and the entire Church. They have forsaken the God of their salvation, have made a molten image, and as they engage in their impious songs and dances they say, "These be thy Gods, O Israel, which have brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." It was this marvelous impiety that caused God's anger to wax hot, and kindled the intense anger of Moses. It is said by Jeremy Taylor, when speaking of extremes in joy or sorrow, that Isaiah was at a certain time so filled with extatic joy, that he could not receive a message from God, until he had been soothed

with singing; and that Moses in rebuking Aaron for breaking one command, broke ten himself. Moses now seizes the golden calf, made out of the jewels taken from the ears and fingers of the worshippers, grinds it into powder, then throws it into the brook and commands every rebellious backslider to get down upon his knees and drink, just as sinners now-a-days are called to the mourner's bench.

But, says one, what a waste of gold! Better for you, dear brother or sister, that your gold should be sunk in the sea, than that you should keep it to inflame your pride. But we have a quill seasoning to write a book on the subject of wearing jewelry, and other extravagances, and so will pass by the matter for the present.

But before we leave Mount Sinai we should say a word or two concerning this dancing business. The dancing on the banks of the Red Sea, and at the foot of Sinai are as unlike as hell and heaven. On one God smiled, on the other he frowned. Impious idolaters and midnight revelers are not in the order of God. Their laughter is like offensive odors to God. Ah! these should mourn instead of laughing. They should kneel in sorrow and penitence, instead of dancing. What would you think of persons under sentence of death, with a cap drawn over their faces, to

see them capering about like the wild mountain goat, while the Sheriff has his foot on the spring to let the platform fall when the appointed hour comes? Will you say this is a time to dance? And what shall we say of those who follow the music of the violin through the hours of night, on the platform of destruction, riches or enjoyment, with the black cap of unbelief drawn over their eyes, while death has his foot on the spring of time, awaiting orders to cast the body in the grave, and launch the soul into eternity. And what shall we say of dancing professors, who, as Bishop Hedding once remarked, kick up their heels as if the Devil was in them? They are like Israel, whom God will make drink the bitterness of their folly. And what think you of the minister who will join his flock in the giddy dance, and on the next Sabbath ridicule the Spirit's manifestations at camp and revival meetings? He can dance to the music of the fiddle all night, but not a moment to the delightful melody of religious joy. Blind leaders of the blind! Save them Lord, before they lead their flocks into the pit. Amen!

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

Grapes and Pomegranates.

Notwithstanding our long delay on the desolate plain at the base of Sinai, and the time we have had with the backslider, you still hold us by the sleeve, and insist upon some apology for Moses breaking the two tables, on which God had with his own finger written his law. How can one professing entire holiness, and coming forth from the immediate presence of God, with his face shining with heavenly light, in one hour after, dash to pieces the sacred tables, with seeming vengeance and wrath? We answer, this is perfectly consistent with true Godliness. Just in proportion to our love to God, will be our hatred to sin. Because "thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." And again: "This thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of

the Nicolaitans, which I also hate." But Moses knit his brows, and his radiant face was quickly turned into a thunder-cloud. Amen! to that. Nothing purifies the air like thunder and lightning. And it is God-like to manifest hatred and a holy vengeance toward the enemy of all good. The record establishes this position. The Lord said to Moses, "I have seen this people and behold it is a stiff necked people. Now, therefore, let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them and that I may consume them, and I will make of thee a great nation." But now follows the proof that Moses was meek and loving, if his anger did flame out against Israel's wickedness. He refused the honors that God would have conferred upon him, and plead for those whose sins had angered him. He binds the hands of Omnipotence with his own promises. He held the covenant of God to Israel as a shield over the head of a backslidden priest and people. By his importunate prayers the Divine wrath was appeased, the sun was brought from under the cloud that had concealed it. Here is the type of a Christian man. He loved the sinner, but hated the sin. This is the kind of men for service. Had Moses backslidden with the rest, the tables of stone would not have been broken, but all would have gone on in their wicked worship, and their unhallowed shouts

and songs, deceiving and being deceived, until they had gone quick down into hell.

Oh! that every evangelical preacher, and class-leader, might breathe this holy vengeance. Fashionable idolatry would then be as secure in the Church as Pharisees in heaven. The professor of religion would now turn pale and feel insulted if asked to worship a golden calf; but let the idol be moulded into a modern popular fashion, and willing votaries will not be wanting. This fashionable idolatry is a sovereign remedy against shouting, or loud halleluias. None fall under the power of God who worship at its shrine. It knows nothing of either battles or victory. A Church of such idolaters may be peacefully united, but the union is that of icebergs frozen together, floating with the current, whose only light is the Aurora Borealis. Such a Church never does any good; it has not the power. It cannot get angry at sin, and hence can make no headway against sin.

But anger is one thing, such anger as the world knows, and holy anger, such as flames in the Christian soul, is another. One is set on fire of hell; the flame of the other is caught from the burning throne of God. Sinner, Moses' anger only broke the stone tables; your anger breaks the law written on them.

Again we see Moses on the mountain. The tables

are restored. And now he is hid in a cleft of the rock, and in answer to his prayer God is making his glory pass before him. Glory to God! what a sacred spot. The Christian's life is hid in the cleft rock, and he is safely shielded by his Father's hand.

And now the pillar, the symbol of Divine presence, begins to move. The camp must now be broken up, and a new locality selected. But before we begin the journey we will attend family worship. Moses and Aaron are gathering the congregation together around the tabernacle. The sacrifice is laid upon the altar. Moses leads in prayer—spreads out his hands unto the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, unto the God that always answers by fire; and there came out a fire from before the Lord and consumed the offering. When the people saw it, they shouted and fell upon their faces. Here were the first fruits of a revival of a backslidden Church. Here is a remarkable season of worship. There was the sacrifice, the prayer, the fire, the shout of triumph, and the fall under the weight of glory that rolled over the vast assembly. The wilds of Arabia never heard such shouts before, nor witnessed such a manifestation of Divine power as that prostrated assembly exhibited. Here was a family altar worth coming to. Here was a spot to warn frozen hearts; thaw out icebergs; sanctify

preachers; to change class drivers into class leaders; a place for the soul to take breakfast on fat things full of marrow, and wine on the lees well refined. Here, too, was a dedication of the new tabernacle; and here, dear reader, let us consecrate all our redeemed powers to God, and start with renewed vigor for the promised land. And now the cloud settles down, and says, pitch here in the wilderness of Paran.

From this sacred spot, twelve men, one from each tribe, were sent over to spy out the land, and bring back a report to the army. The majority on their return, ten of the twelve, reported as follows: that the country was filled with giants, that they were as grasshoppers in their presence, and that the soil was sterile. They returned without a single grape or pomegranate. This discouraging report almost caused the congregation to backslide again, and had not Caleb and Joshua been permitted to bring in a minority report, every soul would have backslidden, and left their bones in the wilderness. The two spies returned with a fullness of the blessing. They staggered under the load of grapes and pomegranates they had gathered on the banks of the brook Eschol; and while their report was being read, the fruits they had brought were pressed to the lips of the congregation. The effect was marvelous. Sorrow was turned into rejoicing.

And as they further reported, that the land flowed with milk and honey, and that in the name of the Lord they were able to go up and possess it, there was a volley of hearty Amens, and now and then a Glory to God. O! may the Church ever be filled with Calebs and Joshuas, to cheer the Church with good reports, and lead on to victory. O, for a faith that turns giants to grasshoppers; a faith that breaks the green boughs from the trees of Paradise, and feeds the soul with ambrosial fruit.

Reader, were you ever at the Straits of Gibraltar? There they have pilots waiting to conduct the ship along the dangerous channel into the broad blue sea. Here comes one on board and proposes to pilot us through. We ask him if he is acquainted with the channel, if he has ever been through it himself? If he says no, but that he has a chart which marks out the proper course, we dismiss him at once; and look for a person who not only has a chart, but who knows by experience its truthfulness. Such pilots were Caleb and Joshua, and such should be every minister of Christ. Who can describe the beauty and the richness of the vineyards and corn fields of the spiritual Canaan if he has never seen and enjoyed them? When the ministers of Christ know the joys of perfected holiness, then will be sung, "How beautiful

are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of great joy." Shouts of victory would be heard in Israel's camp. Flocks fed by such shepherds would be like Bunyan's pilgrims, who talked and sung in their sleep about the better land, by reason of the juice of the grape that stuck to their lips.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

The Smitten Rock.

There is no standing still in religion, and there was no standing still in the march of the Israelites. We merely touch at different points to take in wood and water, get fired up, and take in and let out passengers. We got well fired up this morning while at the family altar of Moses and Aaron, and had a first-rate shout as we crowded our omers full of manna. The glory fell upon us, and, thank the Lord! we feel the sacred flame burning now. But the manna, we perceive, is nearly gone, as we have used it for a luncheon by the way, for ourselves and children, and now and then a Hobab that turns in with us to swell our numbers. Our water is getting low, so we will bring up under Horeb, at the old rock, get a fresh supply of manna and water, and start on again with new vigor.

Here we are, snugly encamped again. Glory to

God! we are nearer than when we first believed. But you say this is but a dry, desert place. It is, surely; but has not the cloud rested here, the same cloud that stood between us and Pharoah, as we came out of Egypt? Has the triumphant shout on the banks of the sea been forgotten? Has not God promised that he will neither forget nor forsake his people? Begone quarreling unbelief! Here is to be a trial of faith. All are in heaviness through manifold temptations. Alas! another night of weeping. What will not a day bring forth! As far as the eye can reach, nothing but barren sand heaps. There is not a drop of dew to moisten the thirsty tongues, or a green blade to relieve the desolation of the scene, or a single green leaf to flutter in the burning sun. Nothing but the soul of a Pharisee could present a more desolate scene than that which carried dismay to the hearts of the children of Israel. Hark! A hundred thousand tiny voices cry for water, which the mothers cannot supply. The fathers and young men take their spades and dig here and there; but all is dry as an ash heap. And now all join in the cry for water; and, mingling with the cries of the multitude, are heard without the camp, the bleating of sheep, and the bellowing of cattle. "Give us water or we die." The spades are hung up in despair. Al-

though their God was glorious in holiness doing wonders, they were expecting death in that desolate place. Their digging in the sand was just like persons praying to God yet regarding iniquity in their hearts Such prayers cannot find the sweet waters of salvation.

Here is a good prospect for a revival. There is no shouting, seemingly not a victor in the whole camp ; yet their mourning and weeping, and their ardent supplications, are enough to break the adamant. Moses sets out the mourner's bench, and all come forward to lay hold of the promise; "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Ah! say they to Moses, we have sinned against God, have murmured against thee, but pray for us, Moses. How many a sinner has uttered the same request. When their souls have been parched for the water of life, they cried to the Church, pray for us. And how ea gerly and cheerfully does the sanctified soul bend the knee, and, like Moses, beseech God to spare and save the sinner—to put out the consuming fires of sin in the heart, by pouring in the waters of salvation.

Moses has been before God in the tabernacle, and has prevailed. As he comes forth with the Elders, all eyes are fixed upon him. There is breathless si-

lence. It is a case of life or death with them. Now he climbs an old granite rock, that had stood unmoved, since the sons of God shouted for joy at the birth of the world's creation. Cold-blooded philosopher, or skeptic, if we had whispered in your ear that in a few minutes water would flow from that rock like a living stream, you would have said, fanaticism, both Moses and yourself are fools. The preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto those that are saved, the power of God. Moses draws back the rod,—it was the same that he picked up on the mountains of Midian, which was changed to a serpent, then back again into a dry rod—the rod with which he worked the wonders in Egypt and stretched over the sea, making a highway through which the people passed. No minister has any business in the desk without the rod of faith, without which he cannot draw water for his congregation. The rod now touches the rock, and water gushes out, and flows in limpid streams, through the whole encampment. Fathers and mothers take their pitchers, and soon they are full, pressed down, shaken together, and running over. They drink themselves, then press the vessels to the lips of their dying children, the flocks and herds are satisfied, and soon the parched ground becomes a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.

No more crying is heard; but the air is filled with the melodies and shouts of joyous hearts. "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the tops of the mountains. Clap your hands all ye people, shout unto God with a shout of triumph." "For," says the apostle, "they did all eat the same spiritual meat, and did drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank from the rock which followed them, and that rock was Christ."

Here, reader, is one of God's revivals, and a noisy one it has been, too; and allow us to express our opinion that a true revival never occurred which was noiseless as the tomb. It has become a proverb, that God never has any still-born children. When rocks are blasted out of the mountain, with powder, there is a noise, and the mountain shakes; and when goodly stones are blasted out of the mountains of sin for our spiritual temple, there will be noise of deep groaning, smiting of breasts, and the shoutings of true converts. When the rocky heart is touched and broken by the rod of saving faith, waters leap out from the garret windows of the new born sons of God, and overflow their sunny cheeks. A soul that starts for the kingdom with tears of penitence, and agonizing prayers, and comes in with a shout of victory, will

not be a mere sponge in the church, which must be squeezed to get anything out of them; they will be more like the war horse, who smelleth the battle afar off, and champs his bits with impatience to begin the conflict. His delight is the battle cry, and the rush and collision of battle. May God fill the world with Christians, full of holy fire and energy. Amen!

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

License to Shout.

In every county and town there are magistrates set as watchmen on the walls, to guard the intertess and morals of the people. From these dignitaries the rum-seller receives his license, to deal out damnation by the gill, to fathers, husbands and children; to break marriage ties and female heads and hearts; to deluge whole families in bitter scalding tears, and then very mercifully hand over the bloated body to the sexton, and their families to the poor-master; to set whole towns on fire of hell, and pour floods of the liquid lava of damnation over all the land. Let the philanthropist remonstrate, and threaten to bring them to justice, and the response is a demon's laugh, and a license stuck into his face.

And there is another class of persons in our land, who have license to do a more horrible business.

They live in southern climes. They have license to hold, whip and starve slaves; a license hatched out by Congress, and brooded under the wing of the Executive of the Union; a license to turn the image of God into a chattel; a license which makes the marriage tie as fragile as a string of tow, and life as uncertain as a soap bubble in the air. Remonstrate with them, and they entrench themselves behind their constitutional rights, as Jackson behind the cotton bales at New Orleans. But what good will these licenses do them in the judgment day in the presence of the King of kings? Less than Adam's fig leaf apron did to him.

But we have a license from the authorities of heaven to sing and shout, which we intend to use through this little volume, and which we mean to poke in the face of every pharisaical class leader or preacher whom Satan has employed to put the breaks on the wheels of the car of salvation. God has spoken by the mouth of Isaiah, "let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains." Who art thou who repliest against God? It is God that justifieth. Where is the brazen faced Ajax that dare spike the artillery of heaven, or smother the shouts of the Christian victor? It is the Devil's work to throw water on the fire, and he would long ago have

quenched it had it not been for the omnipresent Jesus, who casts on a sacred oil, which causes the flame to rise higher by throwing on water, a secret the Devil could never solve.

Let us as Christians read carefully our license, and ascertain its boundaries and true meaning. The doctors say the great art of dealing out medicine, is to know when not to give it; and it is important for the Christian to know when not to shout. There are periods of the Christian's life when a note of triumph would be disgraceful. The license gives the privilege only of shouting on the top of the mountains. Mark the plural number—mountains. The obstacles we meet, and have to overcome, in the Christian's life, are mountains. There is no mountain so vast but that faith, as a grain of mustard seed, may not cast it into the sea. Every victory over the world, the flesh and the Devil,—over death, hell, and the grave, is a mountain summit gained, where we may wave our palms of victory, clap our glad hands, and sing and shout our joys. But while we stand at the base of the mountain, shouting will not be in order. Politicians never light their torches, form their processions, and shout their loud huzzahs, until they know they have gained the victory. A fighting cock will never clap his wings and crow until his antagonist

lays dead at his feet, or shows his white feather. But you may whip a goose a thousand times, and it will return to the flock exceedingly loquacious and claim the victory; and none but the geese, in or out of the church, clap their wings, and shout the victory, until the white feather of the enemy is seen. But we have many a season for shouting; and what a shout we shall have, when the last enemy is conquered, on the top of the Mount of God. Hallelujah to God!

But behold the pillar of cloud. It is beginning to move. Strike your tents, O Israel, and prepare for another march. See that your canteens are well filled with water from the rock, and your haversacks well filled with manna. All things being parched, we will take one more drink from the rock, and then march on, singing as we go—

"Though some in the rear
Preach up terror and fear,
And complain of the trials they meet;
Though giants before
With great fury do roar,
I'm determined I'll never retreat.

"We are little, 'tis true,
And our numbers are few,
And the sons of old Anoch are tall;
While I see a track
I will never go back,
But go on, to the risk of my all."

But, hark! the trumpet sounds for war. Another battle to fight. Another mountain of difficulty to surmount. Sihon and Og, with their armies, right in the king's highway, are coming forth to meet us. They swear we shall go no further towards the promised land. But we draw the old Jerusalem blade and cut a swath through their ranks, gather up the spoils, and stand on the field of battle more than conquerors; and now we throw up our tuscans, and with loud huzzahs, move on and encamp on the fair plains of Moab, at the base of Mount Pisgah.

Here is another sacred mountain. On its summit the Lord gave Moses a glimpse of the promised land, then blowed out the candle of his life, and gave him a secret but glorious burial. We cannot, of course give the particulars of his funeral, for we were not permitted to attend it, but we know that he died in full view of the promised Canaan. While death with his keen knife was cutting the cords that bound soul and body together, the bosom of God was his pillow; and angels were there to fan his feverish brow with their wings, and to escort his spirit to the realms of glory. His was a glorious burial. How long the train of celestial chariots was that followed his body to the tomb we cannot tell; but it is enough to know that the King of kings was present at his burial, to pronounce a benediction over his grave.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

Crossing Jordan.

Our days of mourning are now over. We have wiped away our tears, taken off our crape, and now, under our new leader, Joshua, we will march down to the banks of the Jordan. "Jordan is a hard road to travel," is a song sung by the modern reveler; and poor sinner, if you have not made our heavenly Joshua your leader, you will find it a harder road to travel than you imagine. When you stand in its chilling waters to your knees, when your physician turns his back upon you, and says you must die, when your friends gather around you to wipe the cold death sweat from your brow, and say that no further earthly aid can be given, then you will feel the need of him you reject. If all the tears that have been shed at such times could be gathered together, a Genesareth would be filled to the brim. The sighs and groans

that have been heard on the banks of the mystical Jordan, if they were united, would be like the bursting of a thousand volcanos. Here is no place for the unholy to shout. They have no song of triumph to sing. Never has an infidel, or an impenitent man, been known to shout on Jordan's banks. To them the way is dark. But it is the reverse to the christian. Suppose that all the saints who have crossed the river were gathered in one vast hospital, and all their shouts united as one shout, as they stand upon the brink and peep into heaven through the rent vail, we should have some idea of the songs and praises of the innumerable throng, which were as the voice of many waters, and mighty thunderings. There is considerable noise this side of Jordan; on the other side there is more. The dying saint, his spiritual hearing more acute as he approaches the verge, hears the melodies that come from glad hearts on the other shore. Hear the almost silent tongue.

"The world recedes, it disappears,
Heaven opens on my eyes,
My ears with sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly,
O, death, where is thy sting,
O, grave, where is thy victory."

The waves once passed, the song of Moses and the Lamb begins. Louder now sings the saint than ever.

He has reached a noisier world than earth. Now what will you do, you with velvet ears and weak nerves? You cannot take your hat or parasol as you now do and go out of the house, dropping your contemptuous epithets as you pass through the throng of ungodly persons; so you may as well take the cotton out of your ears; and join the army and the song. And you had better be quick about it; perhaps you have no time to spare. Jordan is near at hand; nearer than you are aware.

The army is already leaving Shittim, with orders to pitch tents on the banks of the river. Joshua now calls upon all to sanctify themselves, for to-morrow God will work wonders. Dear reader, if you are not sanctified this side Jordan you never will be at all. The Jordan is swelling its banks, for it is the time of harvest. There is no ferry boat, no suspension bridge made by human hands; but a highway is to be made by Israel's wonder-working God. It is written, the unclean shall not pass over it. You were with us, infidel friends, and saw the honor conferred upon Moses, as he stretched his rod over the Red Sea, making a highway for Israel; we now invite you to see similar honors conferred upon Joshua, his successor. If, after seeing these exhibitions of the power of God, you are not persuaded of the necessity of embracing his truth, we must leave you until the judgment.

The twelve priests are already standing with their feet on the brink of the river, bearing upon their shoulders the ark of the covenant. Ah! how wonderful the scene that now takes place. The liquid element rises like a mountain, its sides are perpendicular walls seemingly as firm as the rocks of Gibraltar. Back as far as the eye can reach, the waters rise; yet the unseen barriers keep back the accumulating waters, until Israel passed to his inheritance. Down stream, even to the Dead Sea, the river bed becomes dry, and yet the waters above are not allowed to wet even the soles of their feet. The ark rests in the middle of the river, and not until its bearers reach the opposite bank, will the waters be permitted to flow. Each of the twelve bearers takes a stone upon his shoulders, to raise a memorial of this wonderful interposition of God, to be an everlasting remembrancer to the following generations; having placed them upon the banks, within the promised dominions, they return, take up the ark, bring it to the shore, and set it down in the midst of the triumphant host. Jordan is now permitted to resume its flow, and the liquid mountain soon disappears. Glory to the God who doeth all things well. Our feet stand on the soil of the land of promise.

This second triumph may well be compared to what

has become a proverb in our Israel, the "second blessing." The deliverance from Egypt may be compared to a soul just emancipated from sin; and the songs and dances of Miriam, to the joys they feel. "Being justified by faith we have peace with God." From this point in religious experience all are required to advance. "Learn the first principles of the doctrine of Christ and go on to perfection." "Having these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." In the spirit of the words quoted, the apostle Paul prays that his Thessalonian brethren might be sanctified wholly, and be preserved blameless unto the coming of Jesus Christ. All that get safely out of Egypt are called, by the Apostle of the Gentiles, sanctified; but to be sanctified wholly is what we mean by the second blessing. Holiness is not always, nor generally, perfected in the hearts of true christians.

The Church is now out of the wilderness. They have left milk, and begin to lay hold of strong meat. The manna has ceased, and they now live on the more substantial food of corn and wine. They have had battles all the way, and glorious victories. How child-like at times their whinings, their stumblings and fallings; but soon we hear them shouting from the top

of the mountains. Their joys and sorrows were alternating. But now that they have attained the full stature of men and women, in Christ Jesus, their doubtings are gone, and faith constantly lends its realizing light. Their hope so, gives place to their know so; and it is know so all the time.

But in looking over the census table, one solemn fact arrests attention. Of the six hundred thousand fighting men, who came out of the land of bondage, only two, Caleb and Joshua, were permitted to see the land of promise. They had fought valiantly. They had caused the blood of mighty armies to crimson the plains of Arabia. But on the banks of the Jordan, they met a single foe, which sent them back, and their bones were sepulchred in the wilderness. That foe was unbelief. Says the Apostle, "Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief; lest a promise being left us of entering into rest, any should come short of it."

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

Fall of Jericho.

What is this we now behold? All the Levites are in the slaughter yard making trumpets out of rams' horns, for the purpose of blowing down the walls of Jericho. The Lord had given the order of battle to Joshua. It was a strange one indeed. One of our American generals, if a little sceptical, would have lit his cigar and puffed the smoke in the face of the angel who served as aid-de-camp to the Lord, and called him a fool. But Joshua, though a skillful officer, knew that spiritual weapons were more potent to pull down strongholds, than all the battering rams and other engines of war invented and constructed by men. God was determined to have the glory to himself; and it is with this purpose that in all ages he chooses the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, things that are base to bring to naught those that are lifted up. Even in the nineteenth century he uses

crooked rams horns, jaw bones of asses, and ox-gads, to demolish the high walls that oppose the progress of his army, and pile up winrows of Philistines on the spiritual battle fields.

The hour to march has come. The ark bearers have taken their stations. The Levites have their trumpets in their hands. Judah is in the van, with his lion floating in the breeze. And now comes the order—forward! Six hundred thousand men, with steady, measured steps, make the earth tremble under their tread, and rend the heavens with their songs and the sound of their trumpets. Nothing can give us an adequate idea of such a scene, unless it be a Methodist Camp Meeting, where thousands are singing and shouting. Ah! what power is there in music. We read of two ministers whose songs at midnight shook a jail all to pieces.

But the army has passed around the city, and is pitched again at Gilgal. No sign of a revival yet. They did not so much as mar the whitewash on the outside of the wall; and some of the brethren thought that the time had not come for the revival to commence. But Joshua looked again to his orders, which read as follows: "I have given thee Jericho with its kings and mighty men." Its terms are unequivocal —the promise cannot be mistaken, and Joshua resolves to proceed.

The second morning dawns. The brilliant oriental sun shines equally on the just and the unjust. And now the army starts off, in grand procession as before, the ark bringing up the rear, the music sounding as sweetly as ever on the ear, and finally back they came again to Gilgal, seemingly nothing done. Thus matters continued until the seventh morning. Joshua now draws up his army, and says: "we are to march around the city seven times; let every man be at his post, and at the word of command shout at the top of his voice, and let the priests give a long and loud blast with the trumpets." The enemies heard this curious order, as they looked over the wall, and put their ears to the key-holes of the gates, and had a hearty laugh at the expense of the leader who read the ridiculous order, and of the fools who were to obey it. Who ever heard of shouting a wall down? and shouting down gates of brass which almost defy the artillery of heaven. Ah! infidels, you are just like the inhabitants of Jericho. You have laughed many a time while the minister has blown the gospel trumpet around the whited walls of your self-righteousness. You have ridiculed the Christian's mode of warfare. But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit, for they are foolishness to him, neither can he know them, because they are only spiritually discerned; but he that is spiritual judgeth all things.

The final hour of the devoted city has come. But it cannot fall until the righteous in it are safe. The fire could not fall on Sodom until Lot had escaped; and the walls of Jericho cannot fall until believing Rahab is secure. Do you see that scarlet thread suspended from a window? There is Rahab's dwelling, and that is the cord with which she let down the spies from the wall, whom she had concealed from the searching eyes of their enemies, under the flax. She shall not lose the reward of her kindness. And no person shall lose an ample reward, who gives even a cup of cold water to a child of God. Rahab's reward was the salvation of herself and household from the impending destruction.

Joshua is now preparing to give the order to shout. The brethren and sisters are beginning to clear their throats, and the priests are getting the rams horns adjusted to their sanctified lips. O! what an awful moment. Our hair begins to stand on end. Our blood is almost curdled in our veins. When Prof. Webster was hung in the jail yard in Cambridge, the adjacent buildings were covered with persons anxious to witness the horrible scene; and when the platform fell, and left him suspended between heaven and earth, females groaned, screamed, fainted and fell as men on the field of battle. But here is a scene a thousand

times more terrific. The inhabitants of a whole city are to perish. And let our anti-shouting brethren and sisters stand with us on one of the high cliffs of Canaan, and witness the mighty power of the invisible Spirit of God, called into exercise by the faith of God's chosen people. Hark! The awful command is given. A terrible blast of trumpets, and the shouts of the army are heard. The mighty wall trembled like hypocritical Felix. Before the enemies had done mocking, they began to feel as obstinate sinners will when Gabriel shall blow. Again and again the trumpets sound and the people shout, and, as if upheaved by some mighty earthquake, the walls were thrown from their strong foundations; and the thundering crash, together with the cries of the terrified inhabitants, form a scene unparalleled except by the crash of worlds and the terrors of the judgment.

This terrible victory of the Lord's army was the result of faith. "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days." And observe that it was a faith that developed itself in shouting. Faith, shouted out, overthrew the mighty walls.

The number seven, so frequently occurring in the Bible, is not always to be understood literally. It signifies perfection. Naaman dipped in Jordan seven

times and his purity was complete. Had he dipped but six times, the condition of his recovery would not have been met, but the seventh dipping perfected the performance. Christ once found a woman at the mourner's bench with seven devils in her, that is, she was perfectly devilish; but he routed the whole of them and made her a perfect saint—a temple of the living God. When the army marched around the city seven times, a perfect victory was won. Six times around left the walls standing; the seventh time perfected the conditions of the promised victory. Had Joshua adopted any other plan, one that seemed wiser in his own mind, the walls of Jericho might have been standing to-day. The foolishness of God is better than the wisdom of men. The preaching of the Cross, as the blowing of a ram's horn, is foolishness unto them that perish, but unto them that believe, the power of God.

Sinner, the gospel trumpet is constantly sounding in your ears. It is for you to obey or disobey. But there is another trumpet, the seventh trumpet, yet to sound. It is now lying on a shelf, over the mercy-seat, which God is reserving for his own immaculate lips. And when the trump of God is heard the bulwarks of the universe will fall. Then you must bow, with constraint and terror. You now complain of the

shouts of the army of God's people, but what will you do when the midnight cry "Behold the bridegroom cometh" is heard, and when the universe shall be filled with the collision of worlds, and the wailings of the damned!

Well, your humble author feels just like dropping his pen and saying, hallelujah! Behold he cometh with clouds, every eye shall see him; yes, glory to God: the eyes of the blind man shall see him. Ah, what a vision, to see the descending Lord with his glorious train, for one who has seen nothing earthly for the last seventeen years. We shall then have eyes as perfect as those of our readers. Glory to God! our eyes shall range over the extended plains, where shines an eternal day. And now we will close this chapter by singing.

May our lamps be trimmed and burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian's life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should he come at night or morning,
Early dawn or evening shade.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

From Jericho to Jerusalem.

We have now bid farewell to Gilgal and old Jordan, and have left Jericho in flames. We have passed through many noisy scenes. Indeed, since we left the gates of Eden our ears have constantly been filled with the noise of sorrow or gladness. It is difficult to tell which has made the most noise, the mourners or the victors. The great difference between saints on earth and in heaven, is, that on earth they eat the lamb with bitter herbs, but in heaven they have the joys of the Lord, boundless and unmixed. But let us drink the cup our Father puts to our lips. Jesus says, drink ye all of it, I have extracted all the poison; the bitter will not harm you, but work your perfect cure; the richest sweets, my choicest blessings, are at the bottom of the cup. We have in this life just joy enough to oil the wheels of our machinery.

Joys come to the faithful and light all around them, just as swallows light on the roof of the farmer's barn, desiring a place to enter and rear their young, and make all within and without cheerful with their music. When we were a boy, it was considered evidence of a mean man, to refuse to cut a swallow hole in the gable end of a barn, to let the little songsters out and in. Here we may find the secret of so many professors of religion wearing gloomy faces. They do not open their swallow holes; in other words, as David says, they do not open their mouths wide that the Holy Ghost may fill them with joy and peace. If the young birds would not open their mouths, when the old one held the choice morsel over them, they must languish and die. A man who would starve in a bake shop, because he was too lazy or wilful to help himself, deserves to die. God has set a table for his people, in the presence of their enemies, laden with the luxuries of heaven; and, reader, if you have suffered the Devil to give you the lock-jaw, or a man-fearing, or man-pleasing spirit to sew up your lips, you will languish and die, and go before your judge a self-murderer.

Halloo! The trumpet sounds again for war. The city of Ai is to be taken. It is sometimes thought that Christians, when wholly sanctified, can sell their

swords, hang up their shields, and dispose of all their weapons of war; but this is a sad delusion. If on the other side of Jordan you found enemies that made your cheek turn pale, you will find before you hoist the flag of freedom on the glittering spires of Jerusalem, giants a head and shoulders higher than any you have ever seen. Many a thief that would risk his life to steal your guineas would not touch your pennies; and the adversary had rather cast down two such souls as Caleb and Joshua, than a whole battalion of milk-and-water professors. Such are too easily conquered to make it an object for the Devil to trouble himself about them. The weak ones on the other side of Jordan were fed on manna, which is as milk to babes; but in the land of Beulah the soldiers are fed with corn and wine. Fed with corn alone a man might live and be strong; but it is the wine that puts the fight into him. These solids and fluids taken together are like fire and powder; coming in contact, they will report themselves, without troubling the minister to do it for them.

But what now? A shameful defeat! Thirty-six of Joshua's men slain! The rest are running for their lives to the camp! God has refused to fight for them, and hence their discomfiture. And now comes on an investigation—a church trial. The money loving

Achan is tried, condemned, and executed. A wedge of gold and a fashionable garment are taken from before the wheels of the cars, and now they roll rapidly along the track. The city is taken, blasted out of existence, the spoils are gathered, and from the mountain top are heard the shouts of the victors. The soldier should not only conquer, but be more than conqueror—he should gain the victory, and enrich himself with the spoils. Every time we lift the cross in Jesus' name, we find a guinea under it—we spoil Satan of his possessions and are enriched with heavenly treasure.

But here is a strange-looking company! Ragged, with clouted shoes and mouldy bread. They want to 'urn in with us, and finally they succeed in getting into the Church, and the covenant with Joshua and the princes, that they might be saved, is made before it is discovered that they are Gibeonites. The contract is sacredly observed, but they were made hewers of wood and drawers of water. Thus the Christian should make the world, the flesh, and the Devil his servants, or the scaffolding, until the building is reared, and the cap stone is brought forth with shoutings of grace, grace unto it. But we will be excused from eating this mouldy bread. God feeds his children with fresh bread warm from the oven, well leav-

ened with resurrection power. Christ has taught his disciples to pray for daily bread, fresh water and manna, and garments that wax not old; but it is to be feared that there are too many Gibeonites with their old musty hopes, and threadbare professions. Says Beecher: "You might as well go to the catacombs of Egypt, and scrape up the dust of the mummies, and knead it into forms and bake them in your ovens, and call them men, and present them as citizens and teachers for our regard, as to bring old, time-worn institutions to serve the growth and living wants of to-day." Such church members in a revival are like dead trees that have been blown over and have lodged in the branches of living trees; and our entire Zion is now groaning to be delivered from such dead bodies. O! Lord, cleanse the net.

But we are forgetting our theme of battles and victories,—we have almost got to preaching. So we will pack up our duds, and start along and make the next halt on the heights of Jerusalem. Well, here we are safely within the gates. But, alas! what a scene of carnage we have witnessed—vast fields crimsoned with human blood. We saw, too, some wonderful things. The sun stood still over Gibeon, and the moon on the valley of Ajalon, waiting to see the triumph of Israel, so that the news could be carried to

the antipodes. We have had a noisy trip, showing the truthfulness of the prophet's remark, that the battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in flame.

And now that we are at Jerusalem, we will put up at one of the hotels, and rest and refresh ourselves after so long a journey, and get ready to attend in the next chapter the celebration of the return of the ark to the chosen people. It was a sad day when the Philistines captured the ark and Israel lost the sacred depository of their law. God permitted this as chastisement for their sins. The sins of the sons of Eli the priest, were the scandal of the nation. They openly committed adultery before the congregation. Eli heard of it, but gave them only light reproof. God was displeased with such family government, and severely rebuked the indulgent old priest, and threatened the destruction of his house. In due time the Divine word was fulfilled; the house of Eli was no more, and among the disasters that came upon the nation were the massacre of the army and loss of the ark. The glory of Israel had departed. The violation of the law of God brings only disaster and disgrace. But the ark is to be restored, and the people are to have a happy time over it; and now that we

have had our refreshments, and a bumper of the sparkling wine of the kingdom, we will take our rest and be ready for the celebration.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

A Celebration and a Dinner.

It is true, as you say, that we are getting along rather slowly on our way to the Gospel dispensation; but we cannot pass without paying our regards to King David. We must pause and see the ark again resting under the overshadowing wings of the cherubims, and witness the joy that displaces the sorrows of Israel. We wish to leave the charge in the midst of a revival for the next preacher. We do not want him to hear the first thing the sickening, threadbare story, "I do not enjoy myself as well as I did before the ark departed." Instead of the chattering of bats and the peeping of moles, we want him to hear some of the old fashioned amens and hallelujahs. We want to see every harp taken down from the willows, and Jerusalem made to resound with the songs and praises of victorious saints.

In the previous chapter we told you why the glory of Israel had departed—how the ark came to fall into an enemies' hand. We must now look up the sacred depository of the stone tables. We find it among the Philistines; but it is to them what Elijah was to the household of Ahab and Jezebel. They called him the troubler of Israel, just as every sanctified preacher or private member will be called by those whose deeds they reprove. The ark of the Lord troubled the idols of the Philistines, and, of course, the Philistines themselves. Dagon, with the head and arms of a man and the body like a fish—like many gods of the nineteenth century, of an amphibious nature, whose votaries can live in or out of water. There are some professors of religion who can go to a ball room or gaming saloon and seem in their natural element, just as much as a bull-head in the pond, who, on the Sabbath, spread themselves in the broad aisles, take a high seat in the synagogue, and talk beautifully of the excellence of religion, and have a holy horror against shouting, falling, and all peculiar religious exercises. But Dagon—he cannot stand while the ark is in his court upon his high pedestal. He falls to the floor, and his head is ignominiously broken off. Ah! how terrible must have been the death struggle of the god of giants. He was something like a monster described by Dow.

A neighbor asked him what he thought of a certain person's religion. He answered, that in his opinion it was entirely in his head: break off that and he would drop into hell. But, after all, it will be perceived that Dagon fell with the power. He was alone in the room with the ark of a God whose word is quick and powerful, and down he came ingloriously enough. May God upset all the Dagons of our land! Amen!

But we must not delay. Our brethren and sisters at Bethlehem are on their knees praying for the ark to return speedily. Well, here it comes. The Philistines are glad to get rid of it. They have placed it in a cart, and hitched two new milch cows before it, and have started them off without a driver. Away go the cows, leaving their darling calves behind, bellowing as they go, so as to attract the attention of all to the precious load they are drawing. Great was the joy of the Philistines as they saw the ark they so much feared move off; just as dead formalists at the present day rejoice to get rid of holy Christians, who are the lineal descendants of the Gergesenes who desired Jesus to depart from their coasts. But, says Jesus, here are two of your neighbors saved from Satan's power. Oh, they reply, what a rush of swine and loss of property—your presence will ruin the country.

But what is this we see! Rev. Mr. Uzzah thought that the ark was going to tumble off the cart; he put forth his hand to steady it, and God struck him dead as Dagon on the threshing floor. But why this fearful judgment? He had an epidemic that terminates suddenly fatal, and which has prevailed in every age. He was one of those wise, prudent professors that dare to meddle with God's private affairs. He was afraid that God could not stand alone, but would fall, and perhaps have his head broken off. How many are doing the same thing. When the ark enters the Church during an outpouring of the spirit, and some peculiar demonstrations appear, how many there are to put out their hands to steady matters, and like Uzzah they are struck spiritually dead.

But what is this we now see and hear? Thirty thousand chosen men with their white plumes waving in the gentle breezes, beckon us away. A thousand skilful players of every instrument of music, that art could produce makes the nerves of the body vibrate like a splinter on a rail in a winter's wind. David now orders the ark from the house of Obed Edom, where it had rested long enough to bless abundantly his household. Glory to God! our hearts leap with joy as we see the face of Jehovah again set towards Jerusalem. The ark is borne upon the shoulders of

chosen ministers. The procession forms; it marches forward six paces and then halts, while a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving is offered for the glorious prospect of a revival. And now the march begins again. O! listen to the loud sounding timbrels, the songs of praise mingled with hearty amens and hallelujahs, and the deafening shouts of the multitude. But what is king David doing? What part does he bear in the performance? Is he dashing cold water on the sacred flame? Is he putting out his hands to steady the ark? Is he wondering what his neighbors or his dear wife will say about it? No, Glory to God! He danced with all his might before the ark, and even while his wife, Michal the daughter of Saul, was looking daggers at him from the windows of his palace.

And now, in the tabernacle again, the ark rests beneath the cherubims. Salvation, like floods of milk and wine, inundate the city. The festivities over, the people are dispersed loaded with rich presents. And now David, who has been on Pisgah's top and in Mount Tabor's glory, is to walk on spear points and spikes in a sort of Gethsemane. He has been eating with joy unspeakable the roasted lamb, but now he is to have another course of bitter herbs. Fiery javelins, keen as lancets, are hurled at him, not by his

father in-law, but his wife, who became sole heir of her sire's envy and malice. The lamps are all blown out, the servants are all enjoying "tired nature's sweet restorer," and all is as silent as a Quaker meeting. No, no, not quite. A certain lecture is going on. Michal's tea kettle had kept boiling ever since she saw David in the holy dance, and now it not only boils over into David's fires, but spouts out of the mouth into his face. How beautiful, she says sarcastically, for the king of Israel to unman himself in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamefully uncovereth himself. O! she says, how mortified I was to see you act so. Amen! says David; Lord mortify her more still—it is the only pill that will save her proud soul; kill her pride dead, and from its death may there spring up the green blade of a meek and quiet spirit. David did not succumb to his proud wife; he made no apology for his peculiar performances; if he had God would have been ashamed of him, and his soul would have withered like the fig tree under the Savior's curse. He told her that he would apply still more of the same caustic, until all the proud flesh should be burnt off her scoffing heart, so that God's panacea could be effectually applied. Amen! halleluiah; let us stand up for Jesus and he will stand up for us

and give us an introduction to the flowers of his court.

Thousands in modern times know how to sympathize with David. Many a person has danced and shouted before the ark as it returned to Jerusalem, and then gone home to get a curtain lecture on the subject of improprieties in Church. But God is angry with these lecturers. He struck Uzzah dead, and Michal died childless. A mother's joy was never the lot of the daughter of Saul. Ministers or laymen who do as she did, will die spiritually, and die without bringing forth a son of the King. Better that a millstone were hanged about the neck and persons sunk to the depths of the sea to lie alongside of the telegraphic cable, than to despise the demonstrations of religious joy occasionally seen at our Jerusalems.

And now that we have tarried with David as long as time will permit, we will just pass along down to the time of Solomon. Well, here we are at the depot. But what is this confused noise? The bell is ringing for dinner, and the runners are crying at the top of their voices, "Come, for all things are now ready." As the Kentucky man would say, here is a right smart chance for a hungry man.

Solomon is now at the zenith of his glory. He has a regiment of wives arrayed in oriental splendor, cov-

ered with brilliant colors, sparkling gems, and filling the air with their perfumes. His table is surrounded, too, with a large train of princes and noblemen. Here, too, is the noise of battle, but altogether a one-sided affair. The knife and fork are the only warlike instruments used in the golden saloon, and they are used with marvelous effect. This is a war that gives life instead of death, and there is a spiritual banquet that gives the highest kind of life. It beggars description. Those who taste its sweets say, as the Queen of Sheba, that the half had not been told. The last entertainment of Solomon cannot compare with the feast that the King of kings sets before his children. None could sit at Solomon's table but those of illustrious birth, and at the table spread by the greater than Solomon, none can sit unless they can trace their pedigree to the ancient of days, glorious in his apparel, and traveling in the greatness of his strength. And it is a glorious table to which the Father invites his children. Solomon had a few menials to wait upon his table, but the Father has myriads of swift-winged angels. And nothing is too good for the child of God. Fat things filled with marrow, with wine on the lees, are his repast. A good sister, the widow of a drunkard, stopped at the door of a three story marble front. The occupant was a rich man; himself and

family fared sumptuously every day. A servant threw the poor woman a dry crust of bread from the back door, which she picked up, saying as she did it and thanked God for the blessing, "all this and heaven besides is mine;" and tears flowed bountifully down her emaciated but joy-illumined cheeks. The rich man saw and heard. An arrow pierced him. He looked around upon his wealth and splendor, and said, "all this is mine and hell besides." Thank God! the arrow stuck fast. The poor widow was called in, the mourners' bench was brought forward, the rich man asked the poor woman's prayers, he gave all for Christ, he got a free ticket for the banquet of heaven, the leaven spreading, soon the whole lump of the household was saved, and the woman found a home for the rest of her days, where all earthly comforts were afforded her. O, Lord, multiply the number of such cases. Amen! Reader, there are tickets to be had without money and without price. They can be had whenever applied for at the throne of grace. "Come, for all things are now ready."

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

Rebuilding the Temple.

We will now, for the sake of convenience on our journey, play Rip Van Winkle again, wrap around us the cloak of forgetfulness, snuff up a little chloroform, and lay down in sleepy hollow; and after the lapse of three centuries, we will wake up, rub our eyes, and open the diary of olden times and see what changes it records. Well, here we are, wide awake again. But what is this that has disturbed our slumber, and brought us so suddenly to our feet? It is the sound of instrumental music, of singing, the loud lamentations of the hoary headed fathers and mothers of Israel, and the loud shouting of the young men and maidens. What a tremendous noise! It is impossible to distinguish the noise of shouting from that of weeping. Dear me, what a pity there is not a Church somewhere near, that adopts the exclusive

"still small voice" platform, for the accommodation of the nervous brethren and sisters. But had it not been for this noise, so afflictive to some, we should have slept on until Gabriel's trump shall have sounded; and it needs some tremendous voice to awaken the sleeping sinner, so that the sounding of the last trump shall not find him unprepared.

Ah! what a wonderful change has been going on since we bade the queen of night adieu for a season, and resigned ourselves to our three century nap. Where is Solomon with his hundreds of wives and thousand concubines! Where are all the princes that sat at his richly laden, royal table? They have become a banquet for worms. Solomon, so reads the diary of time, in summing up his life, so remarkable for wisdom, wealth and splendor, pronounces all things earthly but vanity. He fell from his glorious position. Wine and women were the cause of his downfall. Infamy crowned the head which had been wreathed with honors Divinely conferred. And Israel fell with their king. Divided and feeble, the people of the Lord were overcome and carried away captives by the king of Babylon. But God sent forth Ezra, a revival preacher, like our modern Caughey, or Spurgeon, to reinstate the nation in their former privileges, and to rear the temple which had been de-

stroyed. A glorious revival commenced, and a noisy one it was too; and so are all true revivals in every age. A revival with no mourning, no music, no victories and rejoicings, is a man made affair. When the Holy Ghost comes down there is a sound as of a mighty rushing wind, and the Church is in commotion at once.

The walls were finally rebuilt, and the temple completed. The temple was like a certain church edifice built in our own age. A Bro. P. told us he was invited by a minister to step within the walls of a newly constructed church, to give it an inspection, before the dedicatory services. Says the minister to Bro. P., look all around carefully, and if you see anything lacking in its adornments, please point it out; there is money enough on hand to supply what is wanting. Now Bro. P. was one of the old line preachers, and was always enquiring after the old paths. He replied that he saw but one thing lacking, but that was so little regarded in modern times, he thought it not worth while to mention it. O, said the preacher, only name it, the money is on hand to procure it. Well, said Bro. P., if you could only get God to come into it, convert souls, and fill it with his glory, it would be complete. So with the second temple. It lacked the ark of the covenant, and the glorious Shekinah, which was the chief glory of the first temple.

But why did the symbol of the Divine presence forsake the chosen people? For the same reason that the Holy Spirit leaves those that quench His influences. A dough-faced old priest, as seen in a previous chapter, allowed his sons to commit adultery and other enormities even within the sacred courts of the Lord, and the result was the destruction of his family, the defeat of Israel's army, and the loss of the ark. Israel, by a succession of sins, under different kings, finally brought upon themselves ruin. They were carried away captive by the king of Babylon, the walls of their city and the temple of their God were destroyed. The glory of Israel had indeed departed. The ark, overshadowed by cherubims, and the Shekinah, were forever lost. Thus when ministers and churches tolerate sin, even popular sins, God will turn his back upon them, and leave them nothing but a name. You might as well attempt to get an amen from an Egyptian mummy as from them. "Ichabod" is written on pulpit and pew; their glory is gone. But while they are decorously silent, their enemies shout triumphantly. The Philistines shouted when Samson was shorn of his strength; and devils shout when Christians are vanquished.

Ah! the noisy tumult in Pandemonium when our Supreme Judges overthrew the prohibitory law. How

horrible the drunken revelry, and how great the malignant joy of the venders of damnation! The regions of darkness rang with shouts as the liquid fire again began to flow over the land. God have mercy on the Judges. And now we ask, if devils may shout when the Christian is under, may he not shout when he comes out on top? May we not join the songs and shouts that have aroused us from our sleep of three hundred years?

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

Advent of Christ.

In this chapter we are to take our leave of many of the Old Testament saints, many of them renowned in battle and victory, and brilliant as the sun, whom we have had to pass, for the want of time, with the mere tip of our beaver. They would, had we prolonged our calls, made our book much noisier than it is; but we wish to manifest as much tenderness towards our quiet and fearful readers as our "notes by the way" will admit, and beg our readers to remember that we are no more responsible for the noise, than Ezekiel was for the rattling of the dry bones when he began to prophecy. And now as we design to make this chapter a kind of long link, the link that hitches the train to the locomotive, reaching from the birth of Christ to the day of Pentecost, when the cars of salvation left the depot and started for the new Jeru-

salem, we propose to review our course, go back to Eden, and then hop, skip, and jump from mountain top to mountain top, until we arrive where the Lamb's wife is looking through the lattice of her windows, beholding with joy her beloved leaping as a roebuck on the mountain of spices.

Well, here we are again, in the bowers of Eden, where we heard the sons of God shouting for joy, and attended the wedding of Adam, who was introduced to his partner, and united with her after a brief courtship. This union was the cap-sheaf of the joys of Eden. But we expect greater joy, and to hear louder shouts when the second Adam shall be married to his bride in the resurrection morning.

Glory to God! we are all dressed and have a card for the occasion. Amen! halleluiah. But we must leave Eden, and come along down where the shaft of fire stood between us and our enemies, where the Red Sea parted, and where the triumphant songs were sung, and Miriam and the virgins had their grand quadrille. Onward we must go, not forgetting to drink of the sweetened waters of Marah, to eat some of the rich manna and to have a feast on the luxurious quails, and without fail stop at the place where we attended family prayer and the sacred fire fell on the consecrated sacrifice. But here is a spot on the

sun. We would be glad to pass it over. It is the shameful backsliding of preacher and people, whose unhallowed shouts even now disgust us. But thank God they repented, their golden calf was ground to powder, they returned to the true God, and drank the waters that gushed from the rock, and again shouted from the top of the mountains. Those scenes never will pass from our memory, nor shall we ever forget the rolling back of Jordan's swelling flood, the loud shouts that caused the downfall of Jericho, the standing still of sun and moon, the brilliant victories of the Lord's army, the painful scene when God's ark was captured, and the joyful celebration when it was returned, nor the banquet with Solomon in his royal saloon. And now we drop our pen, fold our arms and wait for the advent of the Savior of the world, for we hear a voice whispering in our ears, the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in. Saints of old were watching for the first, as many are watching for the second appearing. But where shall we look for him? In the palaces of the Cæsar's? Oh, no. In Bethlehem, little among the thousands of Judah.

Look! A strange, unearthly light! It breaks forth and radiates as the eccentric comet. At midnight the

shepherd boys are startled from their slumbers, and an angel comes to quiet their alarm, and prepare them for the announcement of the coming Christ. There was silence in heaven for half an hour, as the celestial orchestra left the golden streets to celebrate in the hearing of man the event of his coming. For miles around, the air is filled with silvery pinioned angels, and earth trembled as they sung, Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will to men. And then the announcement! In the city of David a child is born, a son is given, who is Christ the Lord, ever to be called the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father. How mysterious! How can the eternal God, enthroned in glory, holding the sea in the hollow of his hand, and weighing the mountains in a balance, be at the same time a helpless infant? But so it is. He is our Joseph. As Joseph, through adversity and pain, reached the right hand of favor at the court of Egypt, to bring his brethren to the land of Goshen, Christ has, through humiliation and suffering, ascended to God's right hand to bring to the heavenly land the household of faith.

But now behold another scene. Old Simeon, his locks like the snow, is on his way to prayer meeting The Holy Ghost has told him that he should not die until he had seen the Lord's Christ. Many times had he gone to the temple and returned without seeing the

expected one, but his faith did not falter, and, rain or shine, his place in the temple was always occupied. Mother Anna and himself were always present at the appointed time of every meeting. And now a happy morning dawns on the faithful old man. Along comes Mary with the tender babe. As soon as Simeon sees it he detects the veiled Divinity, and knows that the Lord is come. He takes the child in his arms, he cares to live no longer, but in his raptures exclaims. "Now Lord lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." Loud were Simeon's praises, and louder ought ours to be. We have a Savior that can be felt if not seen. If we cannot hold him in our arms, we may have him formed within us the hope of glory. He has risen from the tomb, ascended on high and now waits to come suddenly to every heart-temple that bids him enter. On his golden girdle there are hung two keys, one to unlock our moral prison and set our ransomed souls at liberty, the other to unlock the grave in the resurrection morning, when all shall rise, and the saints soar up to meet the Lord with shouts and songs. When it was told to Jacob that Joseph, his son, was alive, he fainted—that is he fell under the power of his joyous feeling; so now the

knowledge that our heavenly Joseph is alive, a fact revealed in the heart by the Spirit, often overcomes physical strength. How sad was Jacob for many years. How many tears he shed as he entered his closet and there saw the many-colored coat saturated as he supposed with the blood of the wearer; just as many a mother has wept over the little shoes and dresses of her departed little ones. But Joseph is restored, and the fountain of tears and sorrow is dried up, and his barren heart is made as fruitful of joy as the vine-clad hills. How sad the disciples as they were going to Emmaus, supposing the Lord to be lost to them, but as the Savior conversed with them their hearts burned within them, and their joy was unspeakable when they discovered that it was the Savior himself who had conversed with them. So the Christian's heart burns within him. And here is the difference between a real and a formal Christian. One has a lively the other a dead hope. One shouts with joy, the heart of the other is cold and hard as a stone. One is in sympathy with the happy shouting ones in heaven, the other has more sympathy with a worldly, proud philosophy. The sun of righteousness shines upon the unbelieving soul, imparting not only light, but heat; and let no man despise the heat, the warmth of feeling, the ardor of effort, the fervor of petition and praise so frequently seen and heard, for without

these the Christian has not yet reached the Bible standard.

But we must close the chapter. You see our boldness is increasing. We have the angels to endorse us. If they who have never been redeemed rejoice in songs and shouts, may not we who have been redeemed roll back the anthem of glory to God on high? Dr. Payson, the Presbyterian, said he often wished for Gabriel's trump, to shout hallelujahs to the Lamb, glory to God on high. This is the language of heaven. It is studied in the schools of the saints on earth: it is the battle-cry of the Lord's army, and it is the watch-word which will pass the saint safely over Jordan into the New Jerusalem.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

Christ Entering upon his Ministry.

As the prophet Ezekiel waded up the river of life, he said the waters were but ankle deep. Continuing to stretch out his measuring line he soon found it over his knees. Not satisfied with this he again stretched forth his line into the future and found the water up to his waist. Onward, still, he moved, until he came to the broad bay where he could not touch bottom, and then cried, O, the depth of the riches of his grace. This bay mingles its waters with the shoreless, boundless sea of eternal bliss. Amen! halleluiah! This is the way young converts grow in grace; if faithful, they wade along up the river into the broad bay of perfect love, the banks of which are buried by the ebbing tide of the ocean, and whose waters flow back in fervent praises to the Author of all good. They live so near the ocean itself, that they can hold sweet

converse with the mariners of the grand Pacific.—Thus, also, dear reader, with us, in our journey. Leaving Eden, we found the water only ankle deep, until we came to the spot where the shepherds saw celestial glory, and the angels shouted, glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will toward man; here we went in at once, knee deep; but we are going on and expect to reach the ocean without a bottom or a shore.

The water is deepening. It is above our knees.—God grant that it may rise above those of our stiff-kneed, spavined professors, so that they may readily bend when David says, Let us kneel before the Lord. The waters of life are a sovereign remedy for stiff joints. On the banks of the river grow trees, the leaves of which never wither. Every bough is bending with fruit unto holiness. The leaves, made into a poultice are for the healing of the nations. But to be effectual they must be applied to the wounds by the hand of faith, and as hot as the patient can bear it. Servants of God, preachers of the Cross, warm up the poultices with the sacred fire, and bind them on the sinner with the bandages of clear argument and prevailing prayer.

But we must pass along, and look for the foot-prints of the illustrious person who was the mighty God and

yet a humble child. Here are Joseph and Mary coming, filled with anxiety, rapping at every door as they pass along, enquiring of the inmates of the houses if Jesus had been there. All are startled at the inquiry. Jesus! say they, we do not know him, we are sure he has never entered our dwelling. And so they pass on from door to door, receiving similar replies. At last they rap at the right door, and find Jesus about his Father's business. He is in the temple disputing with the Pharisees. The very place, dear reader, where your humble author found him. After rapping at all the wrong places for six sad months, we at last found him in our earthly temple, disputing with the Pharisee within. But he soon cast him out; and if Joseph and Mary were happy when they found Jesus in the temple, so were we filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory, and could sing,

I've Jesus Christ within me,
He's turned the Devil out;
And when I feel the glory,
It makes me sing and shout.

We will pass along a few years. Do you see that young man, of full stature, symmetrical form, and lamb-like countenance? He is making an ox-yoke. We repeat to you, poor infidel, that he is the mighty God. He is our Savior. In his veins flow the crim-

son panacea for the sins of the race. There is no ill which flesh is heir to that it will not cure. But who is this we see standing on a rock near the banks of Jordan? All the highways and lanes from hill and valley are crowded with people, eager to hear him. All classes are there, from the ragamuffin to the member of the grand Sanhedrim, clothed in fine linen and royal purple. He holds his audience by the strong cords of eloquence. He is no modern dandy. No gold studs, beset with sparkling gems, glitter upon the bosom of his fine dicky, or well starched wristbands. He does not swing a gold headed cane, or carry a gold watch attached to an expensive chain. He does not haul out the precious jewel to see how many minutes he shall preach, and to show it to his congregation. His college was among the rude rocks of the wilderness. His daily food was locusts and wild honey. His wardrobe consisted of a camel's hair surtout, with a leather strap for a girdle—mortifying indeed to the upper tens of his audience. But all are spell bound. This is John the Baptist, the forerunner of the Lord, the greatest born of woman. His preaching was as plain as his garb. He even told some of his best paying members and pew holders that they were a generation of vipers, and had the boldness to ask them how they expected to escape the

damnation of hell. At a subsequent time he was invited to take lodgings with one of royal blood, and had the audacity to charge the royal pair with adultery; but it terminated with him as with all the square-toed, plain-spoken preachers, down to the present time; the lips that had spoken so boldly were served up in a charger. The head of the offensive preacher was more to the guilty queen than half a kingdom. But the guillotine is only the gate to glory to the faithfu..

But we see Jesus approaching, and as he advances, the pioneer preacher, standing on his rock platform, cries out, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." Amen! Halleluiah! And now see his staff gathered around him—his cabinet council. Not one of them is from the Court of Cæsar, not one from the illustrious Sanhedrim. They are poor illiterate fishermen. With this little army, without wealth or learning, battle-axe or bow, sword or shield, he is to take the world, and kennel his Satanic majesty in a hell of his own digging. As he goes the itinerant platform, traveling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save, we propose to go round the circuit with him. And now, Infidel, if you will go with us and witness his wonderful acts, if you are not convinced that he is the mighty God, we must let you

go. One foot on the sea of depravity and tears, the other on the continent of eternity, he declares, "I am God, and there is none else."

But what is this? A card of invitation to a wedding! Jesus and his mother and the apostles are among the honored guests. Well, here we are, all snugly seated, the Savior in our midst. He has not yet manifested his God-like power—has never performed a miracle. This is his first appointment on his circuit. Here stands six large water pots filled to the brim with water; we put our cups under the faucet and draw nothing but water, for the reason that there is nothing but water in the vessels. Let us cast the water away. Now we will draw again. Out gushes the sparkling wine. The governor of the feast is astonished at its mildness and life. The order of things was reversed, and they had the best of the wine at the last of the feast. It was wine that would not produce headache or drunkenness, but give a joyous and vigorous life. Water will slake thirst, but wine makes glad the heart, and puts the shout into a man.

We turn from the wedding, and our ears are saluted with the loud cries of ten lepers. The Savior speaks and their leprosy is gone, and perfect health is restored. How sudden, how wonderful the change! How soon their groanings turn to shouts of joy! We move

on. The stone cut out of the mountain without hands is increasing in magnitude and momentum. Another cry is heard. By the way-side sits blind Bartimeus. He has got some friendly hand to lead him out from his cabin to a seat on the king's highway, so that he may get something from some benevolent traveler. Several hours has he waited and received nothing. The winds shake his ragged mantle and chill him with their breath. Sad was the poor beggar's lot. His mother had often told him of the bright oriental sun, the silvery moon, the twinkling stars, the lovely green of the fragrant fields; but he could not comprehend her. His mother once asked him what the color of blue was like, and he replied, like the sound of a trumpet. His ideas of nature were quite as correct as those of a blind scepticism respecting the religion of the heart. But after all the beggar had a rich legacy left him. His hearing was good; and you know that faith cometh by hearing. We have often thought that we would not give our ears for the best pair of eyes in the world, and a good farm to boot. If we have a dime in our pocket we can hire a little boy to lead us to the sanctuary of God; but if we had the gold of California we could not hire any one to hear for us. The five senses are like five lovely children gathered around the domestic hearth. Death rides up on his pale horse

and says, I must take one of the little group. The parents have none to spare, and could not possibly choose which one to let go. It is so with our gifts. We scarcely know which could best be spared.

Just see how intently the beggar is listening. He hears the footsteps of a multitude. He is told that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. Now, he says, is my time. The prophet Isaiah said that when he came, the blind should see. And now he cries aloud—at the top of his voice: "O! thou son of David, have mercy upon me." The Pharisees tried to stop him, but every time they tried to stop him he raised his voice an octave higher. His cries were quickly heard by the great Oculist, who gave the command for the battalion to halt. The mourner stumbled along until he got Jesus by the hand, who said tenderly what will thou have me to do. Oh, sings the mourner, remove this grievous blindness. A single touch of the finger of the Physician, and light filled his soul. The beauties of nature were revealed to him, and his soul was filled with rapture. He left his ragged mantle and joined the army, and went on leaping and praising God.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST.

Feeding the Ten Thousand.

Well, fellow Pilgrims, what do you think of the new preacher? You seem to be delighted with him, though not half round the circuit yet. You enjoyed the wedding party and partook freely of the wine. This wine is a sure remedy against croaking; and if any wish to get rid of a croaking spirit, they must adopt a rum-drinker's maxim—to keep the spirits up, pour spirits down. If you had imbibed a little more freely you would not have been tried at the second appointment, when ten lepers were at the mourners' bench crying loudly for mercy, all at once. There was so much noise, you say, that you could not hear your own voice, when you undertook to pray for them; and you were tried when the preacher in charge encouraged instead of putting them down. You thought it strange that he should seem pleased

amidst their loudest wailings. In a word the preacher changed their sorrow to gladness, although at quite a distance; and one of the cleansed—a weak brother, some would say—ran with all his might shouting glory to God, and dropped on his knees at the Redeemer's feet, and offered the richest gift possessed by mortals —a heart overflowing with gratitude. This paid the doctor bill, and he received a receipt in full, written on a white stone; also he received a warranty deed of an inheritance with the saints in light. Amen! Hallelujah! But while Jesus rejoices over the one convert as a bridegroom rejoices over his bride, where, alas! are the nine? They are ingrates—poor backsliders. Come, Christian, and offer your sacrifice of praise lest your leprosy return, and your state be worse than before.

Blind Bartimeus, too, made a great deal of noise, notwithstanding the class leaders did all they could to stop him. He would not rest until he reached the spot where the great eye opener stood, who turned his darkness to a most marvelous light. But how much better, you say, it would have been if he had not jumped about in such a peculiar manner. Dear friend, if the light of the sun pouring into the eye just cured of blindness causes a man to leap for joy, why not leap for joy when the light of God illuminates

every chamber of the soul? Even now, while writing, our soul leaps for joy; and we remember when body and soul has leaped with joy untold. Glory to God! our divine oculist still lives. The first thing we expect to see is the King in his beauty, and we expect to leap with a glorified body from mountain top to mountain top in the realm of glory. Glory to God! for the bright prospect.

But we must hasten on to the next appointment, where we are to have a kind of camp meeting. Well, here we are, ten thousand of us in number, including men, women and children. From every quarter we see wheel-barrows, litters, vehicles of various sorts, conveying the maimed and the diseased. They are cast down all around the mercy seat. And now the brethren are down upon their knees praying that they may be healed. Look here, sceptic, and witness a manifestation of God's saving power. Three hundred cripples and sickly persons are at the mourners' bench. We tell you, as we have already told the mourners, that if they will only touch the hem of the Savior's garment, they shall be made perfectly sound. Now, see the suppliants approach. A poor cripple comes and touches his garments, throws his crutches away, and runs and leaps before the multitude. Now comes a blind man, and light pours into his soul and heav-

en's praises out of his mouth. Another comes, and the dumb devil is cast out, and his tongue sings the song of the redeemed. Thus all were made perfectly whole. Halleluiah to Jesus! No-man-made revival this. But why would it not have been as well to have touched the garment in some other place besides the hem? Is there not as much virtue in that part which rests upon the shoulders? In one part of the seamless coat as another? Very likely. But the hem is down low, below the Savior's knees, and persons must humble themselves to touch it. It is pride that keeps the soul from God. You are healed while meekly kneeling upon your knees.

Here we have been three days so absorbed in the revival that we have forgotten to eat and drink. Peter proposed that the benediction be pronounced and the multitude be sent away to obtain refreshments; but Jesus replied, with a heavenly smile, I never sent my congregation away hungry and faint. There were but five loaves and two fishes for the whole multitude of ten thousand. Now, Unitarian friend, stand at our elbow. The person whom you call a mere man will so multiply and bless these few loaves and fishes that the whole multitude shall be fed, and a large surplus remain. All sat down in classes of fifty on the grass. The bread is brought forth. A blessing

is asked. The twelve apostles take their stand around the altar. Peter, foremost as usual, thought there would not be enough for the presiding elders and people. Nevertheless, all determined to do as directed, and trust for the result. The bread is now broken. Peter's basket is filled first; and he takes a good bite himself, knowing that those who serve at the altar are also partakers of the gifts of the altar. So to twelve.

You remember how thirsty we were at Mount Horeb before the rock was smitten; and now sits on the grass ten thousand crying, give us bread or we perish. Now is verified the promise, they that hunger and thirst shall be filled. The very same Jesus that caused water to run from the rock, is now here to bless and break the bread of natural life. Ah! how wonderfully the bread multiplies. It must be leavened with resurrection power. All are filled. How contented and happy they appear. It is marvelous what strength and activity has been given to their faith. Say they, is this not the prophet that was to come? And with one voice they were ready to make him king. But Jesus, knowing that his kingdom was not of this world, despised these honors, and fled to the mountain to pray. Well, Unitarian, what do you say to this bread manufactory? If this is on-

ly man's work what a blessing would the receipt for the manufacturing in this manner be to the poor of this world, who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

But we have something more marvelous still to tell you. The whole Christian world, from Abel to the present, have been feeding on a single loaf; yet there is enough for each, enough for all, enough forevermore. Glory to God! Evermore give us this bread. The loaf was broken on the rugged tree. Having been blessed of the Father, the ministers of Jesus have, for thousands of years, partaken largely of it, and distributed it to their several congregations, so that all were satisfied who were humble enough to sit down on the grass and not too lazy to open their mouths, and to fill it with the bread taken by the hand of faith from the spiritual basket. All who are true believers, having been filled, acknowledge Christ as their sovereign, and ever have in hand a basket of fragments, gathered up from the banquet of love, to give to their hungry neighbors.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

Christ on the Stormy Sea.

Our language is, arise let us go hence. The master, when he left, gave me orders to take ship and cross over the Sea of Galilee. It was a dark and fearful night. The storm king raised his windows high and began to amuse himself with the sleeping waters. None but a tempest tossed soul, whose fragile bark divides the white caps of tribulation, as it sails over the sea of depravity and tears, could have an adequate conception of the horrors of that night. The wind blew a steady gale in our faces, determined to make us backslide if possible We reefed every sail. We laid hold of the oars of prayer and faith. When we got twenty-five or thirty furlongs the artillery of heaven began to play with her seven thunders; the fitful lightning shot out its forked, fiery tongues, revealing to us our watery grave, and a frightened sea gull

screamed our funeral dirge. Oh! what a moment—hope and despair alternating. Peter, bold Peter, was pale. To go back was death, to go forward could be no more. All hearts were as agitated as the elements.

Now follows a scene that caps the climax. They behold, as they suppose, a ghost walking on the liquid element as if it was a marble walk. Sceptics now stand with us on the deck. When the stars all disappear, every eye is turned eastward, looking for the rising sun; so when every star of hope is blown out, and the tempest tossed soul is about to give up the ship, then is the time to look for the approach of the king of Salem, a present help in trouble. He is now within a stone's throw of the ship. He speaks with a voice like a silver trumpet, which falls sweetly on the fearful mariner, "It is I, be not afraid." To put the matter beyond doubt, Peter says, Lord if it be thee, bid me come unto thee. Jesus tossed back the command to come. Let us hold here a moment, and see the exercise of holy trust. Peter prepares, at the word, to leap off the ship. His brethren held him by the skirt, and reproved his rashness, gave him a lecture on philosophy, reasoning very clearly that a man of his weight must surely sink, and that he would doubtless soon be devoured by sharks. But Peter replies, do you not believe the person standing there to

be Jesus, the mighty God? No doubt of that, all exclaimed. Did you not, says Peter, hear him command me to come to him? Most certainly, all reply. Do you believe him, continues Peter, to be a merciful God and Savior? All reply, surely he hath so proved himself in numberless instances. Well, says Peter, would a merciful prince command an act without giving ability to perform it? Every mouth is stopped. Peter is determined to honor God by faith in his word. And now he walks boldly down on the crest of the billow, his eye, like the magnetic needle, pointing to the star of Bethlehem. But alas! poor Peter had his besetment too. He thought to try the experiment on his own hook, and the first he knew he was sinking. But he saw his danger in time, and cried, Lord save or I perish. In a moment he was lifted above the waves by an omnipotent arm, the Master rebuked him for turning his eye from him to the waves which terrified him, and then they locked arms and walked over the waves to the ship. And now, says Jesus to Boreas, shut down thy windows, and all was calm; the sea, like a mirror, reflecting the loveliness of moon and stars; and soon they were in the desired haven.

Similar to this is the expression of young converts, or of a soul in a more justified relation to God. They walk erect in the waters of tribulation, until a new

and peculiar trial comes; then they turn their eyes from Jesus to the trial, and down they go; then they cry, Lord save or I perish, and they rejoice that Jesus walks on the wave. But we show you a more excellent way. You recollect, on a subsequent occasion, they took Jesus along with them as they entered the ship, and when the waves began to roll upon their deck, they ceased from their own works, stepped down into the cabin and awoke him who holdeth the sea in the hollow of his hand, and he rebuked the winds and the waves, and there was a great calm. A soul sanctified, is blessed with an in-dwelling Savior. He walks with God, having the abiding testimony that he is pleased. Such a man goes through life without nature's pumps for water, for he has a well of living water within him. Neither is he dependent on any earthly brush-heap to warm him, for he has a sacred flame ever blazing on the altar of his heart.

Well, here we are, snugly moored in the harbor of grace. Not a shout, or a halleluiah, since we took shipping. But our faith has been wonderfully increased as we have passed through much tribulation. We believe, more strongly than ever, that Jesus is God manifest in the flesh. This has resulted from our deliverance from a watery grave, also from the breaking of the bread to the multitude, and from the cripple

revival, when new legs, and arms, and eyes, were given by a single touch. We saw them leap and shout, and exclaimed, after all, the poor are among the blessed of earth. They are the only class that will beg for a ride in Jesus' chariot of mercy, which is lined with crimson, and whose only ornament is a malefactor's cross. If the God of all grace had raised his gates as high as the princes of this world do theirs, the upper tens would enter in; but they are so low that all have to get down on their knees like beggars, and the gate is just wide enough to squeeze in soul and body. All sin, however sweet, must be laid off outside the gate. Glory to God for that. Nothing can enter the pearly gates that is defiled with sin. Amen! Halleluiah.

But why has there not been as much shouting as on other occasions? Let us remember that three things are necessary to make a heaven in the soul, namely: righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. We had the blessing of righteousness at the breaking of the bread, on the sea we had the blessing of peace, neither of which blessings are impregnated with a noisy element. To shout, under such circumstances, would be hypocritical and displeasing to God. But when joy in the Holy Ghost enters the soul, with its luminous flambeau, then the spark is touched to the powder. This is the noisy wine of the kingdom.

An old mother in Israel as she leaned on her staff, her eyes flashing with holy fire, and the banks of her cheeks overflowing with tears of joy, began to tell her experience—how things were sixty years ago, when the Lord converted her soul, and a few years afterwards, when God gave her the blessing of perfect love. Sometimes, says she, I have a laughing blessing, then I laugh; sometimes a crying blessing, then I cry; sometimes a shouting blessing, then I shout; but this morning, Glory to God! I have all three at once. So she played before the King on the three stringed harp.

Oh, what a blessing is peace to a nation, after a cruel, bloody war. It is what a sweet calm is to a tempest tossed mariner. It is Mary's blessing while washing the feet of Jesus with tears of gratitude and love. God says, the peace of the man that loves him shall flow like a river; and if ours is not such it is because its springs are not in Zion—because its sources are lowlands and marshes, not the fountains of the holy hills. True peace is not like a shower, falling in temporary abundance, but like the river that flows by the cottage, always full and clear. The favored man hears the noise of its waters as he rises in the morning, he hears it as the sun goes down, and during his wakeful night hours. It was there when he was a child; there it flows during his manhood; it murmurs his

requiem, and will sing for his children after him. Its waters are unfailing. Thus was the river in which Ezekiel waded. A weak faith only brings the waters to our ankles. The child, frightened in its play, runs to seek its mother, who takes it upon her lap, presses its little head to her bosom, and with tenderest love she looks down upon it, smooths its hair with her soft hand, kisses its cheek and wipes away its tears, and then in a low sweet voice sings some sweet lullaby of love; the cloud of fear passes from its face, which at once brightens up with a smile of satisfaction, the eyes close, and it sleeps in the depths and delights of peace. God Almighty is the mother, and the soul is the tender child which he folds so lovingly to his paternal arms and lulls into a delightful assurance of safety. So he giveth his beloved sleep. The mother's arms can encircle only one, but God clasps every yearning soul to his bosom, and imparts the peace that passeth all understanding.

Not until the battle is over and the smoke has blown away, can we count the dead or weigh the spoils. Never do we know how many dead fish, how much mire and dirt, sleep in the bottom of the sea, until its waters are agitated by the tread of the tempest. Never do we know the corruptions of our hearts until persecution, tornadoes from earth and hell, stir them

to their very depths, casting up to our astonished view such dead fish, and mire and dirt, as anger, pride, hatred. Here is the trial of the faith and patience of the saints. Happy for us when our sea is agitated, and our defects are brought to the surface. Shake a bottle of water forever, and you cannot make it riley, unless there is a sediment at the bottom. The order of God is, first pure, then peaceable. No minister has authority to speak peace to a soul uncleansed by the blood of Christ.

But we see the Master has a call to attend a funeral. We will close this chapter by singing:

"Though fierce the howling winds may blow,
While o'er life's raging sea we go,
And heave our vessels to and fro,
Our Father's at the helm.

Though lying to with close-reefed sail,
While on us beats the furious gale,
Our child-like faith will never fail,
Our Father's at the helm.

Though mountains on huge mountains rise,
And toss us upwards to the skies,
While many a sea quite o'er us flies,
Our Father's at the helm.

Though down we plunge deep in the wave,
All threatened with a watery grave,
It cheers our hearts that God can save,—
Our Father's at the helm.

Should tempests rage from day to day,
And sweep our towering mast away,
We'll quiet sit, and smiling say,
Our Father's at the helm.

Let wicked men and devils fear,
While viewing death and judgment near,
The child can sing without a fear,
Our Father's at the helm.

Oh! blessed consolation given,
To saints, while o'er life's ocean driven,
To guide their bark and bring to heaven—
Their Father's at the helm

Then let us join our cheerful songs,
This stormy voyage won't be long,
But soon we'll join the ransomed throng,
For Father's at the helm."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

Christ Raising the Dead.

The last minister we ever saw standing in the pulpit, was John A. Collins, of Virginia. It was in 1841. At that time we heard him tell the following anecdote. He said, on his circuit there was a poor but very pious shoemaker. He was united to a woman of equal piety. God gave them several interesting children, who grew up like olive plants around his frugal table. His home was open for the itinerant, who was always more than welcome. One day I was surprised by a summons to preach the funeral sermon of the good brother, who had been cut down by the scythe of old time, without a moment's warning. The first thought that entered my mind was, what will become of the brood of little ones? for with all the industry of the father and economy of the mother, nothing had been accumulated. I said to myself, how can I preach that

funeral sermon? I shall have the widow hanging upon my arm and the children at my skirts, with their deep wailings and falling tears; my heart will be in my mouth and I shall melt as wax before the sun. I can never preach that sermon. But it could not be put off, so I summoned all my courage and faith, and went to the humble dwelling. I expected to be saluted as I entered, with tears and wailings; but how astonished was I to see all the children sitting on a bench in a row, neatly clad, each with a little handkerchief in their hands, and the widow as calm and serene as a May morning. She was busy preparing and adjusting the habiliments of lover and friend for the grave. She met me, as usual, with a pleasant good morning. The tide of her soul stood still. The hour came at last, for preaching, and never did I preach with greater liberty. It was arranged that the widow should lean on my arm as the procession moved to the grave; and I noticed that when the last sod was laid on the grave, and we turned to go away, that there was not a tear in her eye. I requested her to take my arm and return with the rest, but she stood like a piece of statuary, with her eyes upward. Her eyes became suffused with tears, and soon torrents rolled down her cheeks, and she said in a solemn voice, farewell, farewell, farewell, my beloved husband, un-

til the resurrection morning. This scene broke every rocky heart in the place of burial. Those pent up tears were sweetened by the doctrine of the resurrection, the lively hope of embracing her husband in the better land, where God shall wipe away all tears, and where pain and sorrow never come. Dear reader, the same Jesus that hushed the waters of Galilee, said to the widow, I will be thy husband, thine everlasting portion, a father to the fatherless. Thus her soul rested and nestled down in the bosom of the promises.

The funeral we are to attend to day, is something like this. It is in th city of Nain. Death had come like a ravenous wolf into the sheep fold, and taken first the little infant from the cradle, then the father, and one after another of the family circle, until none remained but the widow and a little flaxen-haired boy, the very image of his father, and the delight and hope of his mother. Often did she go to the lonely burial place, and prostrate herself beside the grave of the departed, thinking at times she could hear death reveling in his charnel house upon the cheeks she once loved to kiss; then would she go back to her lonely cottage and weep, like Jacob over Joseph's coat of many colors, as she looked upon the coat and hat of her husband, and the toys of the little ones, and the gush of tears would give temporary relief to her sorrowful spirit. But she thanked God for one earthly

prop, and her heart was comforted as she thought that she should lean on the arm of the son, just ripening into manhood, as she passed down to the banks of Jordan. But even then death was whittling an arrow, and whetting its point on the tombstone of the father, for the only son; and soon the last earthly hope of the widow fell.

The long procession is now formed. One solitary mourner. Behold her clothed in her dark habiliments, leaning on the arm of a kind neighbor, following closely the pall bearers, who carry upon their shoulders the only son. The Savior looks upon this procession as it passes through the gates. His bosom heaves like the ocean with the swelling tide of pity. He raises his fore-finger significantly before the bier, and the throng suddenly stop. The coffin is lowered down. What now! murmur the multitude; is it not written of him, when he comes, that he will give life to the dead? Now here is a good subject on which to display the power of the Divinity within him. Oh what a moment of interest! He speaks! His voice vibrates the drum of the lifeless ear. "Young man, I say unto you, arise." The glassy eye now fires up with life. The young man leaps from the coffin, and in a moment is in his mother's arms. Oh the bliss of that moment! Heaven itself can scarcely exceed its extacy.

But we turn from this scene to another of equal interest. The Master has just received a dispatch, saying, "he whom thou lovest is sick." The hand writing was Mary's, who had more than once entertained the Savior. Her brother Lazarus was sick. This was a poor family. Lazarus was a bachelor, and he lived near the mount of Olives in an humble cottage, with his sisters, Mary and Martha. Their latch string was always out to welcome the hand of the Savior. Jesus was frequently there. Between him and this family there was cordial love. When Jesus received this message he remained two days in the place where he was. Instead of weeping he seemed to rejoice that another subject was about to be furnished for the manifestation of his life giving power. As Jesus approaches the home of his friends, Martha sees him as soon as he enters the village. In a moment she is at his feet, with something like a murmur and reproof. Oh! says she, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died; but it is too late now; four days he has lain in the grave, the banquet of worms. Says Jesus, thy brother shall rise again. Of course, she replies, he will rise at the last day; he is one of the believers, and will have a glorious resurrection; but thousands of years will pass before this resurrection will take place. And now comes Mary. She drops at Jesus' feet.

Closely is she followed by the neighbors, who supposed she had gone to her brother's grave to weep, for the purpose of comforting her. All are in a flood of tears. Even on the cheeks of Jesus are tears. Ah! how he loved Lazarus, and sympathized with the sisters. Ah! those tears are like the leaves of the tree of life cast into the bitter waters of the soul, like honey flowing from the rock, sweetening all our sorrows. And now a deep sepulchral groan is heard, and Jesus asks where they have laid him. For a moment he prays. The audience are in an agony of suspense. Another groan, and he commands the stone to be rolled away. Ah! this is a step beyond the faith of Martha; she thinks it presumption, and remarks that putrefaction must already have taken place. But Jesus puts his finger on one of his promises, and says, did I not say that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God? Now the stone is rolled away. Infidel, look now with us into the cave. There lies a fellow mortal, cold and stiff as the marble. Feel of him. He is surely dead. And now we tell you, at the request of Jesus, that the spirit which for four days has been absent from the body, will return to it again, and fire it up with new life. All things are now ready for the mighty work. All things are possible to them that believe. God is never so truly honored by

our faith as when we come to circumstances like those here narrated, when we are brought to hope against hope. And now the intercessor turns his eye heavenward and says, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me; and I know that thou hearest me always, but because of the people congregated here I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me." When he had thus spoken, he cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth." Now look! Witness the secret power that sends the crimson tide through the veins again. The cheek which was pale as ashes, now bears the color of the rose and lily sweetly blended. The eye flashes with the light of life. With one bound he comes forth a living man.

He comes from the grave as all sinners do from the grave of sin. He was a live man it is true but Christ had to speak the second time to make him free.—When Jesus came from the tomb he left the grave clothes behind in the sepulchre; but Lazarus was bound hand and foot, with a napkin over his eyes. Says Jesus, loose him and let him go. This is what the Methodists call the second blessing, or christian perfection. Those who arrive at this state are free from a man-fearing or man-pleasing spirit, dead to the world but alive in Christ. This is the land of Beulah. The napkin of unbelief is torn off, and the strong cords of

worldly glory and pride snap like Sampson's green withes. Amen! Halleluiah.

But why could not all this have been done without such a display of feminine weakness? A God weeping? And what was the use of so much groaning? Why need Jesus cry out so loud that he could be heard for half a mile? God is not deaf. You have said this a thousand times to the ransomed followers of Christ. You have looked upon them with contempt as they have reeled under the burden of the Lord, when their prayers and agonizings might be heard afar off. Christ uses his followers to raise the spiritually dead to life; and why may there not be as loud groaning and prayers at the grave of sin as at the grave of Lazarus? The demolition of Satan's empire, and salvation to the uttermost, in the heart and in the world, requires great power, the exercise of which must occasion some unusual manifestations. May all realize what the Savior means when he says "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Amen!

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOURTH.

The Prodigal's Return.

Truly Canaan is a hilly country. We have been continually climbing mountains or descending their slopes; sometimes through narrow ravines, down into rich and fertile valleys, where flow the still waters of peace. Here the sheep lie down in green pastures. In the foregoing chapter we marched in a funeral procession, with muffled drums; our flag at half-mast, and our door knobs were hung with crape. We have gone though the valley of tears and the shadow of death. A mere shadow. A man must be a coward to fear a shadow; yet men who dare to meet any formidable foe on the battle-field, would be scared to death by a ghost, or death's dark shadow. But we have feared no evil; the rod and staff of perfect love has reduced to a shadow all tormenting fears, and made the King of Terrors our humble servant, whose

office it is to draw the curtain which shall introduce us into the chamber of the King of kings, and Lord of lords. Through this valley we have had no shouting. Our license does not permit us to shout except on the mountain top.

Here we come to the base of another Pisgah. On this mountain the Lord has prepared a feast of fat things. We understand that an aged patriarch, of great wealth and renown, resides on this mountain. His stalls are crowded with fatted calves, reserved for the banquet celebrating the prodigal son's return, who, for a long time, was supposed lost. But a telegraph dispatch had informed the father that he was engaged in feeding swine for an old slaveholder in a foreign land; the despatch further stated that he had wasted all his inheritance in riotous living, and upon the painted, seductive harlot of the world, and that he could scarcely be recognized, in his rags, as the son of an illustrious house, and that, hungry, penniless and friendless, he fed on the husks which the swine had rooted over and trampled upon and rejected; and it was further stated that the father loved him still, that he had had long nights of weeping over his loss, that his joy was great when he heard he was alive, and would be greater when he should return. What will not parental affection do when human friendship

faints away. It will break through dungeon walls, spring back bolts, enter gloomy cells, and embrace profligate sons and daughters, filthy rags and all, and cry, O! Absalom, my son. When then the prodigal heard of this love of his parent, which had survived his excesses, he repented of his folly and said, I will arise and go to my father. He begins his journey and the father receives another dispatch informing him that the son had started for home.

In his high observatory stands the old man, with his spy glass in his hand, his white locks shaking in the spicy breezes of Canaan, looking for his son. It was with great difficulty that he could ascend the long flight of stairs; sorrow and old age had robbed his limbs of their vigor. He sees something approaching in the distance, and half believes it his son. It is somebody's son, says he, in rags. All the dogs are barking at him, and the rumseller that robbed him refuses to give him a drink of water. He looks again and shouts amen! halleluiah! at the top of his voice. O, how the waters begin to roar around us. The aged man is now a youth of twenty. He drops his telescope, runs down stairs, and goes along the road bounding like a roebuck. The son, as the father drew near, began the speech which he had carefully prepared before he left his swine feeding,—Father I

have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son ; make me as one of thy hired servants. But before he had got half through his speech the father clasps him to his bosom, imprints the kiss of pardon on his cheek, and welcomes him as his son. Nothing but the scene at the gate of Nain, and at the grave of Lazarus can equal this. There is silence, broken only by sobs of father and son. Morse's telegraph is a wonderful thing, but the Christian's is ahead of it. It takes several minutes to get a message all written out intelligibly on the world's telegraph, but God answers while we are speaking ; and all this was as well known at the time of the prodigal as at the present.

This scene attracted the attention of a squadron of angels, who halted on their journey to another part of the kingdom to witness it. The air was fragrant with their presence. The first words articulated by the son were, Father I am hungry ; no man would give me food ; I would give the world for the rejected crumbs of thy servants. The father replies, that is not the food I set before my children. Then he turns to the servants, and says, search the wardrobe, bring forth the very best robe and put it upon him, and kill the fattest calf and prepare a feast ; and to another set of servants he says, bring in bands of music ; and then

he put on his finger a ring as a token of endless love. What a change! For rags, he has a spotless robe of purity; his blistered feet are shod with the sandals of peace; and his head anointed with the oil of joy. But still, within him is an aching void. He is hungry and thirsty. His olfactories have already smelled the banquet which impregnated the air with its savor; his quick ear heard the pouring of the wine from bottle to goblet, and the band, at a little distance, tuning their instruments. The neighbors begin to assemble, all clothed in their Sunday suits, and the spacious saloon is nearly filled. The hungry soul is obliged to tie down the wings of patience with the cords of prudence. But, finally, the bell rings, as much as to say, all things are now ready. The son is seated by the father, in the same chair in which he used to sit, and with the same knife and fork which he used to use. Never did he so appreciate a meal before. Everything was served just right, neither too salt nor too fresh, too hot or too cold. The bread and the wine, the butter and the honey, how delightful! How wide he opens his mouth. He does not wait for compliments, but helps himself. Where should a child be fed if not in his father's house? Oh, what a welcome for a prodigal son!

In the midst of his enjoyment, he suddenly drops

his knife and fork and sinks back into his chair in amazement, and exclaims, can it be possible that I should turn away from such a table, and from such a father? and for the bar-room, the gambling saloon, the ball room and the brothel? and urge my way down to famine, misery, and suffering worse than death? Glory to God! he shouts, as he looks into his father's face, which shines as the sun; I am safe at home, and again dives into the banquet.

Now the cloth is removed, the solids are taken away, and the second course comes on. Ah! says he, this spotless linen was the work of my mother, who use to take my tiny hands in hers, and lead me into the closet, and plant in the garden of my heart the flowers of truth. How she used to pour out her soul to the God of grace, praying that her little boy might grow up to be an ornament in the Church of Christ below and in heaven. But she is dead—died with grief during my sinful wanderings. She has gone to heaven. Halleluiah! By the grace of God I will meet her there. And now he lays hold of the grapes and pomegranates that grew on the banks of Eschol. And now the champagne begins to ease all of their troubles; and where sin abounded grace much more abounds. He takes down the old family Bible and looks on the newly made record of his return. He

opens the pocket-book which his father had just given him, and it is stuffed full of checks on various banks, of which he was the principal stockholder; or, in other words, the promises, exceeding great and precious, which would enable him to draw on heaven and on earth, things present and to come, for the supply of every need.

Now all retire to an upper chamber, where they celebrate the return with music and dancing. There is a time to dance and a time to mourn, and certainly this is the time. The time of mourning is past, and joy lights every chamber of the soul. Says the prophet, let the virgins praise him in the dance; and David says, let us praise him with psaltery and harp, let us praise him in the dance. Here is our license—license for leaping, clapping our hands, and other peculiar exercises. Halleluiah! we are again on the mountain top of salvation. Salvation! let the echo fly.

See the old patriarch. He is renewed like the eagle. He is filled with the wine of the kingdom. He seems to have forgotten that he ever shed a tear. What a noisy time. No regard whatever to velvet ears The joys of the Lord sweep, tornado-like, Gog and Magog, and their whole regiment of the world's nobility, into the dismal swamp. Amen! Halleluiah! But who is this coming with angry brow? The elder

brother. He calls one of the servants and asks the meaning of the great noise, the disorder and confusion which disturbs the order of the quiet household. Why, says he, I heard it in the cornfield, and have come to put a stop to it. Take care, Pharisee! Dare you lay hands on your father's guests? Dare you attempt to silence him in the manifestation of his joy? The father goes out to meet his eldest son, and earnestly pursuades him to join the happy throng. Anger flashed from his eye. He began to plead up his self righteousness; how very good he had always been; and yet never felt like shouting, hopping and falling under the power; hence it must be wrong. But it is written that they shall drink and make a noise as through wine, and shall be filled as the bowls and corners of the altar. They are doing as God requires. Who art thou, cast-iron Pharisee, that replieth against God? The father now pleads again, and urges the propriety of a jubilee over the returned son, for he was dead but is alive again, was lost but is found; but he would not yield, and remained without.

But we must close this chapter, as we have more to say hereafter concerning the effects of the wine of the kingdom.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH.

Christ's Grand Entry into Jerusalem.

We must confess we had at the last appointment, a noisy, salvation time. And then such a dinner! Solomon never exceeded it in the height of his glory. Peter must have had his eye on such a dinner, when he exhorted new born babes in Christ, to grow up as calves of the stall. You recollect that a little previous to the birth of Jesus, Abraham as he was sitting in the door of his tent at Mamre, saw three men approaching, apparently strangers and pilgrims; with his accustomed hospitality and courtesy, he constrained them to stop and dine with him under an old oak, whose spreading branches shielded them from the sun's scorching rays. As the prodigal's father, he kept for his distinguished guests a fatted calf reserved; Sarah also, was on hand with her smiling face, ready to make the short cake. Little did Abra-

ham think then he was entertaining the Lord of lords and two of his honored servants, Angels from glory! but they had mantled themselves in human form, which could be cast off readily, to eclipse the brightness of their glory. And we do believe that the very same Jesus, and his attending angels were with us yesterday, at our sumptuous dinner, where the fatted calf was served up, with all the trimmings that could be furnished by earth or heaven; but like our brethren at Emmaus, our eyes were holden so that we could not see and know him; Oh! how our hearts burned within us nevertheless; and how the emaciated, starved prodigal, opened his mouth and stowed away the solids and fluids; we shall never forget it. And then the music and the dancing, with which all, except his offended brother, celebrated his return.

Young converts, like fat calves, should always stand up to the trough filled with pure milk; then they will always be ready to present their bodies, a living sacrifice, holy and accepted to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

But we understand this day is to be head and shoulders higher, than any we have had. You say, you hope that things will be done decently and in order; that the feelings of some of our lost brethren will be regarded a little more than they have been.

Many of our best praying, and most genteel and respectable members, you say, have been disgusted with the noise and peculiar exercises, and have left and joined the church of the Laodiceans. Well, if they prefer to drink lukewarm water, rather than the wine of the kingdom, why, they can do it for all of us; we are satisfied that nearly, if not quite all the noise we have heard, was caused by the wine; and it is written that the Lord shall make on this mountain of his holiness, a feast of fat things, full of marrow, wine on the lees well refined; we cannot, therefore, promise you less noise than we have had. The Scriptures cannot be broken, though the heavens fall.

But we see by the morning papers, that to-day Jesus is to make his grand entry into Jerusalem; it is therefore time for us to be off to Bethphage, near to Mount of Olives, where we understand the procession is to be formed. Already all the lanes and highways are crowded with the people gathering to attend the Celebration. It was an ancient custom to have set days, such as the fourth of July, to celebrate great national victories; and hours before the King and and his train could arrive, evey tree, cupola, and all elevated spots, would be covered with persons with spy glasses, to catch the first appearance of glittering Royalty. Hundreds of acres would be crowded by

an eager populace, to see the magnificent train as it came upon the chosen ground; and as the procession appeared, the air would be filled with the shouts of the multitude—long live the King—*Vive l' Empereur.* This, with the clapping of hands, the flourish of trumpets, the galloping of steeds, and the rumbling of chariots, made a scene beyond successful description. An old King on such occasions used to send a herald a little in advance of him, whose duty it was to turn round every five minutes, and cry out, "Thou art mortal." This, the height of earthly glory, is all such ever will enjoy, unless they join the meek and lowly army of Jesus.

Well, here we are at the Mount. Peter and John are leading along with the halter, a very humble animal, head and tail down. Thus it was directed eight hundred years before, by the prophet Isaiah. He gave a circumstantial account of the manner of forming the procession, and how Jesus should enter Jerusalem, while the multitude shouted hosannas. The foal of an ass therefore could no more be dispensed with, however mortifying it might be to the supporters, than wine in the feast. Well, here the colt stands, and by its side the Mighty God, for whom and by whom are all things. There he stands with a seamless coat, with a staff composed of a few humble fisher-

men. Some of the brethren and sisters are engaged in carpeting the road with their shawls, mantles, and overcoats, their very best. Thousands of young men are climbing the palm trees, breaking off branches, to wave as signals of triumph. Hundreds of acres are covered by men, women, and children, all on tip-toe waiting to see the column move. The most of them seem to be the common class, although there is a sprinkling of purple-robed Pharisees. They are in groups, taking counsel together. They are highly displeased with the way things are going on. You remember the saddle and all the trappings of an earthly monarch glitter with gold, and also the equipages of his whole cavalcade; but the King of Salem, though the Governor of the Universe, had not so much as a saddle to ride upon. So he had to borrow Peter's old fishing coat, as a substitute. Oh! how poor, how meek. You have seen a father take his little boy, of three or four years old, and set him on a horse; so now Peter and John take him who created the world, and set on the humble animal.

Let us hold here a moment. How many of his ministers would now be seen mounted in a similar manner, going to a city appointment? how many brethren and sisters would carpet the road in honor of the Lord? but the moment has arrived for the

host to advance. Jerusalem! behold thy King cometh unto thee! The throngs that went before him, and followed after, cried; Hosanna, to the son of David, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord—hosanna in the highest. Hosanna and salvation are synonymous terms; and who would not shout to behold face to face the author of redemption from death and hell, and salvation in heaven? John on Patmos heard a voice in heaven commanding all small and great to praise God; and, in accordance with this duty, the multitudes that followed Christ sounded the praises, reminding one of the scene in heaven, when, like the noise of many waters and mighty thunderings, Hallelujah's rang through the heavenly courts.

In the midst of this triumph, a large and respectable committee of very wise and prudent brethren, from the conference then convened at Jerusalem, came to lay their hands on such peculiar exercises; very wisely, they made their first onset on the cause of all this so-called fanaticism. Thus, in the midst of a revival, they undertook to pull up the track, and block the wheels of the engine. Looking the Saviour in the face, with the audacity of their father, the Devil, they peremtorily commanded him to silence the shouting. And now, reader, we will pause, and not move

another inch, until the long controverted question of shouting or no shouting, noise or no noise, is settled by the Supreme Court, from which there is no appeal. The person before us, is the same at whose feet Abraham plead for his wicked neighbor; and whom he called the Judge of all earth.

Not long since, our State was agitated with the question whether the shield of the Constitution should be held over the heads of rum and whiskey barrels, or over the heads of drunkard's wives and children. Four of the Judges decided it was unconstitutional to break in the cranium of whiskey and rum casks, and baptise the earth with their fiery brains; but entirely constitutional to leave heads of wives and children exposed to the violence of the subjects of King Alcohol, and all bowed to the decision. And late it has been decided in the Supreme Court of the United States, that niggers were chattels; and this decision is said to be final. But these decisions have yet to pass another and higher Court—the highest of all Courts. There all things are to be judged by the higher law. The Judge of this absolutely Supreme Court, is here before us, meek, lowly; from His lips there is no appeal. The conference at Jerusalem, backed up by a proud and scornful world, resolved that loud shouting, laughing, leaping for joy, and

other exercises, were unconstitutional; and must of course be from the Devil, for if not from above, they must be from below. One position or the other must be adopted. Spiritually, there are no illegitimate children—all are the children of heaven or hell. And now the Judge is about to decide. The subject has been carried up from the conference to the highest Court; and now the question is to be put at rest. The decision was as follows: If these hold their peace, the very stones in the streets would cry out. That settles the question forever, with your humble author. With Jesus to endorse our position, we will drive on our quill, until another scene shall appear which shall eclipse every other by its excelling glory. Pharisees clear the track, before you are carried off on the cow catcher, and thrown off into slough of Gehana.

You see, instead of putting out the fire, and cooling the vapor pent up in the boiler, the reverse has happened; and the train arrived at the Jerusalem depot, with a louder whistle than was ever known before. St. Matthew says it was so loud that the whole city was moved—not the buildings, but their inmates. What is all this? was the simultaneous inquiry. Says the shoemaker, I will go and see, and drops his last, puts on his hat, and runs with all his

might to the depot, with all his journeymen and apprentices at his heels. Doctor and patient have forgotten their disease and are on the stretch for the cars. The grandfather and the pratling grandchild are going as fast as they can. In five minutes, the whole city is on the ground, and on tip-toe, filled with wonder and expectation. They cry out with one voice, who is this? What is all this noise about? The happy multitude responds, this is Jesus of Nazareth, the prophet of Gallilee. The King of Zion has come; let all the people shout hosannah. Amen! Hallelujah!

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

Christ Cleansing the Temple.

The committee return to conference—Caiphas in the chair—and present their report; wherein they set forth their grievances: that the Nazarine trampled under his feet, the expressed will of the body they represented; and, instead of commanding silence, endorsed the whole affair, ridiculous and fanatical as it was; and, say they, your committee further report, that they and their petition received scandalous treatment; why sirs, he called us a generation of vipers, and compared us to whited sepulchres, fair without, but corrupt within—full of deceit and extortion, and accuses us of making long prayers, to deceive men, while at the same time we were taking the last morsel from a poor widow's table; and, moreover, he said we were fools and blind, and to cap the climax, said in reference to our acting as your committee, that we

would not enter into heaven ourselves, and were doing our best to keep others from entering, by chilling their ardor, and driving them back to perdition. By the time the report was completed, the Chairman and a majority of the Sanhedrim—conferance—were on their feet, their faces turkey-red with rage.

But just at this point, a great noise was heard in another part of the Temple, occupied by speculators who bought animals for sacrifices, and sold them to the Lord for a profit of one hundred per cent. There was also a bank here, of which Mammon was the President, his son-in-law, Mr. Shave, the Cashier. In an obscure part of the court, were poverty speculators, and other small things of the same sort. The noise was the outcry of speculators and bank directors, as they cringed under the Savior's scourge, and the crushing of falling tables, and the jingle of the money, as it scattered on the pavement, all making a scene of din and confusion, as if Bedlam had disgorged its inmates. The conference broke up in disorder, and all ran to see what was going on; and whom should they see but the same troublesome Nazarene, with a scourge in his hand, his brow clouded with indignation, clearing the Temple of every soul that was in it; and what should they hear but this bold declaration: It is written, that my house shall

be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves. But how does this effect the committee of the whole? O see! their turkey-red has changed to ashy paleness. A cowardly set. Not one dare lay hands upon him.

By this time, the brethren and sisters have carried the trash all out doors, have cleansed the Temple, and are to have a Sabbath School Celebration. Glory to God! what a sight! what a work has been wrought! and in one short hour! Here are a thousand children just simple and humble enough to be taught of God, in the first principles of the oracles of God, and to be led from them to perfection.

But here comes a blind man and cripple to be healed. They were not fortunate enough to be at the cripple's revival, a few days ago, but through their friends they have heard of it, and they have come a considerable distance, without a penny in their pockets, to see the great surgeon and physician, whose services were given without fee. The joyous transports of the two converts were so great, that all within the sound of their voices were melted down, so that a revival broke out right in the Sabbath School, and salvation began to run like holy oil from vessel to vessel, until the Temple rang with shouts, and hosannas; and tiny amens were heard all through Jerusalem. This raised

the Devil again among the Pharisees. Poor fellows! Like the troubled sea, they cannot rest. The mire and dirt of hypocrisy and wounded pride, constantly cast up. Another committee was appointed to request the troublesome preacher to silence the noise of the young converts; but as Spurgeon has it, he took a great rock and threw it on them and ground them to powder; or, in other words, they hurled the word of God at them which says, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise; that the heavenly choir are composed of such, and thus proved Pharisaical professors of religion, bank directors, and speculators, never would see inside of heaven, except they were converted and became as the children they despised; and, that it were better to have a mill-stone tied to their necks and be cast into the sea, than to offend one of the little ones whom God owns. If one sin more than another will forge a thunder-bolt of Divine wrath, it is ill treatment to a young convert. An affectionate father and mother, not long since had occasion to go on a journey of a hundred miles, and were to be gone for a week. They left a group of seven children. The last words spoken by the mother were, take good care of the babe, and the sick one that lay on the couch. Yes, says the father more sternly, if I find you have neglected the babe, and

the feeble child, I shall be highly displeased with you. Thus Jesus gives special command to care for the babes and the enfeebled. Why in the day of final accounts, will Jesus say to some, come, ye blessed, and to others, depart, ye cursed? The righteous looked often to the little ones and supplied their needs; the wicked neglected it. Christ well knew that the wealthy and the noble of the Church, would be looked after, and never suffer from neglect. But the lambs? Alas, he might say to many, thou art neglecting me, and perhaps to some, why persecutest thou me. O ye ministers, that pass by the poor and dependent, in your pastoral visits, and call only on the rich, who are able to pay well. Ye scoffers that dare to lay your hand on the mouths of the happy ones, who shout and sing hosanna in the Temple, behold yourselves in the withered fig tree, cursed by the Savior. They are members of Christ's mystical body. The little toe, if stepped on, sends a thrill of pain through the the whole frame; and an injury done to the humblest believer, sends a thrill to the head of the body, which is Christ. In the twinkling of an eye his sympathies are stirred. A sparrow falls not unnoticed; and the soul saved is of more value than many sparrows. The crime of Dives, who lifted his eyes in torment, was, that his income was lavished upon his back and

palate, and that he neglected the poor at his gate. Alas! it is not the gross, vulgar sins of to-day only, but the fashionable ones that are sending men to hell. But as we have a quill seasoning for another book on outward adornings, and popular sins of the day, we only touch such points, and pass on.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVENTH.

The Crucifixion, Resurrection and Ascension.

Well, dear reader, you say it is a foggy time with you—that you hardly know what to think or believe, for you have had Christ for a stumbling stone all the way through; and he has been to you, though so precious to some of your neighbors, a rock of offence. Jesus says, Blessed is he who is not offended in me; and of course only such are blessed. And now, Bro. Henry, you say, let me ask you a few serious questions, touching the last two revivals, with which you were so well pleased. The affair of the prodigal's return, the joy of the aged father, and the music and dancing, were scarcely tolerable; but the most humiliating of all performances was the grand entry of Christ into Jerusalem—that capped the climax of all tom-foolery and enthusiasm. Why, sir, none but the common class of people were engaged in the performance. It would

have been more creditable, too, if the members had passed round the hat, and bought the Savior a saddle, instead of having him ride on Peter's old fishing coat. And the sisters thought they were doing him great honor by spreading their mantles and shawls in the way! most of which were out of fashion. Truly sir, it is no wonder our rulers were offended; and no doubt they felt they were doing God service in trying to check fanaticism; and never need you expect the wise and noble, the rich and prudent, to join the Church, as long as it is filled up with the filth and off-scourings of creation. And Christ's treatment of the committee, and bankers, manifested anything but a meek and quiet spirit. Why sir, those gentlemen were not only the ornaments, but the main pillars in the Church. True, they did not attend prayer and class meetings, and such small affairs; but when the weather would allow, and on all festive occasions, they were on hand with their families, all adorned with splendor and in the fashion. Mr. Mammon, the President, and Mr. Shave, the Cashier of the bank, carried on their persons the marks of the Savior's scourge for several days. And then his declaration that he was owner of the temple! and his charging the official board of making it a den of thieves! and to perfect his arrogant claims, stated his determination to stick

to the platform while one stone rested on another, that it was his intention to break up our Church and destroy our place and nation, declaring himself the rightful heir, and calling us mere squatters—the children of the Devil.

At this crisis Caiphas called the council together; and after stating the object of the meeting, and naming a long list of grievances, it was unanimously resolved that patience would no longer be a virtue, and that all possible means be used to put down the work. This only added fuel to the flame. It was resolved, further, that the utmost effort be put forth to remove the cause, and spike the offender to the cross. A committee was then appointed to confer with one of the disciples, named Judas, whose besetment was love of money, and who was believed to be backslidden, if he had ever enjoyed religion at all; he was on this account considered a fit person to make a traitor, who would not hesitate to sell his Lord for thirty pieces of silver, the ordinary price of a slave.

Soon they had the Savior before a bench of judges, the parents of our present rum and slavery judiciaries; and they condemned him on the charge of blasphemy, because he declared himself the Son of God, and that they should yet see him standing at the right hand of God, coming in clouds of heaven, with power and

glory to judge the world. And it is always high profession in connection with holy living that kindles the fires of martyrdom. Profession and practice are as necessary to full salvation as the Divinity and humanity of Jesus. But we must pass over the mock trial, the dreadful scourging, the crown of thorns, and the cruel smitings, and other indignities inflicted upon him in the temple; also those that wagged their heads and mocked him while groaning on the tree, and while his breast was bared to all the lancets and javelins of earth and hell; and the dying scene, when he cried with a loud voice, dropped his head and gave up the ghost, and was deposited in the sepulcher.

Death had invited a thousand worms to luxuriate with him on the Lamb of God. The king of terrors whet up his carver, intoxicated with the joy of victory. But like an ancient king his knees begin to smite together; he drops his carving knife; and his invited guests draw back and turn pale. What sudden terror has possessed them? On the walls of the new tomb, it is written in letters of living light, his flesh shall not see corruption. Meanwhile there was a louder shout of exultation in Jerusalem than was ever heard before—that quite exceeded the shouts of the Philistines when they captured the ark. Ah! it fell on the ears of the disciples as harshly, as the thunder

of the cannon of the sons of Bacchus in the ears of drunkard's wives and children, and the friends of the temperance reform. The Devil once sent a regiment of emissaries on a campaign of fifty years; and at the end of that period he called them back to Pandemonium to report. One after another arose and addressed his Satanic majesty, and told of their sinking ships and their crews, and setting villages on fire, but it did not get up any very loud shouting. At last one arose, and said that for the last twenty years he had been trying to tempt an old saint to commit adultery, and last night he had succeeded; and all hell rung with malignant shouts—a sound not unlike the shouts of the bloody victors of the Lamb of God. But glory to God! it is written, the triumph of the wicked shall be short. Ah! say they, we always told you he was an impostor, and we have now put an end to this troubler of Israel; we have spiked his artillery, and quenched the wild-fire of his deluded followers. No committee was appointed to stop their noise. The world always has the privilege of celebrating its victories in its own way; but they are not willing to do as they would be done by.

But we see a division of steel-clad warriors marching to the tomb of Jesus, to watch over it; the Pharisees were afraid of him while living, and, cowardly

fellows that they are, they fear him now that he is dead. We look again, and the band of soldiers lay like dead men around the sepulcher; as have thousands of sinners in later times under the preaching of Abbott and others. All have fallen under the power of God. None will say these poor soldiers were hypocrites, although they were doing the Devil's dirty work. While they lay under Divine influence, the Savior rose, breaking the bands of death. Soon the soldiers recovered themselves, to find their charge gone; and soon they were before the council receiving a bribe to say, the disciples came by night while we slept and stole him away; and they were assured that if the matter came to the Governor's ears, they would secure their safety. Alas! what will not money do. Everything but buying a seat in heaven.

What now! Two Galilean sisters seem to be running a race. Filled with joy, they were carrying to the sad and disheartened brethren the news that Jesus had risen, and had given directions for them to meet him on one of the mountains of Palestine. The tidings soon reached the ears of the Jerusalem shouters, and put out their fires at once; meanwhile a sacred flame was kindled in the hearts of the disciples, which never could be extinguished. It was unspeakable joy; and this joy, says Jesus, no man taketh from you.

After forty days, more than five hundred of those who had followed Christ, went out with him as far as Bethany, to witness a balloon ascension; a balloon not inflated with the gas of this world, but the glory of heaven. As he stood amid the happy group, he raised his pierced hands to pronounce his last benediction. The same convoy of bright angels that announced his advent and celebrated it with songs, now, though unseen by mortals, were gathered around him. Oh, what a glorious scene our faith discovers! An ascending Savior brilliant as the rising sun, and a countless throng of celestials glittering like the stars! Angels shout hosannah to his grand entry into the New Jerusalem. Arriving at the emerald gates, they cry in full chorus, Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and let the king of glory come in, with his royal train. In they go, and heaven rings with the joyous celebration.

Two angels linger behind the procession, to declare to the disciples that he should come again, in a manner similar to that in which they had seen him ascend. He will then descend with a shout, and the voice of the arch-angel, and the trump of God. But, you ask, how do you know he went up with a shout? David tells us so in Psalms forty-seventh and sixty-eighth. He calls upon all to shout and clap their hands for the

reason that God, manifest in the flesh, had gone up with a shout. Hallelujah! The victory turns on Israel's side. Jesus has the monster death tied to his chariot wheels. So severe was the shock as death fell under his victorious power, that many saints arose from their graves, and doubtless ascended with him, as a handful of the first fruits of the resurrection. And now we will return to Jerusalem with the joyful brethren and sisters, and retire with them to an upper room, there to wait until the Spirit descends; and as we go we will sing,

Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above.
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."
Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam—
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

Friends fondly cherish'd have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing, to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome—
" oyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."

Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;
Strike, King of terrors—I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.

Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
Death shall be banished — his scepter be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom —
Joyfully, joyfully — safely at home.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Day of Pentecost.

We see by the morning papers that this is to be another high day for Israel—the day of Pentecost. Reader, you were with us when the angel announced the infant Redeemer's advent into the world. What a stir it made at Jerusalem. To his friends who were watching his coming it was a morning of joy; but to Herod he was unwelcome. He began to feel the foundation of his throne crumbling and tottering. You were with us, too, when he so grandly entered Solomon's temple and cast out buyers and sellers. And you remember, that among his last words, he commanded the brethren to tarry at Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high. Said he, John truly baptized with water, but ye should be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence. This direction of the Savior's is the reason of the protracted

prayer-meeting in which the one hundred and twenty participated. Thus far they have been orderly and quiet. No one has been offended or pleased with their performances. Their prayers rather dry and formal, like those of many of the present day, who have only been baptized with water. It is now eight o'clock in the morning, the Jewish second hour of the day. Breakfast being over, they as usual assemble for their morning union prayer-meeting. No one converted during all their meeting thus far. No peculiar exercises to offend any one. No one has fallen under the power. Not an amen above a whisper. Not a single shout or hallelujah. The conference is comforted with the assurance that their efforts in putting out the wild fire have been successful, and that in the future all things pertaining to religion will be decently and orderly done. Nazarenism is considered as ended forever.

But even while the conference was thus exulting over their victory, the old town clock drew back its hammer; and the first blow laid all their vain glory in the dust. At that moment, the third hour of the day, a fire burst through the doors and windows of that upper room, which all the hydraulic rams and water engines the Devil could bring on the ground, were not able to quench; and although eighteen hun-

dred years have rolled away, the old Jerusalem fire yet blazes. Neither has the edge of the old Jerusalem blade ever been turned, in the severest battles; and since that memorable morning it has never been returned to its scabbard. Amen!

But what do we now see? Jerusalem is all alive. Men, women and children turn away from their avocations, and run with all their might to the place where the prayer-meeting was held. Fire! Fire! all through the city; and sure enough it was no false alarm. There was an unearthly fire. Cloven tongues like fire hovered over the heads of all the members, just as the gentle dove that lit on the Savior's head as he came out of the waters of Jordan. At the time this strange sight was seen, a sound was heard as of a mighty rushing wind, as if the air was agitated by the wings of ten thousand angels. The whole multitude stood mute with awe and wonder. But a few moments before they supposed the crazy set was put down, and that all their tantrums were at an end; but now the wild fire breaks worse than ever. This was the [illegible] of confusion. As Moses' rod swallowed all the other rods, this scene caused all past scenes to be forgotten.

Like all the young converts at the present day, the one hundred and twenty were filled with a mission-

ary spirit. Bold as lions, yet meek as lambs, they passed out among the crowd. And what do you think they were talking about? The fashions of the day? No, no. They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and out of the abundance of their hearts, they spoke as the Spirit gave them utterance. How wonderful to see a sister of Galilee take one of the Parthian sisters by the hand, and speak to her in her own tongue. All the brethren and sisters seemed perfectly familiar with seventeen different languages. There were at that time dwelling at Jerusalem, Jews—devout men out of every nation under heaven—providentially assembled to see this grand opening of the last dispensation. Paul must have thought of this when he said to the Romans, Verily, their sound went unto all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

Here, reader, is a model revival of religion—one of God's own getting up. Mr. Wesley once remarked, that preaching, and praying, and testimony, that will not make men either mad or pleased, is good for nothing. On this occasion many were offended. They saw much that was above their comprehension, and which they could not reason away. But infidelity has a last resort, when its last fig leaf is torn away, namely, scoffing. Ah! they are drunk—filled with

new wine. This is a kind of chloroform the Devil has ever held to the nose of his deluded followers, who sport with their deceivings, as raving maniacs dance to the music of their chains.

Peter, the preacher in charge, having in his girdle the key by which he was to unlock the door for the Gospel to go into the Gentile world, now stood forth bold as a lion, and flatly denied the charge of their being under the influence of the wine or gin of this world, for they were all teetotalers. He then directs their attention to a promise in Scripture, spoken of by the prophet Joel. "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams; and on my servants, and on my hand-maidens, I will pour out in those days of my Spirit, and they shall prophecy." Thank God! here is a license for female speaking. It was put in practice on that occasion. God grant that every sister may ever stand on this free platform, until Gabriel blows. But we must listen to the preacher. There is a vast multitude present to hear the first gospel sermon. We perceive he is determined to know nothing among them except Christ and him crucified. Not a word about philosophy, or the starry

heavens; but with his quiver full of barbed arrows, and his Gospel bow well strung up, he sends the missiles among the scoffers and upon the Sanhedrim; he calls them murderers of the Prince of life, and tells them their guilty hands are unmasked; and he declares the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. He stood as a bold witness for the despised Jesus, declaring his greatness, his resurrection, ascension, and glory. Jesus was at the right hand of God; hence the draft of the brethren and sisters was honored—the windows were raised, and blessings poured out which there was not room enough to contain. The brethren had Gospel measure that day—pressed down, shaken together, and running over. The part that run over belonged to sinners. This was the noisy part of it—the bell ringing for the feast—the triumphant shout that called the crowd to hear the first Gospel sermon.

By the time Peter's sermon closed, three thousand arrows had been sent, and were rankling and festering in the hearts of the King's enemies; and while writhing under the pangs of an awakened conscience each one fell before the mourner's bench, and simultaneously cried, Men and brethren, what shall we do? Glory to God! this was a joyful sound. Three thousand converts praying all at once, drowning the preacher's voice with their loud cries. O! what an

exciting time. The mourners never were excited so before, and the brethren and sisters were no less excited. Tears and groans, prayers and songs, amens and halleluiahs, were commingled as in the confusion of battle and victory. Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost—such were the words which Peter thundered in their hearing. They received the word gladly and believingly, and were translated from darkness into a most marvelous light. Pardon was written on their hearts; praise was upon their lips; and all spoke the language of Canaan. Of all the scenes we have beheld since we passed out of the gates of Eden, this is the most marvelous. How simple does faith appear, and how powerful, to convert groans into praises, and penitential pleadings into deafening halleluiahs. How benevolent now are these new converts. Their pocket-books have been converted as well as their souls. They are loving their neighbors as themselves. No unfortunate brother or sister is handed over to the poor-master. They went from house to house, breaking bread with singleness of heart and gladness, and as they went their tongues were eloquent with praises and prayers. Thus this mighty shower was turned into a settled rain, and converts were born of the Spirit every day, and added to the Church.

The net was cast down on the right side of the ship to-day. We thought it a noisy time when Ezra laid the foundation of the second temple, and the mingled noise of weeping and shouting was heard afar off. The rocks and hills of Palestine echoed and re-echoed with the sound. But this day we have seen the foundation of a spiritual temple laid, whose goodly stones are not granite or marble, but the souls of the redeemed. The daughters, it is said, shall be polished stones—like Dorcas, Mary, Lydia, Chloe, Priscilla, and many others, who have been cup-bearers of the King of kings. We will therefore take the liberty to shout and sing hosanna at the laying of the foundation of this most glorious of all temples, and ask no man's pardon. Amen.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINTH.

Young Converts.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. This was the language of David, and we feel like adopting it this morning, as our enraptured vision beholds some of the precious fruits of yesterday's revival. It was a coronation day for Jerusalem sinners. Long and earnestly, dear reader, have we prayed for you since we left Eden together. Surely you have had a sorrowful time, as did the elder brother of the prodigal son, while all around you were feasting with Jesus and drinking wine. You have worn a face as long as the moral law. You had so much to do in steadying the ark, and quenching what you call wild-fire, that you have not had time for self-examination; and we have observed that when you pray, all you say is to thank God that you are not as some other men, or as the

publican smiting on his breast, and with his face to the earth, as if he were licking the dust of repentance. But glory to God! we saw you fall in battle yesterday. As the son of thunder stood upon the wall, and with his little sanctified army, gave you a few broad-sides of grape-shot, aiming directly at the hearts of the king's enemies, O how rejoiced were we to see your honor, dignity, self-righteousness, roll together in the dust. O how hard it was for the royal family, so ancient and noble, to give up the ghost. Self-righteousness was the last to give up his hold. But the arrow was driven to the feather, and all had to submit.

You were not, perhaps, aware that your friends were mortified with your screaming and groaning, and perhaps you forget how much you used to oppose such things. Suppose now you stand up here and give us a little of your experience. You must remember it is written that ye should receive power after the Holy Ghost comes upon you, and that you must be witnesses for Jesus in Jerusalem, Judea, and Samaria, and in the uttermost parts of the earth. The Bishop may yet send you to Birmah, or Africa, as a witness to them. So now stand up here on the platform and tell your story.

Well, Bro. Henry, I thank God that in his providence it was my lot to go on a pilgrimage with you:

but it was not until yesterday that I saw the reason why we differed so widely on the subject of Christian peculiarities. Both of us professors of religion; but what was meat to you, was poison to me. Outward demonstrations that would try me sorely, and knit my brows, would make you almost frantic with joy. I verily thought I was doing God's service while laying hands on everything that did not exactly correspond, in length and breadth, with my iron bedstead. The only reason I could assign for this course was, that I was never the subject of such groanings, tears, and raptures. But yesterday, glory to God! when I saw the tongues of fire, and heard the mighty rushing wind,—when I saw the shining faces of the happy group at the prayer-meeting, and heard the songs and shoutings, and their clear, burning testimony, as they passed through the crowd, exhorting all to come to Christ,—and heard the sermon of the preacher, which presented before my eyes the crucified Prince of life, and charged me with the guilt of his death,—when I heard all this, I had business enough of my own, to attend to my wicked heart. As fig-leaf after fig-leaf was torn away, I saw my inward corruption, and was convinced that the prophet was not extravagant, when he said the hearts of sinners were as a cage of unclean birds—a den of hissing vipers. Oh! how the heav-

ens darkened over my guilty head. As the lightning flashed out its forked tongues from Sinai, as if forging thunderbolts to dash a murderous rebel to perdition, it seemed as if the earth was about to open and swallow me alive, as it did the wicked company of Korah. I saw myself justly condemned, and cried out as one in the belly of hell, What shall I do to be saved? If there had been present ten thousand devils, with their harpoons, or all the nobility of earth to turn up the lip of scorn, it would not have stopped my groanings and cries; I should have prayed on until the Spirit had raised a standard in the gloom — the bloody robe of Jesus, on which was a single star; and until the voice was heard in my ear, Be of good cheer, thy sins are all forgiven thee. O what a moment of sweet peace! My groanings were changed to halleluiahs — my garment of heaviness into a garment of praise.

My dungeon shook,
My chains fell off;
  Glory to God! I cried.
My soul was full;
I cried enough;
  For me the Savior died.

As I spread my wings of joy and love, I left my old broken shell of self-righteousness and Phariseism behind me. And now,

They say I am too noisy —
I know the reason why;
And if they felt the glory,
They'd shout as loud as I.

But we see Peter and John coming again in the temple. The Bishop has sent the disciples out two by two on the circuit. It happened as they were about entering the eastern gate, they beheld a poor cripple, lame from the womb, who presented his old hat for alms as they approached him; they ransacked their pockets but could find nothing, for they had gone forth without purse or script, and were as poor as the beggar himself; but, says Peter, we will give you the best we have, rejoicing that they had a subject on which to manifest the power of the great salvation; and he took him by the hand and said, In the name of Jesus Christ rise up and walk. Reader, you would be astonished to see how salvation, like the sap in the tree, began in his head, and ran down into his ankle joints. In a moment he leaped as a roe-buck.

All the people saw him walking and leaping, and praising God. And they knew it was the person who sat at the gate; and were filled with amazement at the salvation which could run down into the ankle joints of lame professors of religion. O! how often have we prayed, as we have heard ministers and class-leaders urging professors to get up and tell of Jesus,

that God would strengthen ankle joints. It is said that one of the old pioneer Methodists was traveling in the western wilds. He called at a cabin, and requested the woman of the house to provide him some refreshments, and introduced himself as a Methodist preacher. The lady said she would grant his request, provided he would pray before he left that God would give rain; for, says she, our fields and gardens are burning up for the want of it, and if you are a man of God, she continued, your prayers will be answered. After dinner, the preacher knelt at the throne of grace, and sent up a petition to Him—who maketh the clouds his reservoirs; and, whether in answer to the prayer or otherwise, along came the clouds and poured out their treasures on the thirsty soil. So copious was the shower that it took the good woman's garden sauce, root and branch, and swept it into the river. Just like the 'tarnal Methodists, says the matron, they always overdo the thing. So with the young convert. Peter told him to arise and walk, but he jumped clear over the preacher's chalk marks, and leaped and praised God amid the crowd, indifferent to the tender corns of the Pharisees, and elders of the people. The salvation was so powerful that it took away, root and branch, a man-fearing and pleasing spirit, just as the deluge the kind matron's vines,

and carried them to the Dismal swamp. God grant they may be buried there without the promise of a resurrection. Amen! Amen!

It is now time that we leave the apostles, and strike out in a different region. But the apostle Paul holds us by the button, and claims a page or two for his experience.

Once, says he, I was a blasphemer, a poor miserable persecutor of the saints, and so filled with self-righteousness and worldly wisdom, that there was no room for the wisdom that cometh from above. Like your friend that was converted yesterday, I was exceedingly mad at those whom I deemed fanatics and fools. Alas! how many prayer-meetings did I break up. I drove the saints into the darkness of the night, and into solitary caves, to find opportunity to worship. And yet *they* were happy. Like a fool, I undertook to put salvation to jail. But all was like casting pure oil in the flame. While I and my wicked coadjutors persecuted one pound, Jesus was sure to bless two pounds. And it occurred, as I started with my posse from conference, with my pocket-book crowded with warrants for the arrest of the fanatics of Damascus, breathing vengeance and slaughter, the Lion of the tribe of Judah crossed my path. A light, above the brightness of the sun, shone around me, and I fell to

the ground under its power, and all my constables fell as if shot. A voice then fell on my ear, saying, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? Hold a moment modern scoffer! The same voice sounds in your ears, Why persecutest thou me? But, says Paul, far be it from me now to persecute Christ in the persons of his followers — of his royal bride — of the least of his disciples. And ye who deny and ridicule the falling of God's people under the power of God, calling it weakness, nervousness, charging it to the flesh, thus robbing Christ of his glory, — better steal your neighbor's sheep, and run the risk of heaven, unwashed of your guilt, than with the guilt of such meanness. The day of judgment will thunder this truth home to your souls. It was this kind of business that made the apostle style himself the chief of sinners. Compared to this, other sins were as motes to a mill-stone. The only hope of the apostle was that he did it ignorantly; blinded by prejudice and self-righteousness, he verily thought himself doing God's service.

But behold he prayeth. The proud Pharisee has become an humble beggar, crying for salvation. He was directed, not to Caiphas, the chairman of the conference at Jerusalem, but to an old class-leader, a tanner by trade, who laid hands upon him, and prayed with him. The scales fell from his eyes, the light

burst in upon his soul, and he began to bind up the wounds made by his own wicked hands. Your author knows how he felt as the boy led him around from place to place, while the arrows of conviction were piercing his breast. Although our natural vision has not been restored, yet the Divine light that shone in Paul's soul, has sanctified the use of the mind, and filled our whole soul with the light of life. Hallelujah to the Lamb!

CHAPTER THIRTIETH.

The Wine of the Kingdom.

Dear brother, until recently we have called you reader; but since you were connected, and adopted into the family of God, and your name written in the Lamb's book of life—the old family record—we hail you as brother; and not only as brother, but as an heir of God and joint heir with Jesus Christ. But he that sanctifieth, and those who are sanctified, are one, for which cause Christ is not ashamed to call them brethren; not even the illiterate fisherman, nor Mary Magdalene. Impure as she had been, when washed in the Gospel laver, he was not ashamed to introduce her to the Father, and the holy angels, as his sister.

Let me tell you, young brother, that among the first lessons in the school of Christ, is the hailing every person who bears the Divine image, as brother or sister. You will find this a cross, and, unless you watch

and pray without ceasing, your cheeks will often flush with shame. Many there are, who will brother and sister you at the prayer or camp meeting, who would blush to do it before a proud world; especially if you were one of the Lord's poor, with patches on your knees, and with a threadbare coat on your back.

Remember, too, if you continue to drink as freely of the wine of the kingdom as you have done since your conversion, you will have a first rate chance to lose your reputation. The wise and the prudent of this world will be very apt to look upon you with scorn. Jesus made himself of no reputation, and never did one of his followers tread in his foot prints, and set his face against all popular sins, in and out of the Church, without doing the same; their reputation goes by the board, and they are cast out as fanatics. And, if you are passive in the hands of God, as the sails of a ship, or the waving branches of a tree in the wind, the Spirit will often make every fibre of the soul vibrate, as the strings of an instrument swept by the hands of a skillful player, and, perhaps, a spiritual gale will make your top-sail kiss the ocean, or the tall tree lie prostrate on the earth. To be passive, is to have no will of your own; none even respecting your peculiar exercises—no more than the fluttering leaf, or the well filled sail.

When we hear brethren and sisters praying, or desiring that they may fall under the power, shout, laugh, or scream, it is evidence to us of the will's insubordination; and equally so, when they wish to be excused from all these peculiar demonstrations, so mortifying to human pride. They cannot say from their hearts, Thy will be done. Perhaps we have fallen more than one hundred times, under the sweeping power of God, but have never asked God to make his power manifest in this manner It has pleased the Spirit to use us thus, and generaly, we have said, Amen! The Spirit is very easily grieved, and we remember with sorrow, the few times we lifted up our finger of rebellion. We have rebelled a little, when we thought the occasion was not adapted to such demonstrations, or, when some presiding Elder, or some other tall cedar was present, who ridiculed such things. At such times, the gentle dove has spread her wings and flown away. And we were not permitted to return to our Father's table, until our hands were washed from guilt—not till then, could we appropriate a single promise, and fill the ebbing tide of peace and joy.

You will find, young brother, as you advance in the way of holiness, that this will be one of your critical places. If you take the old line, you will sometimes

be so placed, that you must displease God or men—pehaps your pastor whom you love, and your classmates; and, if ever you need the wisdom that cometh from above, it is at such a time as this; when all earthly lovers are laid on the sacrificial altar, and we see them bleed, and gasp, and die. Thus must we do if we would have God rejoice over us, as a bridegroom rejoiceth over his youthful bride. Who would not forsake all, for the sake of Christ's love? Hallelujah!

You have often heard us talk of the effects of the wine of the kingdom, upon those who imbibe it freely. Wine is the symbol of the Holy Ghost. On account of its effervescence—its life and power—it is put in new bottles. An old leather Pharisee would explode in five minutes, if filled with it. To explain the matter more fully, we quote a chapter from our Life.

"In the fall of 1848, Rev. Jesse Penfield being about to close up his labours on this circuit, God put it into his heart to raise a Methodist chapel in Frankfort. To all appearance this might have staggered the faith of Abraham; but with God, impossible things become possible. The attempt was made, and in February, 1849, a beautiful brick church was dedicated to Almighty God, by Rev. B. J. Diefendorf, then presiding elder on that district. A protracted meeting

was then commenced, in the Baptist and Methodist Churches. The battle now began in good earnest; the powers of darkness gave way, and a glorious revival followed in both Churches. Frankfort in a measure, seemed redeemed. O how good it is to hold on to the arm of the Lord, and wait patiently for him! The blind man's cottage could not now hold a tenth part of the lovers of prayer meetings, where, for six years previous, they would not average ten persons, including all denominations. I was deprived of hear- the dedication sermon, as duty and affection, kept me by the bed-side of my suffering companion; but in the evening, I had the happiness of listening to brother Wyatt.

His subject was the great feast, which God had pre-prepared for the souls of them that love him. I will assure you I opened my mouth wide, as the Lord had commanded me, and my soul partook heartily of the solids, as well as the fluids, that faith saw plainly spread out before me—not only fat things full of marrow, but wine as pure and effervescent, as that drawn from the water-pots at the wedding in Galilee. As I arose, after the sermon, to express my gratitude to God, for what he had done, and what he was about to do, for sinners in Frankfort, I took so large a draught of this wine, that I reeled and fell under its power; and I have scarcely drawn a sober breath since. It was the same kind of wine, that the disciples drank, on the day of Pentecost, when they were accused by the multitude of being drunk. Wine.

here, is the symbol of the Holy Spirit, and any man that has ever been intoxicated by the madeira and champagne of this world, and also that of the kingdom of grace, will see a forcible and striking similitude between them. It is with shame that I confess that I have more than once been staggering drunk on the wine of this world. But I rejoice to say that I have since that time drank to intoxication of that which flows from Christ, the living vine. Therefore, I speak what I know by experience. But let us trace the analogy; and, to make it plainer, permit me to relate one or two circumstances of my shameful experience, while dwelling in the land of Egypt. When I was engaged in business at the South, and especially on the Alleghany Mountains, it was a custom for the lawyers, doctors, engineers, and contractors, and a like quality, falsely called gentlemen, to have occasionally, a venison dinner, with sumptuous trimmings and sparkling wines. You see now, at two o'clock, twenty fashionable well-dressed men, who, from their conversation and general deportment, give every appearance of gentlemen, in the true sense of the word. We will now close the door upon them and at six o'oclock we again look into the dining room. They are all there; but their order and decorum has stepped out, and confusion reigns among them. One man is standing on the table spouting Shakspeare; another is bragging of his wealth, and ostentatiously displaying his bonds and bank notes; another is boasting of his pedigree, his noble ancestry. One man is

swearing profanely; another laughing, ready to split his sides at every silly remark he hears. By his side, his fellow is crying, and no one knows, or cares about the cause. One of the number is dancing as merrily as a lord; while at his feet lies one as insensible as a mummy.

You wonder, as you glance at these men, in the midst of broken glasses and upset tables, and ask the host the cause of this great change wrought in them, in the short space of four hours. He will tell you that they were under the influence of wine, that is, they were filled with the spirit of the wine. You will ask him again, the occasion of the different conduct exhibited in different individuals. He will, perhaps, tell you that the wine affects all people equally, but no two alike; and, that the outward demonstration is varied, according to the natural bent, and disposition of the partaker.

Reader, please take my arm, and go with me to an ancient house in Jerusalem. See there, in an upper chamber, one hundred and twenty disciples, all very grave and sober men and women. Twelve of them ... the chosen apostles of Jesus. Among the sisters, ... Mary, the mother of the Savior. They are quietly praying and conversing together. We will close the door, and after three hours, or, about the ninth hour, we will look in again, upon the same individuals. How are they now? Are they all sitting quietly on their seats? O, no! there was a noise, and that so great, so loud and strange, that it was heard through-

out the city—so that a great multitude of the curious gathered about the doors, as they have often done on similar occasions. You hear now, not only one individual, but the whole congregation, audibly and earnestly talking at once, and in fourteen different languages, and the sacred historian tells us, that they were all talking of the wonderful works of God, and that they were all filled with the Holy Ghost; or, he might have said, they were filled with the wine of the kingdom. As it was, the scoffing multitude came to the conclusion that they were all drunk. And when we turn to the history of the last century, and read of the multitudes that shouted, reeled, staggered and fell to the ground as dead men, under the preaching of a Wesly, Fletcher, Whitefield, Christmas Evans, Abbott, and others, and add to that our own experience and observation for the last ten years, at camp-meetings and other places, we know of no better conclusion, that a sober and dispassionate, unconverted multitude could arrive at, than to say they were all drunk; for I do know by observation and experience, that the outward manifestations of the two kinds of wine bear a striking analogy; and I do not wonder that the prophets and the apostles made choice of wine, as a symbol or comparison to illustrate the operations of the Holy Spirit. But Peter, standing up, denies the charge of their being drunk, and then goes on to explain to the multitude the cause of the noise and seeming confusion. He might have said, it was estimate-day or pay-day; that Jehovah had just

cashed a bond, which he had caused to be executed a few hundred years previous by Jeremiah, one of his clerk's; or, in the language of Scripture, "I will pour out of my Spirit," or wine "upon my servants and handmaids, and they shall prophesy;" or, in other words, that was the set day when more than three thousand new bottles or souls should be filled with new wine, or the champagne of the kingdom.

So, my dear long-faced, sober-sided, fault-finding reader, when you go to another camp-meeting, where five hundred of God's people have met together with one accord in one place, and you see them all upon their knees, calling upon their heavenly Host, that they may be filled with the Spirit, do not be surprised if, after a while, you see brother Henry leaping, laughing, and falling down; another shouting; the the third pointing to his bonds and mortgages in the old record, and telling how rich he is; while near by a hoary-headed old father, with patches on his knees, boasts of his pedigree, tracing his ancestry back to the Ancient of Days, producing his evidence that God was his father, and Jesus Christ his eldest brother. At a little distance you will see a good sister melted into tears, while a holy, reverential awe broods over her in silence; by her side lies one insensible, while the whole five hundred rejoice together in hopes of the glory of God. You now turn and ask me the cause of all these exhibitions of joy? Permit me to answer you, in the language of your bar-room host: "They are all filled with the Spirit."

I should be glad if I had space to make a few selections, backing up this truth, not only from sacred history, but also from the history of the Church, during modern reformations. But I must pass them by, and conclude this too lengthy chapter by giving you two recipes—one that will effectually cure you of fault-finding, and the other to cure the people of God from shouting. They are a sovereign remedy. Perhaps a little incident in my own experience may better convey my meaning. About the year 1826, while living in Franklin County, Pa., business placed me in a stage coach to go to Harrisburg, a distance of about forty miles. About twelve o'clock at night, the driver stopped at a hotel in the village of Carlisle, a few rods from Dickinson College. While changing horses I roused from a stupor, and, half awake, and not very good-natured, went into the bar-room, where at once my ears were saluted with shouts, songs, speechifying, loud laughter, and not a little systematical swearing. The noise proceeded from a large parlor in a distant part of the hotel. I well understood the cause. I suppose it was something like the noise that Moses and Joshua heard, as they came down from the mountain, from a certain party dancing and shouting around a golden calf. But I had not been there long before the parlor door opened, and it was no sooner known by the revellers that Captain Henry was in the house, than a fragment of the party caught me by the collar, and, in spite of all expostulations, precipitated me into the midst of a party of drunken colle-

giates, and other like companions. Under those circumstances, I presume I felt very much like an unconverted man, looking on, while the power of God is displayed like a tornado in the forest, waving one tree top into the arms of another, and occasionally tearing up a stately oak by the roots, bringing it headlong to the ground. They appeared to me like a set of fools. Their general conversation and performance seemed ridiculous in the extreme. The stage now went off without me. I began to pour down the wine, and in half an hour I could laugh and make speeches with the best of them. I saw no impropriety in anything that was going on. Here, reader, is your recipe. When you get tired of hearing your brethren shout, hearken to the invitation of the prophet, to come and buy this wine, and let your soul delight itself with this delicious influences. Let your soul be filled to the brim with this pure wine of the kingdom; and, if it does not cure your croaking and fault-finding about the brethren and sisters shouting, and making such a noise and confusion, you may set it down for a certainty, that you have not a genuine article. The second recipe is an effectual cure for shouting, leaping, falling with the power, &c. Take a quantity of backbiting, croaking, idle words, superfluity of dress, anger, self-righteousness, mix them well together in a powder, and wash it down with a hearty draught of rum, brandy, or whiskey, and, my word for it, you will not be troubled with spiritual ecstasy. But, before I close this subject, I wish to say

I can tell the reader by experience—by sad as well as joyous experience—that the consequences resulting from the use of the two articles, are as unlike as heaven and hell.

The wine of this world leaves a man with a headache, heartache, remorse and rags, and the finger of God hath written, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." Consequently, the undying soul will dwell forever in eternal darkness, with distillers, rumsellers, hypocrites, dogs and sorcerers, and every species of evil-doers. While the wine that flows freely from Christ, the living vine, will give peace like a river, and the ultimate boon will be glory, honor, immortality and eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. One will procure for you the torments of hell, the other the rest of heaven. Reader, the two cups are before you. May God help you to make a wise choice. Amen.

"GOOD MORNING, BROTHER PILGRIM!"

The following is the substance of conversation between two professors as they met—one going to, the other returning from, camp-meeting, early in the morning:

"Good morning, brother pilgrim!
What, marching to Zion?
What doubts and what dangers have you met to-day?
Have you found a blessing?
Are your joys increasing?
Press forward, my brother, and make no delay.
Is your heart a glowing?
Are your comforts flowing?

And have you an evidence now bright and clear?
Have you a desire
That burns like a fire?
And have hope in the hour when Christ shall appear?"

"I came out this morning,
And now am returning,
Perhaps little better than when I first came;
Such groaning and shouting,
It sets me to doubting,
I fear such religion is all like a dream.
The preachers were stamping,
The people were jumping,
And screaming so loud that I neither could hear
Either praying or preaching;
Such horrible screeching,
'T was truly offensive to all that was there."

"Perhaps my dear brother,
While they pray'd together,
You sat and consider'd, and pray'd not at all;
Would you find a blessing?
Then *pray without ceasing*,
Obey the advice which was given by Paul.
For if you should reason
At any such season,
No wonder if Satan should tell in your ear;
'The preachers and people
Are all but a rabble,
And this is no place for reflection and prayer.'"

"'*No place for reflection!*'
I'm fill'd with distraction,
I wonder the people could bear for to stay;
The men were all bawling,
The women were squalling,
I wonder, for my part, how any could pray.

Such horrid confusion,
If this be religion,
Sure it is something new that has never been seen;
For the sacred pages
That speak of all ages,
Do nowhere declare that such ever has been."

"Don't be so soon shaken;
If I'm not mistaken,
Such things have been acted by Christians of old;
When the ark it was coming,
King David came running,
And *danced* before it, in Scripture we're told.
When the Jewish nation
Had laid the foundation,
And rebuilt the temple by Ezra's command,
Some wept and some praised,
Such a noise there was raised,
'T was heard afar off, perhaps all through the land."

"And as for the preacher,
Ezekiel the teacher
Was taught for to stamp, and smite with his hand;
To show the transgression
Of that wicked nation,
And bid them repent and obey the command.
For Scripture quotation
In this dispensation,
Our gracious Redeemer has handed them down;
If some ceased from praising,
We hear him proclaiming,
The stones to reprove them would quickly cry out."

"Then Scripture is wrested;
For Paul has protested
That order should be kept in the house of the Lord;
Amidst such a clatter
Who knows what's the matter?
Or who can attend unto what is declared?

To see them behaving
Like drunkards or raving,
And lying or rolling prostrate on the ground;
I really felt awful,
And sometimes was fearful
That I'd be the next to come tumbling down."

"You fear persecution
And there's the delusion,
Brought in by the devil to draw you away;
Be careful, my brother,
For blest are none other
But such as are never offended in me."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIRST.

Views of John Wesley.

We are to leave prophets and apostles, and look for fruit on the boughs of the tree of life, the branches of which spread over the nations, as far as the Missionary has gone with his torch-light. No fruit will be accepted in the golden city, but that which is engrafted. The twelve apostles were first engrafted in the true olive; and they bare twelve manner of fruits, that is, their manner of preaching or delivery, the same truth was various. Peter could not preach like John, nor John like Paul. Each had his peculiar traits. Take twelve evangelical ministers of the present, and let them preach from the same text; no two of the sermons will be alike, though all should preach the pure Gospel. There is a diversity of gifts; but the same Lord wroketh in all.

A son of a kind father, left the parental roof, and

removed to the west. Among the objects of his recollection about the old home, was an apple tree in the back yard, which bore only gnarly, sour fruit, scarcely fit for swine. After an absence of fifteen years, he returned, and to his astonishment, found that his father had sawed off all the natural branches, and engrafted twelve different kinds of fruit. On one branch were hanging golden sweets, on another, the pipkin, and on other branches the different varieties, making up the twelve. The tree could gratify all varieties of taste. And, as the stock of the tree was the channel through which life was diffused to every branch, bough, and leaf, the human nature of Jesus is the channel, by which Divinity sends life throughout our entire being, provided, we are engrafted into him, and bring forth fruit unto holiness. The branch united to the true vine—its leaf never withers.

Among the objects beheld by John, on the Isle of Patmos, was a pure river of life, proceeding from the throne of God, and the Lamb; in other words, a spiritual Christ. On both sides of the river, he saw the tree of life, bearing twelve kinds of fruit, the leaves of which were for the healing of the nations; on one side the tree were the twelve patriarchs, from whose loins sprung the whole Jewish Church; on the other side, the twelve apostles, from the loins of whose

preaching, has sprung the Christian Church—a tree of life, the branches of which shall enlarge and spread until Jusus shall reign King of nations, as he now does King of saints. So that you see the patriarchs were as diversified in their manner of promulgating truth, as the apostles. Just here is the rock on which the church has split in all ages. One person insists that all spiritual demonstrations shall correspond to his views, and that those who differ, must be stretched or shortened, so as to fit his iron bedstead. Isaiah might have no confidence in Jeremiah's religion, because he did not shout, and scatter the seraphine fire from the old Gospel anvil; and Jeremiah might have no confidence in Isaiah, because he shed no tears, and did not groan under the burdens of the Lord. Moses might find fault with David, because he danced before the ark; and David with Moses, because he did not leap as a roe buck, at the smitten rock. But these diversities were pleasing to God, the Pharisaical reader to the contrary notwithstanding, who growled at, and quarreled with us, concerning these peculiarities, all the way through the Old Testament, down to the day of Pentecost, when he had power given him, to break the shell of prejudice that imprisoned him, and now he is as free as a pigeon in the blue sky, and can shout from the tops of the mountains, and nothing but sin can offend him.

We must now pass down through a long lane of darkness, to the days of Wesley. Wesleyanism we may well call a branch of renown. We will now see whether the peculiarities and adversities of gift continue. If they are born of God, they will not change. We contend, that the day of Pentecost, was a model revival for all ages and denominations of the Church; and any departure from this model, is a removal of the old land marks. God commanded the prophet to rear an altar of huge rough stones, and forbade any man to apply a hammer or chisel, to knock off its rough corners; but many, for the last eighteen hundred years have been endeavoring to polish and refine revivals of religion, so as to make them attractive in the eyes of a fashionable world. A Pentecost that would make christians act like a rowdy mob, make them stagger and fall like drunken men, would be extremely offensive. While with one corner of his mouth, the Pharisee prays for a tongue of fire, with the other, he blows out every flame the Holy Ghost kindles. While he prays that the Spirit may come as a mighty rushing wind, he closes every door and window of the soul, for fear that some one would be blown over in the gale.

It has been supposed that Rev. John Wesley was opposed to those so-called extravagant peculiarities,

which occurred in his day. What if he was? It does not amount to a buck-wheat straw, if the Bible is against him. We stand upon the rock that men or devils cannot blow up. Were it otherwise, we would cast our manuscript to the flames, lay aside our old quill, and allow some Pharisee to apply the gag law; but, while prophets and apostles endorse our paper, we will present it at the counter of free grace.

There are very few men, to whose doctrines we so fully subscribe, as those of John Wesley; but we do not intend to deify his bones, nor those of any other man. There are some things in his writings, that we repudiate. In revising the history of our life, we found many things that were erroneous, and which we were glad to kick out of doors; especialy we were glad to obliterate forever, the record of pro-slavery principles, and objections to professing the work of holiness, in plain Bible language. So also, did John Wesley condemn and repudiate in his life-time, many of his own acts, as the pure light of experimental holiness increased within him. St. Paul said, when he was a child, he spake as a child, thought and understood as a child, but when he became a man, he put away childish things. Adam and Eve were perfect from the first, and we might naturaly think, that St. Paul was also an adult Christian from his spirit-

nal birth; but he tells us otherwise. Both Paul and Wesley were like Lazarus, when brought out of the grave of moral death. Lazarus was brought from death to life at the first loud call of the Savior. But he came forth with the grave clothes on him, and bound with a napkin. Christ spoke the second time before he was free indeed. Wesley preached years, before he understood the new birth. He had, it is true, his Oxford sheep-skin, his silk gown, his long flowy periwig; but he was no more a child of God, by adoption, than Saul of Tarsus, when persecuting the saints. It would be strange therefore, if he did not bring out of his grave, more or less of his Church of England notions, so much like the strong cords and napkins that bound Lazarus. But God spoke the second time, made him entirely free, sanctified him wholly; and for years before his death, was an uncompromising advocate of the second specific blessing.

In a few chapters, we will consdier the views of John Wesley, and let his own words refute our oppo nents.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SECOND.

Fetter-lane Confession.

In this chapter, we present an extract from Mr. Wesley's journal, which confirms the views expressed in the latter part of the foregoing chapter.

"We met at Fetter-lane, to humble ourselves before God, and own he had justly withdrawn his Spirit from us, for our manifold unfaithfulness. We acknowledged our having grieved him by our divisions; "one saying, I am of Paul; another, I am of Apollos:" by our leaning again to our own works, and trusting in them, instead of Christ; by our resting in those little beginnings of sanctification, which it had pleased him to work in our souls; and, above all, by blaspheming his work among us, imputing it either to nature, to the force of imagination and animal spirits, or even to the delusion of the devil. In that hour, we found God with us as at the first. Some fell prostrate upon the

ground. Others burst out, as with one consent, into loud praise and thanksgiving. And many openly testified, there had been no such day as this since January the first preceding."

We believe, that if the spirit of John Wesley had hold of our pen, he would say harder things than we are capable of saying, respecting his earlier views. Here is a full and hearty confession; just such an one as we might expect from one who sees his sins, and earnestly desires to be saved from them. Christian ministers and laymen, at the present day, may think they are doing God services while laying hands on peculiar spiritual manifestations, fettered as they are by worldly policy, and half blinded by prejudice. God grant that they may find a Fetter-lane, where they may get the napkin and grave clothes off, and Jesus Christ speak the second time, loose him and let him go. Amen!

Let us now listen to the confession. We met, says Wesley, at Fetter-lane to humble ouselves. Nothing but an honest confession would answer. But what was the matter with the dear man and his associates? God had left them. They had grieved the Spirit, and were as empty shells, or tinkling cymbals. All that was left, were the Oxford sheep-skin, periwig, and

silk gown. They confess divisions. Satan here planted his cloven foot down among them. Another sin was leaning to their works, and, trusting in them, instead of Christ. Spiritual pride, like proud flesh in a wound, will always keep a raw sore, until some caustic is applied, which will eat it up; then it may be mollified with ointment and healed. Application, after appreciation of hearty, repenting confession before God, upon their knees, is removing the proud flesh, and soon they will be made every whit whole.

Another sin the Holy Ghost held up before them, like the hand writing on the wall. They had *rested* in the beginnings of sanctification, instead of going on to perfection. They place themselves among babes in Christ. They knew not what it was to be sanctified wholly and preserved blameless. The apostle declares such to be unskillful in spiritual things, unable always to discern the good from the evil. Before their vision becomes unclouded, they must be able to digest the strong meat in the Gospel, and partake freely of the corn and the wine of the Kingdom, which puts the power of judging, the fight and shout, into a Christian.

But the most grievous sin confessed, the Beelzebub of the whole, remains to be noticed. They blas-

phemed the work of God, imputing it to nature, the force of imagination, animal spirits, or even delusion of the Devil. Rev. John Wesley guilty of blasphemy! He says so himself, and we do not feel at liberty to dispute him—we cannot believe him a hypocrite. But what constituted the blasphemy? The very things the Pharisees did, in the days of Christ. They robbed God of his honor, Jesus Christ of his glory, and themselves and others, of the joys of pardon, holiness and heaven. They committed this robbery, when God's word was attributed to the impure and unrepudiated exhalations of man's nature, or to the wiles of the Adversary. The Pharisees said Christ cast out devil's by Beelzebub, the prince of devil's; and *in effect* so said Wesley and his compeers.

But they confess, and God fulfills his promise. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." The friends of Lazarus had to roll away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre; but it took Jesus to fire up his soul with new life. So Wesley and his coadjutors rolled away the stone, by hearty repentence, and Christ spoke the word that gave new life. Says Wesley, we found God with us at first. Some fell prostrate on the ground, others burst out

with one consent in praise and thanksgiving, and many testified that no such time had been enjoyed since the first of January preceding. God grant that all opposers may come to some Fetter-lane, and be saved from their blasphemy, and experience a similar revival of the pure work of God—a whirlwind of the south, which shall thoroughly purge the threshing floor, and either sanctify the Rev. Dr. Uzzah, or send him to his own place.

Not long since, we had a warm controversy with a minister of high standing in the Methodist Church, who imputed all outward demonstrations of the Spirit to the flesh. To use his own pure language, some brethren and sisters howl like wolves, and squeal like swine; which peculiarities he could not look upon, with any degree of allowance. He insisted that the Holy Ghost never placed a person in an attitude that was not genteel and respectable. Here is a chance for a difference of opinion. Is respectability to be measured in God's half-bushel, or that of a proud and fashionable world? St. Paul says, if we live after the flesh we shall die; if, therefore, the Dr. is correct, these screamers and tumblers may know their awful end. But the apostle further says, that if through the Spirit we mortify the deeds of the flesh, we shall live.

Now we have yet to learn that worldly gentility ever mortified a proud heart, or humbled proud looks and lofty imaginations. Nothing but some debasing providence, some sore and painful trial, will bend the knee of a proud heart. The intention of the Holy Spirit in producing these peculiar exercises, which cause pouting lips among the Pharisees, is to mortify and bring low, human pride. Let the world point the finger of derision, we will, brethren and sisters, take the bitter pill prescribed by our great family physician. It will do us good. It will thoroughly purge us, and fit us for God and his service.

Another objection the Dr. made to screaming, is, that it is not Bible language, as glory, halleluiah, and that it is impossible to understand it. The Dr. it appears, cannot understand a sound, except words are articulated. The trumpet does not articulate, but gives a *certain* sound, and in obedience to its clear, shrill tones, the fiery, deadly onset is made. Let the Dr. go back to the old corn-field, where, when a lad of seventeen, he was hoeing a long row of corn, in dog days, hungry and faint; did he not understand the language of his mother's horn, as he listend to its welcome toot, toot, toot, as well as if it had said John, come to dinner? We imagine he did not com-

plain that the noise was unintelligible, but dropped his hoe, and marched off in double quick time. As well might the country school-master, as he lets out his scholars, prescribe every tone and gesture, as for cold Pharisees to prescribe the manner in which the Spirit should manifest itself, in God's humble children.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE.

Wesley's Views, Continued.

In this chapter, we continue our extracts from the Journal of Mr. Wesley. He is now leaving the never to be forgotten prayer-meeting at Fetter Lane; and now his course is like that of a comet, a stream of fire. We shall be brief in our comments, for the extracts are alive and trumpet-tongued. The little army which he has gathered around him no longer blaspheme, but praise God by platoons. They are now in the land of Beulah—a hilly country to be sure, but with a deep, fertile soil—its valleys well adapted for raising corn, and its slopes and mountains for vineyards. In this country, the inhabitants speak a pure language. The Prince of the country is a free-soiler. Its inhabitants are always in the light, for the sun and moon never go down. It lies between Doubting Castle and the Celestial City. Pilgrims on the road to Zion's city

never purchase anything at Vanity Fair; but as they pass along are heard singing:

> "While to the world I live unknown,
> I all their goods despise;
> I trample on their whole delight,
> And seek a city out of sight —
> A city in the skies."

But we must proceed to the quotations.

"I carefully examined those who had lately cried out in the congregation. Some of these, I found, could give no account at all, how or wherefore they had done so; only that of a sudden they dropped down, they knew not how; and what they afterward said or did, they knew not. Others could just remember, they were in fear; but could not tell what they were in fear of. Several said, they were afraid of the devil; and this was all they knew. But a few gave a more intelligible account of the piercing sense they then had of their sins, both inward and outward, which were set in array against them round about; of the dread they were in of the wrath of God, and the punishment they had deserved, into which they seemed to be just falling, without any way to escape. One of them told me, 'I was as if I was just falling down from the highest place I had ever seen. I thought the devil was pushing me off, and that God had forsaken me.' Another said, 'I felt the very fire of hell already kindled in my breast; and all my body was in as much pain as if I had been in a burning fiery furnace.' What wisdom is that which rebuketh these, that they

'should hold their peace?' Nay, let such a one cry after Jesus of Nazareth, till he saith, 'Thy faith hath made thee whole.'"

Here is a class of convicts, whose awful outcries made it seem as if hell was moving to meet them at their coming,—who acknowledged their damnation would be just. Mr. Wesley carefully examined them, and remarks as to the results of his examination, "What wisdom is that which rebuketh these, that they should hold their peace? Nay, let such a one cry after Jesus of Nazareth, till he sayeth, Thy faith hath made thee whole." Glory to God! Mr. Wesley now endorses what he once repudiated. Horrible groanings, and screamings, are music in his ears; and instead of rebuking, he prays! that the lancet of conviction may be plunged to the hilt, until it finds the bottom of the corruption—that the Holy Ghost may rend the vail, and show poor sinners what a hell of iniquity their own hearts are. No wonder they cry as they come to the very gates of hell. They are like men aroused in the night, to find their dwellings and beds on fire. No Pharisee even would now step in and say, Hold your peace, stop your screaming; indifference at such a time would be thought insanity. We pity the man that dare lay hands upon such convicts—that dare attempt to restrain the cries and abate their convictions.

"In the afternoon God was eminently present with us, though rather to comfort than convince. But I observed a remarkable difference, since I was here before, as to the manner of the work. None now were in trances, none cried out, none fell down or were convulsed: only some trembled exceedingly, a low murmur was heard, and many were refreshed with the multitude of peace.

"The danger *was*, to regard extraordinary circumstances too much, such as outcries, convulsions, visions, trances; as if these were essential to the inward work, so that it could not go on without them. Perhaps the danger *is*, to regard them too little; to condemn them altogether; to imagine they had nothing of God in them, and were a hindrance to his work. Whereas the truth is, 1. God suddenly and strongly convinced many that they were lost sinners; the natural consequence whereof were sudden outcries and strong bodily convulsions: 2. To strengthen and encourage them that believed, and to make his work more apparent, he favored several of them with divine dreams, others with trances and visions: 3. In some of these instances, after a time, nature mixed with grace: 4. Satan likewise mimicked this work of God, in order to discredit the whole work: and yet it is not wise to give up this part, any more than to give up the whole. At first it was, doubtless, wholly from God. It is partly so at this day; and he will enable us to discern how far, in every case, the work is pure, and where it mixes or degenerates.

"Let us even suppose that in some few cases there was a mixture of dissimulation; that persons pretended to see or feel what they did not, and imitated the cries or convulsive motions of those who were really overpowered by the Spirit of God: yet even this should not make us either deny or undervalue the real work of the Spirit."

After the storm, then the calm. How terrible the howling of the storm-king, and how terrible the commotion on the bosom of Genesareth; but when Jesus spake, old Boreas shut down his windows, and there was a great calm. So with the foregoing. The Spirit came like a tornado, ploughing into the very depths of the soul, causing it to cast up its mire and dirt of sin and wickedness. But when Jesus spake, the troubled soul was calm and peaceful. Mr. Wesley's congregation had got into green pastures, and by the side of tranquil waters. What more like heaven than the peace of God? It is like a profound, ever-flowing river. Here the soul

> "Sits and sings,
> And practices her wings."

This is one way God blesses. But remember, these various operations are from the same Spirit. God is in the work, whether it be the gentle zephyr, or the mighty rushing wind. In this quotation, Mr. Wesley very properly warns us of the danger of making a

staff of peculiar exercises. He says the danger was, in that particular instance, to regard extraordinary circumstances too much, such as outcries, convulsions, visions, trances, as if they were essential to the inward work; but, he adds, perhaps the danger *is*, more frequently, to regard them too little, to condemn them altogether, and to imagine that God had nothing to do with them, and that they were a hindrance to the work. The oak overthrown by the wind may be as sound as those which remain standing. Let the skeptic examine its roots, as they stand upturned. They are expansive and strong, and he sees no fault. He stood and saw its branches waving in the wind, and finally come thundering, crashing down. He saw not the hand that had hold of it, but he knew there was an unseen power. Thus the Spirit prostrates the convicted sinner, or humble believer, that skeptical sinners may be convinced of a supernatural power; often for this purpose he uproots the strong oaks, and the tall cedars, on the mountains of his spiritual Lebanon. Doubtless millions in heaven date their conviction to such scenes.

Mr. Wesley remarks that at first the work was wholly from God, but after a while the Devil began to throw out counterfeit bills. He never counterfeits a broken or spurious bank. But spurious bills or coin

will soon be detected by sanctified ears and eyes. But Mr. Wesley does not refuse and despise the good money, because Satan has put spurious money in circulation. He unequivocally endorses trances, visions, etc. And here he has rock to stand upon. It is written, "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men dream dreams." Before closing our remarks upon this extract, we would observe, Mr. Wesley says the first of these were *wholly* from God. Wise men change their minds, but fools, never. He here endorses and acknowledges to be wholly from God, what he formerly regarded from the flesh or the Devil. O Lord! gather all who are in the fog into a Fetter Lane prayer-meeting, and free their worldly-wise and fettered souls. Amen!

"I immediately began reading prayers, and expounding the Second lesson, both in the morning and evening. The morning service began at five, and ended at or before six: the evening service began at seven.

"Now, supposing all the grown persons in the town had been present every morning and evening, would this have made them idle? Would they hereby have had less, or considerably more, time for working?

"10. The same rule I follow now, both at London, Bristol, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne; concluding the service at every place, winter and summer, before six in the morning; and not ordinarily beginning to preach till near seven in the evening.

"Now, do you who make this objection work longer, throughout the year, than from six to six? Do you desire that the generality of people should? or can you count them idle that work so long?

"Some few are indeed accustomed to work longer. These I advise not to come on week-days; and it is apparent that they take this advice, unless on some rare and extraordinary occasion.

"But I hope none of you who turn them out of their employment have the confidence to talk of my making them idle! Do you (as the homely phrase is) cry wh— first? I admire your cunning, but not your modesty.

"So far am I from either causing or encouraging idleness, that an idle person, known to be such, is not suffered to remain in any of our societies; we drive him out, as we would a thief or a murderer. 'To show all possible diligence,' (as well as frugality,) is one of our standing rules; and one, concerning the observance of which we continually make the strictest inquiry.

"11. 'But you drive them out of their senses. You make them mad.' Nay, then they are idle with a vengeance. This objection, therefore, being of the utmost importance, deserves our deepest consideration.

"And First, I grant, it is my earnest desire to drive all the world into what you probably call madness: (I mean, inward religion;) to make them just as mad as Paul when he was so accounted by Festus.

"The counting all things on earth but dung and dross, so we may win Christ; the trampling under

foot all the pleasures of the world; the seeking no treasure but in heaven; the having no desire of the praise of men, a good character, a fair reputation; the being exceeding glad when men revile us, and persecute us, and say all manner of evil against us falsely; the giving God thanks, when our father and mother forsake us, when we have neither food to eat, nor raiment to put on, nor a friend but what shoots out bitter words, nor a place where to lay our head: this is utter distraction in your account; but in God's it is sober, rational religion; the genuine fruit, not of a distempered brain, not of a sickly imagination, but of the power of God in the heart, of victorious love, 'and of a sound mind.'

"12. I grant, Secondly, it is my endeavor to drive all I can into what you may term another species of madness, which is usually preparatory to this, and which I term *repentance* or *conviction*.

"I cannot describe this better than a writer of our own has done. I will therefore transcribe his words:

"'When men feel in themselves the heavy burden of sin, see damnation to be the reward of it, and behold with the eye of their mind the horror of hell; they tremble, they quake, and are inwardly touched with sorrowfulness of heart, and cannot but accuse themselves, and open their grief unto Almighty God, and call unto him for mercy. This being done seriously, their mind is so occupied, partly with sorrow and heaviness, partly with an earnest desire to be delivered from this danger of hell and damnation, that all desire of meat and drink is laid apart, and loathsomeness (or loathing) of all worldly things and pleasure cometh in place. So that nothing then liketh

them, more than to weep, to lament, to mourn, and both with words and behavior of body to show themselves weary of life.'

"Now, what if your wife, or daughter, or acquaintance, after hearing one of these field preachers, should come and tell you, that they saw damnation before them, and beheld with the eye of their mind the horror of hell? What if they should 'tremble and quake,' and be so taken up 'partly with sorrow and heaviness, partly with an earnest desire to be delivered from this danger of hell and damnation, as to weep, to lament, to mourn, and both with words and behavior to show themselves weary of life;' would you scruple to say, that they were stark mad; that these fellows had driven them out of their senses; and that whatever writer it was that talked at this rate, he was fitter for Bedlam than any other place?

"You have overshot yourself now to some purpose. These are the very words of our own Church. You may read them, if you are so inclined, in the first part of the 'Homily on Fasting.' And consequently, what you have peremptorily determined to be mere lunacy and distraction, is that 'repentance unto life,' which, in the judgment both of the Church and of St. Paul, is 'never to be repented of.'

"13. I grant, Thirdly, that extraordinary circumstances have attended this conviction in some instances. A particular account of these I have frequently given. While the word of God was preached, some persons have dropped down as dead; some have been, as it were, in strong convulsions; some roared aloud,

though not with an articulate voice; and others spoke the anguish of their souls.

"This, I suppose, you believe to be perfect madness. But it is easily accounted for, either on principles of reason or Scripture.

"First. On principles of reason. For, how easy is it to suppose, that a strong, lively, and sudden apprehension of the heinousness of sin, the wrath of God, and the bitter pains of eternal death, should affect the body as well as the soul, during the present laws of vital union, should interrupt or disturb the ordinary circulations, and put nature out of its course! Yea, we may question, whether, while this union subsists, it be possible for the mind to be affected, in so violent a degree, without some or other of those bodily symptoms following.

"It is likewise easy to account for these things, on principles of Scripture. For when we take a view of them in this light, we are to add, to the consideration of natural causes, the agency of those spirits who still excel in strength, and, as far as they have leave from God, will not fail to torment whom they cannot destroy; to tear those that are coming to Christ. It is also remarkable, that there is plain Scripture precedent of every symptom which has lately appeared. So that we cannot allow even the conviction attended with these to be madness, without giving up both reason and Scripture.

"14. I grant, Fourthly, that touches of extravagance, bordering on madness, may sometimes attend severe conviction. And this also is easy to be accounted for,

by the present laws of the animal economy. For we know, fear or grief, from a temporal cause, may occasion a fever, and thereby a delirium.

"It is not strange, then, that some, while under strong impressions of grief or fear, from a sense of the wrath of God, should for a season forget almost all things else, and scarce be able to answer a common question; that some should fancy they see the flames of hell, or the devil and his angels, around them; or that others, for a space, should be 'afraid,' like Cain, 'whosoever meeteth me will slay me.' All these, and whatever less common effects may sometimes accompany this conviction, are easily known from the natural distemper of madness, were it only by this one circumstance,—that whenever the person convinced tastes the pardoning love of God, they all vanish away in a moment.

"Lastly. I have seen one instance (I pray God I may see no more such!) of real, lasting madness.

"Two or three years since, I took one with me to Bristol, who was under deep convictions; but of as sound an understanding in all respects, as ever he had been in his life. I went a short journey, and, when I came to Bristol again, found him really distracted. I inquired particularly, at what time and place, and in what manner, this disorder began. And I believe there are at least threescore witnesses alive, and ready to testify what follows: When I went to Bristol, he contracted an acquaintance with some persons, who were not of the same judgment with me. He was soon prejudiced against me: quickly after, when on

society were met together in Kingswood house, he began a vehement invective both against my person and doctrines. In the midst of this, he was struck raving mad. And so he continued till his friends put him into Bedlam; and probably laid his madness too to my charge."

Let all revilers and modern Uzzahs beware how they lay hands on the ark of God, however shaken by the ox-cart, lest they find a Bedlam on earth or in hell. God will not make his faithful embassadors scapegoats for their iniquities.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOURTH.

Wesley's Views Continued.

"Sunday, May 20.—Being with Mr. B——ll at Everton, I was much fatigued and did not rise. But Mr. B. did, and observed several fainting and crying out while Mr. B——e was preaching. Afterward, at church, I heard many cry out, especially children, whose agonies were amazing: one of the eldest, a girl ten or twelve years old, was full in my view, in violent contortions of body, and weeping aloud, I think incessantly during the whole service. And several much younger children were in Mr. B——ll's view, agonizing as this did. The church was equally crowded in the afternoon, the windows being filled within and without, and even the outside of the pulpit to the very top; so that Mr. B——e seemed almost stifled by their breath. Yet feeble and sickly as he is, he was continually strengthened, and his voice for the most part distinguishable, in the midst of all the outcries. I believe there were present three times more men than women, a great part of whom came from

far; thirty of them having set out at two in the morning, from a place thirteen miles off. The text was, 'Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.' When the power of religion began to be spoken of, the presence of God really filled the place. And while poor sinners felt the sentence of death in their souls, what sounds of distress did I hear! The greatest number of them who cried or fell, were men; but some women, and several children, felt the power of the same almighty Spirit, and seemed just sinking into hell. This occasioned a mixture of various sounds; some shrieking, some roaring aloud. The most general was a loud breathing like people half strangled and gasping for life. And indeed almost all the cries were like those of human creatures dying in bitter anguish. Great numbers wept without any noise; others fell down as dead; some sinking in silence; some with extreme noise and violent agitation. I stood on the pew seat, as did a young man in the opposite pew, an able-bodied, fresh, healthy countryman. But in a moment, while he seemed to think of nothing less, down he dropped, with a violence inconceivable. The adjoining pews seemed shook with his fall. I heard afterwards the stamping of his feet, ready to break the boards, as he lay in strong convulsions, at the bottom of the pew. Among several that were struck down in the next pew, was a girl who was as violently seized as him. When he fell, B——ll and I felt our souls thrilled with a momentary dread; as when one man is killed by a cannon ball, another often feels the wind of it.

"Among the children who felt the arrows of the Almighty, I saw a sturdy boy, about eight years old, who roared above his fellows, and seemed in his agony to struggle with the strength of a grown man. His face was red as scarlet; and almost all on whom God laid his hand, turned either very red, or almost black. When I returned, after a little walk, to Mr. B——e's house, I found it full of people. He was fatigued, but said he would nevertheless give them a word of exhortation. I stayed in the next room, and saw the girl whom I had observed so particularly distressed in the church, lying on the floor as one dead; but without any ghastliness in her face. In a few minutes we were informed of a woman filled with peace and joy, who was crying out just before. She had come thirteen miles, and is the same person who dreamed Mr. B—— would come to her village on that very day whereon he did come, though without either knowing the place or the way to it. She was convinced at that time. Just as we heard of her deliverance, the girl on the floor began to stir. She was then set in a chair; and, after sighing a while, suddenly rose up, rejoicing in God. Her face was covered with the most beautiful smile I ever saw. She frequently fell on her knees, but was generally running to and fro, speaking these and the like words 'O what can Jesus do for lost sinners! He has forgiven all my sins! I am in heaven! O how he loves me! And how I love him!' Meantime I saw a thin, pale girl, weeping with sorrow for herself and joy for her companion. Quickly the smiles of Heaven came

likewise on her, and her praises joined with those of the other. I also then laughed with extreme joy; so did Mr. B——ll; (who said it was more than he could well bear;) so did all who knew the Lord, and some of those who were waiting for salvation; till the cries of them who were struck with the arrows of conviction, were almost lost in the sounds of joy.

"Two or three well-dressed young women, who seemed careless before, now felt the power of God, and cried out with a loud and bitter cry. Mr. B—— about this time retired, and the Duke of M——, with Mr. A——ll, came in. They seemed inclined to make a disturbance, but were restrained, and in a short time quietly retired. We continued praising God with all our might; and his work went on as when Mr. B—— was exhorting. I had for some time observed a young woman all in tears; but now her countenance changed. The unspeakable joy appeared in her face, which quick as lightning was filled with smiles, and became of a crimson color. About the same time John Keeling, of Potton, fell into an agony; but he grew calm in about a quarter of an hour, though without a clear sense of pardon.

"Immediately after, a stranger, well dressed, who stood facing me, fell backward to the wall; then forward on his knees, wringing his hands, and roaring like a bull. His face at first turned quite red, then almost black. He rose, and ran against the wall, till Mr. Keeling and another held him. He screamed out, 'O what shall I do, what shall I do? O for one drop of the blood of Christ!' As he spoke, God set

his soul at liberty; he knew his sins were blotted out; and the rapture he was in seemed too great for human nature to bear. He had come forty miles to hear Mr. B——, and was to leave him the next morning; which he did with a glad heart, telling all who came in his way, what God had done for his soul. I observed about the time that Mr. Coe (that was his name) began to rejoice, a girl, eleven or twelve years old, exceeding poorly dressed, who appeared to be as deeply wounded, and as desirous of salvation, as any. But I lost sight of her, till I heard the joyful sound of another born in Sion; and found, upon inquiry, it was her, the poor, disconsolate, gypsey-looking child. And now did I see such a sight, as I do not expect again on this side eternity. The faces of the three justified children, and I think of all the believers present, did really shine: and such a beauty, such a look of extreme happiness, and at the same time of divine love and simplicity, did I never see in human faces until now. The newly justified eagerly embraced one another, weeping on each other's necks for joy. Then they saluted all of their own sex, and besought both men and women to help them in praising God.

"I have mentioned only one man, two women, and three children at this time justified in the house, but we have, perhaps, omitted some. And it is probable there was more than one justified at the church, though but one came to speak of it; for all are not equally free to glorify God in the midst of his people. I wish all who find the same salvation with Mr. Coe, were as ready to proclaim redeeming love!"

A strange yet glorious scene! The preacher is not disturbed by the various sounds that mingle and fill the air. He is strengthened as praise ascends from hundreds of voices like the curling smoke from the golden censor. Take heed, says Jesus, that you offend not one of these little ones that believe in me. While the preacher was talking about the mere form of religion, the mere shell, no fire fell; but when he began to proclaim the power of God, then the quiver of the Almighty was shaken over these stout, athletic men, and out flew the arrows like forked lightning from the cloud that rested on the brow of Sinai. Like Moses, they feared and quaked, until a gentle voice from Mount Calvary fell upon their ear, saying look upon me and be ye saved. Amid the roar of the spiritual cannon, mingled with the screams of the wounded and dying, the two generals stood, listening to the whistling bullets, and witnessing the death of the old Adam in many hearts. It was an awful but glorious spot. Terror and glory in their extremes!

"Christ wants no cowards in his band
Who will their colors fly;
He calls for valiant hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die."

Behold what changes are here wrought. We see, not death, paleness, strugglings like those of a maniac

trying to leap through the walls of his prison; but faces gleaming with celestial radiance, leaping and dancing for joy, shouts of victory and praise. All classes are here. Old and young, wise and simple, upper-ten and ragged gipsey, all unite to praise and glorify God. All are brought by the gospel to a water level. Behold the young converts. But a few hours before, they were grievously tormented by the departing devil, but now they are embracing each other, and calling on all to help praise God. Glory to God! Let the echo fly! They did not wait for an introduction to one another, according to a French dancing master's etiquette. They were like little children, embracing and loving each other.

But let us look after the two preachers. How does it effect their dignity? especially brother Wesley? Both of them were ready to split their sides with laughter. Their laughter was extreme, so great was their joy. In modern phrase it must have been a horse laugh. It is very likely Mr. Wesley, as he married one of Saul's daughters, took a gentle curtain lecture after he got home, as did his predecessor, King David, for dancing before the ark; but both had rock to stand upon and were not moved. It is written, I will turn back their captivity and fill their mouth with laughter. Again, praise him in the dance.

Never shall we forget how the laughing of the saints grated on our ears before we were converted; but our captivity was turned back, our burden removed, and our mouth was filled with loud laughter, while lying on our bed in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, sixteen years ago, the tenth of August, about one o'clock in the morning; so loud that a slumbering encampment was aroused, and the saints gathered around the tent door to join their voices in praise to the God of our salvation. It was probably ten minutes before we could articulate; then the word glory rolled out like hot bomb-shells from a mortar, exploded in the camp, and set all on fire. Next morning I was told by a sister that her aunt, a sober sided Presbyterian, exclaimed, as she heard our laughter:—Poor Captain Henry! He has become a maniac. His deep sorrow has finally dethroned his reason. I replied, as the sister related this, that I had lost my old carnal mind, and had received the mind which was in Jesus. This brought forth another volley of laughter from the depths of our soul; and hundreds of times, like Mr. Wesley and his friend, we have been so filled, as the tide of glory rolled in, that we could do nothing else but laugh. The sight of gibbets, racks, and flaming martyr's fires could not have stopped us. Amen! Halleluiah!

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTH.

Wesley's Views Continued.

"Query 1. Whether a due and regular attendance on the public offices of religion, paid in a serious and composed way, by good (that is, well meaning) men, does not answer the true ends of devotion.

Answer. I suppose, by devotion, you mean public worship; by the true ends of it, the love of God and man; and by a due and regular attendance on the public offices of religion, paid in a serious and composed way, the going as often as we have opportunity to our parish church, and to the sacrament there administered. If so, the question is, whether this attendance on those offices does not produce the love of God and man. I answer, sometimes it does; and sometimes it does not. I myself thus attended them for many years; and yet am conscious to myself that during that whole time I had no more of the love of God than a stone. And I know many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of serious persons, who are ready to testify the same thing.

Q. 2. But is not this a better evidence of the co-operation of the Holy Spirit, than those sudden agonies?

A. All these persons, as well as I, can testify also, that this is no evidence at all of the co-operation of the Holy Spirit. For some years I attended these public offices, because I would not be punished for non-attendance. And many of these attended them, because their parents did before them, or because they would not lose their character: many more, because they confounded the means with the end, and fancied this *opus operatum* [mere performance] would bring them to heaven. How many thousands are now under this strong delusion! Beware, you bring not their blood on your own head!

Q. 3. However, does not this attendance better answer those ends, than those roarings, screamings, &c?

A. I suppose you mean, better than an attendance on that preaching, which has often been accompanied with these.

I answer, (1.) There is no manner of need to set the one in opposition to the other; seeing we continually exhort all who attend on our preaching to attend the offices of the Church. And they do pay a more regular attendance there than ever they did before. (2.) Their attending the Church did not, in fact, answer those ends at all till they attended this preaching also. (3.) It is the preaching of remission of sins through Jesus Christ, which alone answers the true ends of devotion. And this will always be accompanied with the co-operation of the Holy Spirit; though not al-

ways with sudden agonies, roarings, screamings, tremblings, or droppings down. Indeed, if God is pleased at any time to permit any of these, I cannot hinder it. Neither can this hinder the work of his Spirit in the soul; which may be carried on either with or without them. But, (4.) I cannot apprehend it to be any reasonable proof, that "this is not the work of God," that a convinced sinner should "fall into an extreme agony, both of body and soul;" (*Journal* iii, p. 26;) that another should "roar for the disquietness of her heart;" (p. 40;) that others should scream or "cry with a loud and bitter cry, 'what must we do to be saved?'" (p. 50;) that others should "exceedingly tremble and quake;" (p. 58;) and others, in a deep sense of the majesty of God, "should fall prostrate upon the ground." (p. 59.)

Indeed, by picking out one single word from a sentence, and then putting together what you had gleaned in sixty or seventy pages, you have drawn a terrible group for them who look no further than those two lines in the "Observations." But the bare addition of half a line to each word, just as it stands in the place from which you quoted it, reconciles all both to Scripture and reason; and the spectre form vanishes away."—Vol. v, p. 45–46.

An important question is here decided. What nails the thing to the counter is, that Mr. Wesley brings in his own experience. If salvation could have been by works, he no doubt would have received it. He was probably as moral a young man as the young man in

the Gospel, to whom the Savior said, one thing thou lackest. Highly educated and polished, he mounted the pulpit with perriwig and silk gown, and read prayers well fixed up by the printer, and then read his foolscap from firstly to lastly, and dreamed of heaven. Terrible thought. All this was done with a heart as destitute as a stone of true, flaming love. If one class more than another will be terror-stricken in the judgment, it will be those whose hopes have been raised as high as heaven, but who must be thrust down to hell. Like the poisonous vine they twined around the sturdy oak, and rested on its strong branches, without partaking of its life-giving sap. Dead professors sleep in the arms of the church without partaking of the true life of Christ. Had Mr. Wesley fallen by the hand of death at this period, he would have been eulogized in his funeral sermon, as one of the tallest saints of earth; but his home, according to his own views, would have been in hell. O Lord, arouse the sleeping virgins before the Bridegroom cometh. The world's perfection is made up of three things: do no harm to your neighbors, do them all the good you can, and join the church, and pay, pray, preach and commune. If any man can discover with a microscope one thread of fine linen or the righteousness of Christ in this kind of piety, he will be entitled to a

patent as the first discoverer of a way of getting to heaven on the second table of the law, while neglect the first great commandment.

Another point in this extract is, that outward demonstrations are not essential to salvation; that God can save in a calm as well as in a storm. Yet, adds Mr. Wesley, if he pleases to let fly the tornado as in the day of Pentecost, I cannot help it. He speaks from experience. Perhaps none were more strongly opposed than he to these manifestations, at first. But the Fetter Lane prayer meeting settled that matter between him and God. After that time he did not spend his time in laying blocks in the way of the old Gospel engine; on the contrary, he raised his warning voice against all ministers and laymen who dared to raise their voices against these things. Palsied will be the arm that opposes God, or quenches the Spirit. We venture to say that there are thousands in and out of our Zion who had rather run the risk of perdition than be exercised as your humble author has frequently been; and there are many professors who will do more to put down such things, than to check sin and save souls. May God have mercy on them. Amen! With this volume we shake the dust off our feet as a warning to them.

We have now followed Mr. Wesley farther than is re-

ally necessary. We have seen eye to eye; and we have the prophets and apostles to endorse us, and also the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls. We therefore after noticing in another chapter certain misrepresentations of Mr. Wesley's views, pass along our contemplated journey. We will conclude this chapter by quoting a few lines from page 502, vol. 7, where he sums up the whole matter and dismisses it.

"Upon the whole, I declare once for all, (and I hope to be troubled no more upon the subject,) I look upon some of those bodily symptoms to have been preternatural or diabolical, and others to have been effects which in some circumstances naturally followed from strong and sudden emotions of mind. Those emotions of mind, whether of fear, sorrow, or joy, I believe were chiefly supernatural, springing from the gracious influences of the Spirit of God which accompanied his word."

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

Misrepresentations of Wesley.

A few months ago, there appeared in the Northern Independent a long string of quotations from the works of John Wesley, said to have been selected by a Universalist, which appear to condemn everything like shouting, falling, etc. Very soon after, there appeared, in the same paper, over the signature of Rev. D. W. Thurston, Presiding Elder of Cortland District, Oneida Conference, another list of quotations, which strongly approve what in the first quotations seems to be disapproved. The quotations *seem* as unlike as sin and holiness. John Wesley his own bitterest antagonist! We cannot pass from the consideration of Mr. Wesley's views, without noticing these misrepresentations, which have been so extensively read throughout the country. We shall endeavor to say no harder things about this Universalist than he deserves.

The first two quotations of our Universalist friend, are as follows:

"I told George Bell what I did not admire, namely, his screaming now and then in so strange a manner." Vol. iv, p. 142.

"I had a second opportunity to hear. Saw no cause to hinder him. I heard George Bell once more, and was convinced he must not pray at the Foundry. The reproach of Christ I am willing to bear, but not the reproach of enthusiasm, if I can help it."—p. 143.

These extracts are garbled, and fail to give Mr. Wesley's meaning. He *seems* here to condemn all screaming, and to brand as enthusiasm everything of the kind. But such is *not* the case. We will quote Mr. Wesley's own words.

"Being determined to hear for myself, I stood where I could hear and see, without being seen. George Bell prayed, in the whole, pretty near an hour. His fervour of spirit I could not but admire. I afterward told him what I did not admire; namely, 1. His screaming every now and then, in so strange a manner, that one sould scarce tell what he said: 2. His thinking he had the miraculous discernment of spirits: and, 3. His sharply condemning his opposers."—Vol. iv, p. 142.

The second quotation is garbled worse than the first. We have not space to quote largely. It will be enough to say that it is composed of four senten-

ces, which are selected from three-fourths of a closely printed page of a large octavo volume, and are ingeniously put together to serve the compiler's purpose. It is nearly as bad as a *false* quotation.

It might appear at first sight that Mr. Wesley does condemn all screaming. But remember whom he condemns. By reference to page 140 and 141 we have the character of the condemned at length. George Bell and others had fallen into the most enthusiastic doctrines. They supposed a person might become as perfect as an angel; might become absolutely perfect; be infallible, and above temptation. They depreciated justification. They taught that persons sanctified need no longer look to Jesus, and had no need of self-examination and private prayer. And their deportment in many respects was as scandalous as their views. They were filled with pride, were wanting in meekness, were impatient of contradiction, and were censorious. If these were their views, and if such was their deportment, it was correct in Wesley to conclude that they had mistaken the work of the imagination for the voice of the Spirit, and were diseased with enthusiasm of a malignant type. The errors of George Bell, and the defects in his character, gave character to his religious exercises; and Wesley, always quick to detect the counterfeit, at once pronounced against them. The propriety of our in-

terpretation will be seen when it is remembered that elsewhere he condemns not the screams, but those who opposed and derided them. Remember, reader, the extended extracts in former chapters.

The third quotation, from p. 151, is as follows:

"The wildness of our poor brethren in London has put it (Christian Perfection) out of countenance above two hundred miles off; so these strange advocates for perfection have given it a deeper wound than all its enemies together could do!

No wonder that Christian Perfection was disgraced, when George Bell, Tho's Maxfield, and their associates, were regarded as its representatives.

The next quotation is from p. 157:

"The bodies of two or three, sometimes ten or twelve, are violently agitated; and they leap up and down, in all manner of postures, frequently for hours together. I think there needs no great penetration to understand this. They are honest, upright men, who really feel the love of God in their hearts. But they have little experience, either of the ways of God, or the devices of Satan. So he serves himself of their simplicity, in order to wear them out, and to bring a discredit on the work of God."

This, as the connection shows, refers to the Welsh Jumpers. Our next chapter will give an account of them; we will therefore pass them with a single remark. We think Mr. Wesley in error. His judg-

ment is safe respecting what passes under his own observation; but in regard to the work in Wales, we prefer the testimony of persons on the ground.

Again our friend garbles:

"The work was greater and more pure in Dublin than in London, because there were no *whimsical or enthusiastical persons;* all were calm and sober-minded."—p. 132.

There will be no need of a comment, after giving the words of Mr. Wesley. What shall we say of a man who quotes thus?

"In some respects the work of God in this place was more remarkable than even that in London.—1. It is far greater, in proportion to the time, and to the number of people. That society had above seven-and-twenty hundred members; this not a fifth part of the number. Six months after the flame broke out there, we had about thirty witnesses of the great salvation. In Dublin there were above forty in less than four months. 2. The work was more pure. In all this time, while they were mildly and tenderly treated, there were none of them headstrong or unadvisable; none that were wiser than their teachers; none who dreamed of being immortal or infallible, or incapable of temptation; in short, no whimsical or enthusiastic persons; all were calm and sober-minded."—Vol. iv, p. 132.

Next extract from Vol. iv, p. 631:

"Satan strives to push many of them to extrava-

gance. This appears in several instances:—1. Frequently three or four, yea, ten or twelve, pray aloud all together. 2. Some of them, perhaps many, scream all together as loud as they possibly can. 3. Some of them use improper, yea, indecent, expressions in prayer. 4. Several drop down as dead; and are as stiff as a corpse; but in a while they start up, and cry, "Glory! glory! perhaps twenty times together. Just so do the French prophets, and very lately the Jumpers in Wales bring the real work into contempt."

His reference to the Welsh Jumpers we dispose of as above. The French prophets will be referred to in a subsequent chapter, and hence passed by for the present. Our concern is not so much to justify the jumpers and prophets, as peculiar exercises in general. This passage *seems* to go against *all* extraordinary manifestations. Really it does not. "While they are full of love, Satan strives to push many of them into extravagance." Not at all strange. He would do this, 1. by leading them to value these extraordinary manifestations too highly, and 2. thus leading them to strive for them as an *end*, rather than be content, with or without them, if true holiness only is obtained. 3. This would occasion a resort to them as a *means* of obtaining God's blessing, in which case they are man-made. The devil would be very glad to get all into *this* extravagance. He has an inveterate dislike of the true coin, and delights to steal it away and

substitute the bogus. We condemn *such* extravagance, and we believe this is what Mr. Wesley condemns. It is seeking salvation by works. It is a mistaken idea that loud prayers, etc., secure the blessing. The true process: 1. simple faith in Jesus; 2. the baptism of fire; 3. then the loud halleluiahs, etc. That this is precisely Mr. Wesley's view we might show by many quotations; we refer only to one: "The danger *was* (in that particular instance,) to regard extraordinary circumstances too much, such as outcries, convulsions, visions, trances; as if these were essential to the inward work, so that it could not go on without them. Perhaps the danger *is* (more frequently) to regard them too little; to condemn them altogether; to imagine they had nothing of God in them, and were a hindrance to his work."

Again our garbler:

"Scream no more, at the peril of your soul. God now warns you by me. I never scream, I never strain myself; I dare not; I know it would be a sin against God and my own soul!"—Vol. vii, p. 13.

Here is a collection of sentences gleaned and arranged to suit the demand, and so nicely separated from everything that fixes the real meaning of Wesley, that the purpose of the compiler is met. It shows one thing that he did not probably intend to have understood, and that is, that he is either reckless in re-

gard to truth, or possesses no more than his share of sense. The letter was written to Mr. John King, a preacher in America. It does not refer at all to the exercises of worshippers, but refers to loud, vehement preaching. He means to say that a person cannot kill himself without periling his soul; and refers to Tho's Walsh and John Manners, who were in "grievous darkness before they died, because they shortened their lives."

"Some very unstill sisters, who always took care to stand near me, and tried who could cry loudest, since I have had them removed out of my sight, have been as quiet as lambs. The first night I preached here, half my words were lost through the noise of their outcries; last night, before I began, I gave public notice that whosoever cried so as to drown my voice, should, without any man's hurting or judging them, be gently carried to the farthest corner of the room; but my porters had no employment the whole night."—Whitehead's Life of Wesley, p. 152.

We can scarcely restrain our indignation while reading these extracts. Charles Wesley—these are his words,—abhorred counterfeits; and so do we. Previous to the words above quoted there is an account of the detection of counterfeits. These sisters were such, or were regarded as such, and very properly restrained. But we are speaking of John Wesley's views and will dwell no longer on this quotation.

"Speaking of bodily emotions of various kinds, Wesley says; 'I always ascribe these symptoms to Satan tearing them.' "—Vol. 7, p. 501.

These words are taken from a letter to a Dr. Rutherforth, which contains this paragraph which we here quote, although quoted in a former chapter:

"Upon the whole, I declare once for all, (and I hope to be troubled no more upon the subject.) I look upon some of those bodily symptoms to have been preternatural or diabolical, and others to have been effects which in some circumstances naturally followed from strong and sudden emotions of mind. Those emotions of mind, whether of fear, sorrow, or joy, I believe were chiefly supernatural, springing from the gracious influences of the Spirit of God which accompanied his word."—Vol. vii, p. 502.

Now, reader, what do you think of a man who can thus misrepresent an author? and what do you think of a doctrine that requires such misrepresentation to sustain it?

"There is a fervor which has passed for devotion, but it is not true nor Scriptural devotion. It is 'loud shouting, horrid, unnatural screaming, repeating the same words twenty or thirty times, jumping two or three feet high, throwing about the arms and legs, both of men and women, in a manner shocking not only to religion, but to common decency.' "—Vol. ii, p. 444.

The quotation fails to show the precise intention of

the author; but our Universalist friend has done very well this time. The extract shows Mr. Wesley's abhorrence of everything hypocritical; how jealous he was of every departure from simple faith. He would not have christians act like priests of Baal on Mount Carmel, in order to get the fire; but like Elijah, whose faith in his God brought the fire down which consumed the sacrifice. But when the fire falls, what then? Would he have us cold as statues? restrain us from any demonstration of joy? He would not, as the extracts in former chapters show.

The last quotation:

"I dislike, 1. The speaking or praying of several at once. 2. Praying to the Son of God only, or more than to the Father. 3. The using improper expressions in prayer. 4. The using poor, flat, bald hymns. 5. Those never kneeling in prayer. (They sat on the floor.) 6. Your using postures or gestures highly indecent. 7. Your screaming, even so as to make the words unintelligible. 8. Your affirming people will be justified or sanctified just now. 9. The affirming they are what they are not. 10. The bidding them say, 'I believe.' 11. The bitterly condemning any that oppose, calling them wolves, etc., and pronouncing them hypocrites, or not justified!"—Wesley's letter to Messrs. Maxfield, Bell, and Owen, vol. iv, p. 140.

This is leveled against George Bell, Tho's Maxfield, and others, to whom we have already referred. We

will take up the items in this paragraph and give a brief comment on each:

1. "The speaking or praying of several at once." Mr. Wesley's words are, "the singing, or speaking, or praying of several at once." Our friend, the garbler had to skip a little. Does Mr. Wesley condemn many singing together at the same time? He certainly does, if he condemns the offering of many prayers at the same time. We must not make Mr. Wesley a fool. His extreme brevity renders him obscure; but he probably condemns singing, speaking, and praying all at once. Many a time has he heard, only to commend, hundreds of saints and sinners praying at the same moment.

2. "Praying to the Son of God only, or more than to the Father." True. We may pray to the Son; but in general we should pray to the Father in the Son's name.

3. "The using improper expressions in prayer." Our garbler leaves out the words, "sometimes too bold, if not irreverent; sometimes too pompous and magnificent, extolling yourselves rather than God, and telling what you are, not what you want." Our friend takes especial care that Mr. Wesley's *real* meaning is kept in the dark; he does not care to have us know precisely who and what he disapproves.

4. "The using poor, flat, and bald hymns." In our view no hymn is poor, flat, and bald, that stirs and blesses the soul. Mr. Wesley was a greater stickler for choice poetry—poetry approved by the critical and cultivated tastes, than we are.

5. "Those never kneeling in prayer (they sat on the floor)." Mr. Wesley only says, "the never kneeling in prayer." Our friend can add to, as well as subtract from, when necessary to his purpose. We believe in kneeling, and therefore entirely agree with Mr. Wesley.

6. "Your using postures or gestures highly indecent." All right. But before our friend makes anything out of it he will have to give specifications.

7. "Your screaming even so as to make the words unintelligible." The peculiarities of George Bell, here denounced, we cannot fully know; but that Mr. Wesley condemns all outcries, or screams, is not true. In another place he says, in reference to outcries in the congregation, "what wisdom is that which rebuketh these, that they 'should hold their peace'?"

8. "Your affirming people will be justified or sanctified just now." George Bell and his confederates were not sound in doctrine. But our friend wishes to make Mr. Wesley *here* condemn what he *elsewhere* teaches. He does not oppose here the faith which

says, Lord, I believe. In a letter written two years after the words were penned upon which we are commenting, he speaks thus: "What is time necessary for? It must be either to do or to suffer. Whereas, if nothing be required but simple faith, a moment is as good as an age."—Vol. 7, p. 14.

9. "The affirming they are what they are not." Those who do it are either deceived or hypocrites. There were some of both among those whom Wesley condemns.

10. "The bidding them say 'I believe,'" before they are prepared for it. Faith has its conditions. These conditions met, Mr. Wesley and the Savior encourage to 'believe that we receive.'

11. "The bitterly condemning any that oppose, calling them wolves, &c., and pronouncing them hypocrites or not justified." To rebuke sin is a duty. Read Wesley's sermon on *The Duty of reproving our Neighbor.* But censoriousness, that is, rebuking or condemning in a bitter, unloving spirit, is wrong.

What now is the conclusion of the whole matter? We answer:

1. Wesley countenances all *genuine* spiritual demonstrations, however extraordinary, such as prostrations, cries of terror, and shouts of praise, and con-

demns all who oppose and ridicule them. We believe we have given the evidence in these pages.

2. He was quick to detect and severe to condemn the counterfeits of Satan and weak persons.

3. That in the warmth of his zeal against the false, he sometimes expresses himself in a manner which *seems* to disparage the true. In a *few instances* we think he wrongfully condemns; but on the main question we believe him right.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVENTH.

Welsh Jumping.

After bidding farewell to Rev. John Wesley, permit us to introduce the Rev. Christmas Evans, a Calvinistic Baptist, who figured in Wales about forty or fifty years ago. He was to the Baptists in Wales what Wesley was to the Methodists. He was blessed with one more eye than the author of this work. In a two-fold sense he might be said to have a single eye—one single natural eye, and an eye single to the glory of God. His thoughts found in his sermons, and extracts from his other writings, are like sparks that fly from the anvil. They are light and heat to the souls of men.

But we must hasten on; our limits will only permit us to make him a Paul Pry call.

It is said that at one time Mr. Evans was conversing with a group of English ministers concerning the

lesser and greater lights in the Gospel ministry when he was rallied with the combustible nature of his Welsh brethren. True, said Mr. Evans, while an Englishman is lighting his pipe, a Welshman will set the world on fire; assigning as a reason, their superior spirituality and eloquence. The nettled Englishman then accused him of being a Welsh Jumper. Yes, he replied, you would jump, too, if you had such preaching as we have—preaching that makes every precious promise a telescope which brings the glittering crown of righteousness so near that you could touch it.

We now give an extract which contains Mr. Evans' views on

WELSH JUMPING.

"In the autumn of 1829, Mr. Evans wrote in his diary extensive notes of a conversation which he had with several ministers in Bristol, on 'the manner of religious rejoicing so remarkable among the Welsh.' His friends condemned it in a sweeping sentence, under the name of 'Welsh jumping.' Mr. Evans attempted its vindication. We insert his own account:

"I observed that I could find no account of it among the Welsh until the time of Harris and Rowlands, Calvinistic Methodists, who flourished in Wales about the same time as Whitefield and Wesley in England. The preaching of these men was the means of producing a religious revival throughout all the

principality, which had sunk into a state of deep lethargy, since the time of the great awakening under Vavasor Powell, about one hundred years before. At this period nothing was to be seen in almost every parish but young men and young women flocking together into the churches and church-yards, and engaging in different gambols and pastimes, such as ball-playing, foot-ball, leaping, fighting, and such like frolics, as if Wales had been changed into an Olympic mountain, and old paganism restored again. It is true, there were some preachers and churches, both Congregationalist and Baptist, then existing in the principality; but their talents, their spirits, or their magnanimity could not storm such a fortress of impiety. And, besides, there was a dreadful prejudice still remaining in the country against all sects, since the days of Charles II.; and they suffered persecution even unto blood, for about one hundred years previous to the appearing of these men. But from the ashes of those sufferers the revival by Harris and Rowlands sprung up, as did Luther from the ashes of Huss and Jerome of Prague.

"Mr. Rowlands and Mr. Harris were both of the communion of the Episcopal church, and, as such, there was not so much enmity against them at first; but after they had come out, and when the people understood that they were preachers of the cross of Christ, considerable persecution arose against them from the multitude; but it was now too late—for the gates of the city were opened—the leaven was put in

the meal—the fire had been kindled—the sword was drawn from the scabbard, and many had been wounded, (spiritually,) and were ready to open the door for the gospel in spite of every danger. Harris, Rowlands, and the two Williams, had been clothed with power from on high, and the hammer of their ministry was sufficiently heavy to break in pieces the northern iron.* Several laymen of powerful minds were also raised up about this time; such as Mr. David Morris, and others, who were valuable auxiliaries to carry on the work. By their ministry, this praising and jumping in religious enjoyment began in Wales, which has not wholly left it on certain occasions until this day.

"As an apology for them, granting at the same time the possibility of extremes even in a good cause in the present state; and that graceless persons may feel something from these excitements as of the powers of the world to come, in the miraculous gifts of the Holy Ghost in the apostolic age; observe,

"1. That it appears to me like the residue of the Spirit, and the powers of the world to come; which were necessary to open a way for the gospel through the darkness and obduracy of paganism in the days of the Apostles.

"2. It is no argument of importance against it, that many graceless persons felt a considerable degree of influence at the time, as well as others; for so it was in the case of Saul, king of Israel, and some besides named in Scripture.

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*Jer. xv. 12.

"3. There is no essential difference between religious enjoyment in Wales and that which is now experienced in America; and that which accompanied the preaching of Whitefield in England, and even in Scotland; and that which also followed the ministry of President Edwards, in America, when whole towns and neighborhoods echoed with the sounds of persons praying and praising God, as if a bursting cloud-shower of the Spirit of grace and prayer had descended upon them. Persons under the ministry of Whitefield wept, cried for mercy, and even fainted by the power of this influence.

"4. And such gracious influences are necessary for the spread of the Gospel in every country, and in every land: and therefore the Millennium is described in the Bible as a period remarkable for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost--'that a nation shall be born at once,'*--and 'the flowing of the nations shall be to the mountain of the Lord's house.'† It is this influence that has driven, as it were, the Gospel into every nook of the mountains of Wales, as well as into its cities, towns and villages; while in England, with all the advantages of education, the gospel, in a manner, is hid in a corner; and it has not run through the country, and searched out, and taken possession of all the inland parts of that spiritual Africa, and that for the want of these gales of divine influence, the powers peculiar to the Gospel: and it can never be spread through every part of England as it is in Wales with-

* Isaiah lxvi. 8. † Isaiah ii. 3.

out these gifts. Common preaching will not do to rouse sluggish districts from the heavy slumbers into which they are sunk. Indeed, formal prayers and lifeless sermons are like bulwarks raised against these things in England; and this evil genius has also entered the principality under the pretence of order. Five or six stanzas will be sung as dry as Gilboa, instead of one or two verses, like a new song, full of God, of Christ, and the Spirit of grace, until the heart is attuned for worship. The burying-grounds are kept in fine order in Glamorganshire, and green shrubs and herbs grow on the graves, but all this is of little value, for the inhabitants of them are all dead —so is every form of godliness where its power is not felt. Order without life is exceedingly worthless. You exhibit all the character of human nature, leaving every bud of the flower to open in the beams of the sun, except in divine worship. On other occasions you appear to have as much fire in your affections as the Welsh have. If you are noticed in a court of law, the most efficient advocate, such as Erskine, will give you the greatest satisfaction; but you are contented with a preacher, speaking so lifelessly and so low that you can hardly understand the third part of what he says; and you will call this decency in the sanctuary. To-morrow, I shall see you answering fully to the human character, in your own actions. When the speakers on the platform will be urging the claims of missions, you will then beat the boards, and manifest so much life and cheerfulness, that not one of you will be seen to take up a note-book, nor

any other book, while the speaker shall be addressing you. A Welshman might suppose, by hearing your noise, that he had been silently conveyed to the midst of one of the meetings of the 'Welsh jumpers,' with this difference, that you would perceive many more tears shed, and hear more 'calves of the lips'* offered up, in the rejoicing meetings of Wales. But you will use your heels well on such occasions, and a little of your tongues. But even in Wales, in certain places—that is, places where the fervent gales are not enjoyed which fill persons with fear and terror and joy in approaching the altar of God—you may see, while hearing a sermon, one looking into his hymn-book, another into his note-book, and a third turning over the leaves of his Bible, as if he were going to study a sermon in the sanctuary, instead of attending to what is spoken by the preacher as the mouth of God. If there is joy and gladness pertaining to many, the light of God's countenance in the sanctuary should develop it; until a fire is kindled, and he speak with his tongue, making melody unto the Lord in his heart, and praising Him with his lips.

"5. It is vain to urge objections against these powerful gales of divine influence, and allege that it is under the ministry of the illiterate preachers of Wales only they are experienced. Harris, Rowlands, and the two Williamses were not so, for they had been brought up for the established church. Whitefield and Edwards were men of education, and they preach-

*Hos. xiv. 2.

ed the doctrine which in England is considered evangelical.

"6. It is also beside the point to affirm that only persons of no weight, that is, ignorant boys and girls, are in the habit of thus rejoicing and praising God in his temple; for it is certain that those who express their joy in this manner possess so much sound experimental knowledge, as to make them eminent in that respect. I have listened to many of them in the midst of their enjoyment, and have often been delighted while they repeated true, evangelical, and substantial stanzas, replete with profound sentiment: for in such seasons, they could find out the very best, which made impressions on their memories; and these rapturous feelings developed them, as if the tongue were moved by the heat and force of the fire within. And many other things of an evangelical and gracious character they will utter on these joyful occasions, with such heavenly eloquence as would be inimitable, and impracticable even for themselves to utter with the same effect, without enjoying these meltings of spirit. This enjoyment is accompanied by many tears and much tenderness of heart: nor are persons of a dry spirit and hard heart ever regarded as fit subjects for this work of praise, in these blessed seasons of Christian enjoyment. It does not accord with any, but with him whose heart melts like wax, and runs in the form and mould of the Gospel.

"7. There is no way in which churches or particular persons may enjoy this heavenly ecstacy, but by walking with God, and a spirit of watchfulness and

prayer, which shows its pure and holy character. It awakens watchfulness against all evil tempers, improper expressions, and wicked actions, lest the sense of it should be lost. Such a frame of mind cannot be expected by living in sin. These individuals come to the house of God with an earnest desire for this enjoyment, and dreading lest there should be a something in them which would cause God to deny them this unspeakable privilege. It is an exceedingly easy matter for a minister to manage a congregation, while Christian enjoyment keeps them near to God. They are diligent and zealous, and ready for every good work. But it is very easy to offend this joyous spirit —or give it what name you please, enthusiasm, religious madness, or Welsh jumping, (its English name,) —and make it hide itself. A quarrel and disagreement in the church will occasion it to withdraw immediately. Indulging in sin, in word or deed, will soon put it to flight. It is like unto the angel formerly, who could not behold the sin of Israel without hiding himself; so is the angel of the *religious* life in Wales, which proves him to be a holy angel, though he has the name of a 'Welsh jumper.' My prayer is, that this angel be a guard upon every congregation, and that none should do anything to offend him. It is an exceedingly powerful assistant to accompany us through the wilderness. But the individual that has not felt its happy influences, has nothing to lose; hence he does not dread a dry meeting and a hard prayer, for they are all the same to him; but the peo-

ple of this enjoyment pray before prayer, and before hearing, that they may meet with God in them.

"8. The seasons when these blessings are vouchsafed to the churches of Wales, are to be noticed. It is generally at a time when the cause of religion is at a low ebb—all gone to slumber. This happy spirit of enjoyment, like the angel of the pillar of fire, appears when there is distress, and everything at the worst. Its approach to the congregation is like the glory of God returning to the temple of old; it creates a stir among the brethren,—they have a new prayer, and a new spirit given them to worship God. This will lay hold of another,—some new strength and light will appear in the pulpit, until it will be imagined that the preacher's voice is altered, and that his spirit is become more evangelical, and that he preaches with a more excellent savor than usual. Tenderness will descend upon the members, and it will be seen that Mr. Wet-eyes and Mr. Amen have taken their places among them. The heavenly gale will reach some of the old backsliders, and they are brought with weeping to seek their forfeited privilege. By this time the sound of Almighty God will be heard in the outer court, beginning to move the hearers like a mighty wind shaking the forest. In these seasons of refreshment from the presence of the Lord some churches will receive, in the course of a year, additions of one hundred, others a hundred and fifty, and some others upwards of two hundred new members. Sometimes, the gale seems as if it blew upon the outer court—upon the hearers, and the young people from ten to fifteen

years of age—when nothing extraordinary appears in the light and effect of the ministry, nor in the church; but afterwards making its way through the outer court to rouse the inner court, until a great concern is awakened for the state of the soul. But observe: The revival that begins in the church, and proceeds from thence to the world, and not that which commences outside of the church, is more frequent, and more efficient in its converts, for the pangs of labor are to begin in Zion.

"9. Again, it may be remarked that the happy effects which follow these powerful revivals, evince their nature. They are certain, where they are strong, to bend the oaks of Bashan—men of strong and sturdy minds, and haughty hearts—to attend the ministry of the word. They will bring all the ships of Tarshish, the merchants of this world into the harbor of hearing. The power of the day of the Lord will raze all the walls of bigotry to the foundations. The thoughts of eternal realities, and the spirit of worship, are by these blessings diffused abroad, and family worship is established in scores of families, where a few months before no regard was had unto it. The door of such district, thus opened by the powers of the world to come, shall not be closed against the hearers of the Gospel, until a goodly number of souls are there converted unto God. Where the living waters flow, dead fish are made alive by its virtues.

"10. Since the first appearing of these gracious gifts at Llangeitho, under the ministry of Mr. Rowlands, they have been showers of blessings, which are pour-

ed down on the congregations of the Baptists and Congregationalists as well as the Calvinistic Methodists; and sometimes one of these denominations is favored with them, whilst the others are destitute. These refreshing seasons were, at times, experienced in a very powerful manner at Llangeitho, for about fifty years; that is, all the period of Mr. Rowlands' ministrations in that church. About two thousand persons assembled there for communion once a month, from the several counties of Wales, even in winter, and about three thousand in the summer season; which rendered it the most extraordinary place in Europe: and, beyond a doubt, hundreds of those who assembled there, on such occasions, are now in heaven singing the new song. If to live on the merits of Christ, to fear God, and praise him, and lead a sober and righteous life, is an evidence of a godly state, then this was visible *at that time* at Llangeitho."—Pages 42–49.

We have conversed with aged Welsh Baptist saints, who said they had witnessed hundreds of men and women, leaping as does upon the mountains, and shouting at the top of their voices, under the preaching of Mr. Evans. All Wales was in mourning when he died, and entered the land where there is no scorner to curl his lip and point the finger. O, that the Baptists of the present day in America had such men, —aye, and the Methodists, too.

Farewell, Christmas, till we meet thee where we shall see as we are seen. Then the great Oculist

will open our eyes, and, with Milton, and thousands who cannot see the beauties of nature, we shall gaze on Him who both redeemed us and washed us in his blood, and shall sing with the throng gathered from every kindred, tongue and nation. Amen! Halleluiah!

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHTH.

Views of Jonathan Edwards.

Having made a short running call on Christmas Evans and the Welsh Jumpers, we will knock at the door of Rev. Jonathan Edwards, a New England Congregationalist, and one of the great lights of Calvinism. We perceive his latch string is very invitingly hung out. We have just got through reading his work on Revivals, about the size of the book we are now making; and as we begin to make extracts we feel like throwing in the whole book. We feel like casting out only his doctrine of election and reprobation, and the doctrine that it is impossible for the saints to miss heaven, whether they desire to go there or not. His portraiture of a saint is drawn to life. We should think from his writings that he dipped his pen in the ink-horn of a high and holy christian experience. He endorses the doctrine of this little book in regard to

outward demonstrations of the Spirit. He goes for the ground and lofty tumbling of the saints, and for firing by platoons, and broadsides; he would meet the Devil rough-and-tumble on his own battle ground.

He is so much ahead of us, and many of our Methodist friends, that we are left in the shade. But the reader will be prepared for the earthquake power that shook the five New England States, after following Wesley into so many battle fields, and hearing the groans and outcries of those in whom the old Adam was dying, and the shouts of victors.

Mr. Edwards was a Joshua, elect and sanctified, to lead on the sacramental host. The mighty walls of many a Jericho fell before him, as he sounded the Gospel trumpet. Giants were as grasshoppers. Oh! Lord, raise up an army of such men to fill all the Calvinistic pulpits in our land. Amen.

In his book, Mr. Edwards frequently refers to such outward demonstrations as groaning, screaming, laughing, shouting, and falling. While these manifestations were occurring under his own labors, the porcupine quills of his brethren were constantly darted at him; but the Almighty shielded him, and the quills fell harmless at his feet. To these scoffers he speaks in earnest warning. He maintains that it is a great error to judge of the work of the Spirit *a priori;* but

that we should observe the "effect wrought, and if, upon examination of it, it be found to be agreeable to the word of God, we are bound without more ado, to rest in it as God's work; and shall be like to be rebuked for our arrogance, if we refuse so to do till God explains to us *how* he has brought this effect, or why he has made use of such and such means in doing it." Page 107, 108.

It will be remembered that Mr. Wesley speaks disparagingly of the Welsh Jumpers, and French prophets, and as we think without foundation. We have given a chapter on Welsh Jumping; we will now give President Edwards' view of the Frenchmen:

"The same author in the preceding page informs of many in France that were so wonderfully affected with the preaching of the Gospel, in the time of those famous divines, Farel and Viret, that for a a time they could not follow their secular business; and p. 186, of many in Ireland, in a time of the great outpouring of the Spirit there, in the year 1628, that were so filled with divine comforts and a sense of God, that they made but little use of either meat, drink, or sleep, and professed that they did not feel the need thereof."—Page 128.

Thank God! salvation is the same to a Frenchman or Irishman, as to a Yankee. Moses was forty days on the Mount with God, no doubt without food. And it seems in this instance that men, women, and chil-

dren were so charmed with the preaching of Christ, that they scarcely felt the need of food. Body as well as soul seemed to be fed by the precious doctrines of the Cross.

Mr. Edwards continues on page 158:

"And now let us consider—is it not strange that in a christian, orthodox country, and such a land of light as this is, there should be many at a loss whose work this is, whether the work of God or the work of the devil? Is it not a shame to New England that such a work should be much doubted of here? Need we look over the histories of all past times, to see if there be not some circumstances and external appearances that attend this work, that have been formerly found amongst enthusiasts? Whether the Montanists had not great transports of joy, and whether the French Prophets had not agitations of body? Blessed be God! he does not put us to the toil of such inquiries We need not say, Who shall ascend into heaven to bring us down something whereby to judge of this work? Nor does God send us beyond the seas, nor into past ages, to obtain a rule that shall determine and satisfy us. But we have *a rule near at hand—a sacred book* that God himself has put into our hands, with clear and infallible marks sufficient to resolve us in things of this nature; which book I think we must reject, not only in some particular passages, but in the substance of it, if we reject such a work as has now been described, as not being the work of God. The whole

tenor of the Gospel proves it; all the idea of religion that the Scripture gives us confirms it."

We agree with President Edwards, that we need not go to distant lands to find rock to stand upon, and rear our little edifice; neither shall we be at a loss for a cap-stone to be brought forth with shoutings of grace, grace unto it. The old family Bible is the noisiest book in the world, and mortals are now living in the most quiet spot they will ever inherit.

We will conclude this chapter by another extract, which refers to a person, (doubtless Mrs. Edwards, a woman of uncommon endowments and excellence,) who was truly sanctified, and lived in the land of Beulah, leaping sometimes on the mountain tops, at other times measuring swords with the Prince of darkness in some Gethsemane.

"I have been particularly acquainted with many persons that have been the subjects of the high and extraordinary transports of the present day; and in the highest transports of any of the instances that I have been acquainted with, and where the affections of admiration, love and joy, so far as another could judge, have been raised to a higher pitch than in any other instances I have observed or been informed of, the following things have been united: namely,

A very frequent dwelling, for some considerable time together, in such views of the glory of the divine perfections and Christ's excellencies, that the soul in

the mean time has been as it were perfectly overwhelmed and swallowed up with light and love, and a sweet solace, rest and joy of soul that was altogether unspeakable; and more than once continuing for five or six hours together without interruption in that clear and lively view or sense of the infinite beauty and amiableness of Christ's person, and the heavenly sweetness of his excellent and transcendent love; so that (to use the person's own expressions) the soul remained in a kind of heavenly elysium, and did as it were swim in the rays of Christ's love, like a little mote swimming in the beams of the sun or streams of his light that come in at a window; and the heart was swallowed up in a glow of Christ's love coming down from Christ's heart in heaven as a constant stream of sweet light, at the same time the soul was all flowing out in love to him; so that there seemed to be a constant flowing and reflowing from heart to heart. The soul dwelt on high, and was lost in God, and seemed almost to leave the body; dwelling on a pure delight that fed and satisfied the soul; enjoying pleasure without the least sting or interruption; a sweetness that the soul was lost in; so that (so far as the judgment and word of a person of discretion may be taken, speaking upon the most deliberate consideration) what was enjoyed in each single minute of the whole space, which was many hours, was undoubtedly worth more than all the outward comfort and pleasure of the whole life put together; and this without being in any trance, or being at all deprived of the exercise of the bodily senses; and the like heaven-

ly delight and unspeakable joy of soul, enjoyed from time to time for years together; though not frequently so long together, to such a height; extraordinary views of divine things and religious affections being frequently attended with very great effects on the body, nature often sinking under the weight of divine discoveries, the strength of the body taken away, so as to deprive of all ability to stand or speak; sometimes the hands clinched and the flesh cold, but sense still remaining; animal nature often in a great emotion and agitation, and the soul very often, of late, so overcome with great admiration and a kind of omnipotent joy, as to cause the person (wholly unavoidably) to leap with all the might, with joy and mighty exultation of soul; the soul at the same time being so strongly drawn towards God and Christ in heaven, that it seemed to the person as though soul and body would, as it were of themselves, of necessity mount up, leave the earth and ascend thither.'

These effects on the body did not begin now in this wonderful season, that they should be owing to the influence of the example of the times, but about seven years ago; and began in a much higher degree and greater frequency, near three years ago, when there was no such enthusiastical season, as many account this, but it was a very dead time through the land; they arose from no distemper catched from Mr. Whitefield or Mr. Tennent, because they began before either of them came into the country; they began, as I said, near three years ago, in a great increase, upon an extraordinary self-dedication, and renunciation of the

world, and resignation of all to God, made in a great view of God's excellency, and high exercise of love to him, and rest and joy in him; since which time they have been very frequent. They began in a yet higher degree and greater frequency about a year and a half ago, upon another new resignation of all to God, with a yet greater fervency and delight of soul; since which time the body has been very often fainting with the love of Christ; and they began in a much higher degree still, the last winter, upon another resignation and acceptance of God as the only portion and happiness of the soul, wherein the whole world, with the dearest enjoyments in it, were renounced as dirt and dung, and all that is pleasant and glorious, and all that is terrible in this world, seemed perfectly to vanish into nothing, and nothing to be left but God, in whom the soul was perfectly swallowed up, as in an infinite ocean of blessedness; since which time there have often been great agitations of body and an unavoidable leaping for joy; and the soul as it were dwelling, almost without interruption, in a kind of paradise; and very often, in high transports, disposed to speak of those great and glorious things of God and Christ and the eternal world that are in view, to others that are present, in a most earnest manner and with a loud voice, so that it is next to impossible to avoid it; these effects on the body not arising from any bodily disease or weakness, the most distinguished of all having been in a good state of health.

This great rejoicing has been a rejoicing with trembling, that is, attended with a deep and lively sense of

the greatness and majesty of God, and the person's own exceeding littleness and vileness; spiritual joys in this person never were attended, either formerly or lately, with the least appearance of any laughter or lightness of countenance or manner of speaking; but with a peculiar abhorrence of such appearances in spiritual rejoicings, especially since joys have been greatest of all: these high transports when they have been past, have had abiding effects in the increase of the sweetness, rest and humility that they have left upon the soul; and a new engagedness of heart to live to God's honor, and watch and fight against sin. And these things not in one that is in the giddy age of youth, nor in a new convert and unexperienced christian, but in one that was converted above twenty-seven years ago; and neither converted nor educated in that enthusiastical town of Northampton, (as some may be ready to call it,) but in a town and family that none that I know of suspected of enthusiasm; and in a christian that has been long, in an uncommon manner growing in grace, and rising, by very sensible degrees, to higher love to God, and weanedness from the world, and mastery over sin and temptation, through great trials and conflicts, and long-continued struggling and fighting with sin, and earnest and constant prayer and labor in religion, and engagedness of mind in the use of all means, attended with a great exactness of life: which growth has been attended not only with a great increase of religious affections, but with a wonderful alteration of outward behavior, in many things visible to those who are most

intimately acquainted, so as lately to have become as it were a new person; and particularly in living so much above the world, and in a greater degree of steadfastness and strength in the way of duty and self-denial, maintaining the christian conflict against temptations, and conquering from time to time under great trials; persisting in an unmoved, untouched calm and rest, under the changes and accidents of time."—Page 160–164.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINTH.

Views of Edwards Continued.

We continue our extracts from Edwards. He maintains that the work, accompanied by such extraordinary manifestations, was not only great, but glorious.

"Now if such things are enthusiasm, and the fruits of a distempered brain, let my brain be evermore possessed of that happy distemper! If this be distraction, I pray God that the world of mankind may be all seized with this benign, meek, beneficent, beatifical, glorious distraction! If agitations of body were found in the French prophets, and ten thousand prophets more, it is little to their purpose who bring it as an objection against such a work as this, unless their purpose be to disprove the whole of the Christian religion. The great affections and high transports that others have lately been under, are in general of the same kind with those in the instance that has been given, though not to so high a degree, and many of them not so pure and unmixed and so well regulated.

I have had opportunity to observe many instances here and elsewhere; and though there are some instances of great affections in which there has been a great mixture of nature with grace, and in some a sad degenerating of religious affections; yet there is such uniformity observable, that it is easy to be seen that in general it is the same Spirit from whence the work in all parts of the land has originated.

"And what notions have they of religion who reject what has been described as not true religion? What shall we find to answer those expressions in Scripture: 'The peace of God that passeth all understanding; rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory, in believing and loving an unseen Savior; all joy and peace in believing; God's shining into our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ; with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, and being changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord; having the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given to us; having the Spirit of God and of glory rest upon us; a being called out of darkness into marvellous light; and having the day-star arise in our hearts;' I say, if those things that have been mentioned do not answer these expressions, what else can we find out that does answer them? Those that do not think such things as these to be the fruits of the true Spirit, would do well to consider what kind of spirit they are waiting and praying for, and what sort of fruits they expect he should produce when he comes."—Pages 174–175.

What do you say to all this, my Presbyterian brother or sister? This is the cream of the Gospel in earnest. Are you waiting for a better boat to touch at your wharf before you purchase your tickets? Pharisees call your steamer fanaticism, and say that its steam is got up by wild fire; but we call her Old Ship Zion, and believe her steam is generated by the fires of the Holy Ghost. Millions has she landed on the other shore, and millions more are on the way; so let us sing,

"I've launched my bark for glory,
I've left the world behind,
Determined for a harbor
That's out of sight to find.

"Especially should all Israel be gathered after their Captain, as we read they were after Ehud, when he blew the trumpet in Mount Ephraim when he had slain Eglon, king of Moab. Judg. iii.: 27, 28. How severe is the martial law in such a case, when any one of an army refuses to obey the sound of a trumpet and follow his general to the battle! God at such a time appears in peculiar manifestations of his glory; and therefore not to be affected and animated, and to lie still and refuse to follow God, will be resented as a high contempt of him. If a subject should stand by and be a spectator of the solemnity of his prince's coronation, and should appear silent and sullen when all the multitude were testifying their loyalty and joy

with loud acclamations; how greatly would he expose himself to be treated as a rebel, and quickly to perish by the authority of the prince that he refuses to honor!

"At a time when God manifests himself in such a great work for his church, there is no such thing as being *neutral;* there is a necessity of being either for or against the King that then gloriously appears. As when a king is crowned, and there are public manifestations of joy on that occasion, there is no such thing as standing by as an indifferent spectator; all must appear as loyal subjects, and express their joy on that occasion, or be accounted enemies: so it always is when God, in any great dispensation of his providence, does remarkably set his King on his holy hill of Zion, and Christ in an extraordinary manner comes down from heaven to earth, and appears in his visible church in a great work of salvation for his people. So it was when Christ came down from heaven in his incarnation, and appeared on earth in his human presence; there was no such thing as being neutral—neither on his side nor against him: those that sat still and said nothing, and did not declare for him, and come and join with him, after he, by his word and works, had given sufficient evidence who he was, were justly looked upon as his enemies; as Christ says, Matt. xii.: 30, 'He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad.' So it is in a time when Christ is remarkably present spiritually, as well as when he is present bodily; and when he comes to carry on the work of redemption in the ap-

plication of it, as well as in the revelation and purchase.

"If a king should come into one of his provinces that had been oppressed by its foes, where some of his subjects had fallen off to the enemy and joined them against their lawful sovereign and his lawful subjects; I say, if the lawful sovereign himself should come into the province, and should ride forth there against his enemies, and should call upon all that were on his side to come and gather themselves to him; there would be no such thing, in such a case, as standing neutral: they that lay still and staid at a distance would undoubtedly be looked upon and treated as rebels. So in the day of battle, when two armies join, there is no such thing for any present as being of neither party—all must be on one side or the other; and they that are not found with the conqueror in such a case, must expect to have his weapons turned against them, and to fall with the rest of his enemies." —Pages 184–185.

"Great care should be taken that *the press* should be improved to no purpose contrary to the interests of this work. We read that when God fought against Sisera for the deliverance of his oppressed church, *they that handle the pen of the writer* came to the help of the Lord in that affair. Judges v.: 14. Whatever class of men in Israel they were that were intended, yet, as the words were indicted by a Spirit that had a perfect view of all events to the end of the world, and had a special eye in this song to that great event of the deliverance of God's church in the latter days,

of which this deliverance of Israel was a type, it is not unlikely that they have respect to authors, those that should fight against the kingdom of Satan with their pens. Those, therefore, that publish pamphlets to the disadvantage of this work, and tending either directly or indirectly to bring it under suspicion, and to discourage or hinder it, would do well thoroughly to consider whether this be not indeed the work of God; and whether, if it be, it is not likely that God will go forth as fire to consume all that stand in his way, and so burn up those pamphlets; and whether there be not danger that the fire that is kindled in them will scorch the authors."—Pages 231–232.

There is no more responsible position assumed than that of an author. The printing press is constantly sending out a stream of salvation or damnation. Tom Paine might have preached a hundred years, aye, a thousand, without raising the dark wave of infidelity as high as his books have done. John Bunyan has done more to win souls to Christ with his quill, than the most flaming minister ever did merely by his preaching. Both Paine and Bunyan will continue to speak unto the end of time. After we are cut down by the sharp sickle, and our soul safely landed in heaven, this, and other publications of ours, will be read by thousands and tens of thousands yet unborn. We have written every chapter after rising from our knees, expecting to give an account in the judgment.

A person who could make a comet and send it on a circuit of a hundred years, would be renowned in history; but what is such a person compared with one who binds up a golden thought in a book, and sends it on wings of light and mercy to fireside circles, where the sons and daughters of a fallen race, read it after the author is sleeping in the grave!

CHAPTER FORTIETH.

Views of Edwards Continued.

We now extract a few words for croakers:

"Who loves in a day of great joy and gladness to be much insisting on those things that are uncomfortable? Would it not be very improper, on a king's coronation day, to be much in taking notice of the blemishes of the royal family? Or would it be agreeable to the bridegroom on the day of his espousals, the day of the gladness of his heart, to be much insisting on the blemishes of his bride? We have an account how that, at the time of that joyful dispensation of Providence, the restoration of the church of Israel after the Babylonish captivity, and at the time of the feast of tabernacles, many wept at the faults that were found amongst the people, but were reproved for taking so much notice of the blemishes of that affair as to overlook the cause of rejoicing. Neh. viii.: 9–12, 'And Nehemiah, which is the Tirshatha, and Ezra the priest, the scribe, and the Levites that taught the people, said unto all the people, this

day is holy unto the Lord your God, mourn not nor weep; for all the people wept when they heard the words of the law. Then he said unto them, go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is holy unto our Lord; neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength. So the Levites stilled all the people, saying, hold your peace, for the day is holy, neither be ye grieved. And all the people went their way, to eat, and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth, because they had understood the words that were declared unto them.'

"God doubtless now expects that all classes of persons in New England, rulers, ministers and people, high and low, rich and poor, old and young, should take great notice of his hand in this mighty work of his grace, and should appear to acknowledge his glory in it, and greatly to rejoice in it, every one doing his utmost in the place that God has set them in to promote it. And God, according to his wonderful patience, seems to be still waiting to give us opportunity thus to acknowledge and honor him. But if we finally refuse, there is not the least reason to expect any other than that his awful curse will pursue us, and that the pourings out of his wrath will be proportionable to the despised outpourings of his Spirit and grace." —Pages 234–235.

Two men went into a king's flower garden; one of them intent on gathering a rich boquet from the nu-

merous varieties of flowers, to present to the king; the other, insisting that there were spiders in the garden, was intent on finding them. The spider hunter passed indifferently all the flower beds. He saw no beauty, and was delighted with no pleasant odors. On he went, searching every dark corner of the garden for spiders. Soon the two men return; one with a fragrant boquet in his hand, and his garments emitting the odor of flowers, the other covered with spider-webs Which will the king be most likely to admit to his audience chamber? And which will the King of kings be most pleased with, a man whose heart emits the odor of true charity and piety; or one whose soul is covered with the cobwebs of a censorious spirit? The raven that left Noah's ark could find a resting place on the floating carcass of a horse or his rider; but the dove would sicken at the sight, and on weary wing return to the ark. So with true Christians. They find enough in Jesus to satisfy their souls. They say like David, He has spread a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, my cup runneth over. Amen!

Another extract on the question whether light without heat is sufficient:

"I should think myself in the way of my duty to raise the affections of my hearers as high as I possibly

can, provided that they are affected with nothing but truth, and with affections that are not disagreeable to the nature of what they are affected with. I know it has long been fashionable to despise a very earnest and pathetical way of preaching; and they, and they only, have been valued as preachers that have shown the greatest extent of learning, and strength of reason, and correctness of method and language; but I humbly conceive it has been for want of understanding or duly considering human nature that such preaching has been thought to have the greatest tendency to answer the ends of preaching; and the experience of the present and past ages abundantly confirms the same.

"Though, as I said before, clearness of distinction and illustration, and strength of reason, and a good method in the doctrinal handling of the truths of religion, is many ways needful and profitable and not to be neglected, yet an increase in speculative knowledge in divinity is not what is so much needed by our people as something else. Men may abound in this sort of light and have no heat. How much has there been of this sort of knowledge in the Christian world in this age! Was there ever an age wherein strength and penetration of reason, extent of learning, exactness of distinction, correctness of style, and clearness of expression did so abound? And yet was there ever an age wherein there has been so little sense of the evil of sin, so little love to God, heavenly-mindedness and holiness of life among the professors of true religion? Our people do not so much need to have their heads stored as to have their hearts touched; and they stand

in the greatest need of that sort of preaching that has the greatest tendency to do this."—Pages 241–242.

Reader, go with us to the garden of Eden. There lies a piece of machinery fearfully and wonderfully made. It is a man; oh, no! it is a lump of clay. No pulse beating—no heart throbbing. It is, in form, like a man; but there is no life, no motion. How like many sermons! Beautifully squared up—orthodox to a hair's breadth. But God has not breathed into them. They are regular refrigerators. They freeze the sweet cream of pure, zealous piety. But God breathed into Adam and warmed him into life; and so does he sometimes breathe new life into cold, formal sermons. He will give inspiration to every word, and prayer, and song. The letter alone killeth; but clothed by the Spirit with thunder and lightning, and accompanied by gracious showers, it gives life, and renders fruitful the most barren soil. On a mountain crested with everlasting snow is a cave, where hundreds of men, women and children were frozen, with their eyes open, and the rose upon the cheek. A fair representation of many congregations listening to a dead-letter preacher, who was baptized, not at Jerusalem, but at Athens—

> "Athens' *owl* and not Mount Zion's dove—
> The bird of learning, not the bird of love."

"Another thing wherein I think some ministers have been injured, is in being very much blamed for *making so much of outcries, faintings, and other bodily effects;* speaking of them as tokens of the presence of God and arguments of the success of preaching, seeming to strive to their utmost to bring a congregation to that state, and seeming to rejoice in it, yea, even blessing God for it when they see these effects.

"Concerning this I would observe, in the *first* place, that there are many things with respect to cryings out, falling down, &c., that are charged on ministers, which they are not guilty of. Some would have it that they speak of these things as certain evidences of a work of the Spirit of God on the hearts of their hearers, or that they esteem these bodily effects themselves to be the work of God, as though the Spirit of God took hold of and agitated the bodies of men; and some are charged with making these things essential, and supposing that persons cannot be converted without them; whereas I never yet could see the person that held either of these things.

"But for speaking of such effects as probable tokens of God's presence, and arguments of the success of preaching, it seems to me that they are not to be blamed, because I think they are so indeed; and therefore when I see them excited by preaching the important truths of God's word, urged and enforced by proper arguments and motives, or as consequent on other means that are good, I do not scruple to speak of them, and to rejoice in them, and bless God for them as such; and that for this (as I think) good

reason, namely, that from time to time, upon proper inquiry, and examination, and observation of the consequences and fruits, I have found that these are all evidences that persons in whom these effects appear are under the influence of God's Spirit in such cases. Cryings out, in such a manner and with such circumstances as I have seen them from time to time, is as much an evidence to me of the general cause it proceeds from as language: I have learned the meaning of it, the same way that persons learn the meaning of language, by use and experience."—Pages 258-259.

There are two things worthy of notice in the above extract. It is a common saying among many opposers of the work, that the ministers whom God honors with great revivals entertain the idea that none are truly converted, who are not the subjects of peculiar exercises. It is a lie. We have yet to find a minister or layman who holds such a doctrine. Take warning, scoffers; you know the destiny of all liars. We are glad to see Bro. Edwards throw his own experience in the scale. All those outward demonstrations he understands. How unlike our friend in a former chapter. He could not understand a shout unless words were articulated Perhaps a box of Fetter Lane pills would do him good and bring him around right. True, they are not sugar-coated, not very pleasant to take, hard to get down, especially for a minister with a long handle on the end of his name.

"It is said by some that the people that are the subjects of this work, when they get together, talking loud and earnestly in their pretended great joys, several in a room talking at the same time, make a noise just like a company of drunken persons. On which I would observe, that it is foretold that God's people should do so, in that forementioned place, Zech. ix: 15–17, of which I shall now take more particular notice. The words are as follows: 'The Lord of hosts shall defend them; and they shall devour and subdue with sling-stones; and they shall drink, and make a noise as through wine, and they shall be filled like bowls, and as the corners of the altar: and the Lord their God shall save them in that day, as the flock of his people; for they shall be as the stones of a crown lifted up as an ensign upon his land: for how great is his goodness! and how great is his beauty! Corn shall make the young men cheerful, and new wine the maids.' The words are very remarkable: here it is foretold that at the time when Christ shall set up a universal kingdom upon earth, (verse 20,) the children of Zion shall drink until they are filled like the vessels of the sanctuary; and if we would know what they shall be filled with, the prophecy does in effect explain itself: they shall be filled, as the vessels of the sanctuary that contained the drink offering, which was wine; and yet the words imply that it shall not literally be wine that they shall drink and be filled with, because it is said they shall drink and make a noise *as through wine*, as if they had drank wine: which implies that they had not literally done it; and

therefore we must understand the words, that they shall drink into that, and be filled with that, which the wine of the drink offering represented, or was a type of, which is the Holy Spirit, as well as the blood of Christ, that new wine that is drunk in our heavenly Father's kingdom: they shall be filled with the Spirit, which the apostle sets in opposition to a being drunk with wine, Ephesians, 5: 18. This is the new wine spoken of, verse 17. It is the same with that best wine spoken of in Canticles, that goes down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.

It is here foretold that the children of Zion, in the latter days, should be filled with that which should make them cheerful, and cause them to make a noise as through wine, and by which these joyful happy persons that are thus filled shall be as the stones of a crown lifted up as an ensign upon God's land, being made joyful in the extraordinary manifestations of the beauty and love of Christ: as it follows, *How great is his goodness! and how great is his beauty!* And it is further remarkable that it is here foretold that it should be thus especially amongst young people: *Corn shall make the young men cheerful, and new wine the maids.* It would be ridiculous to understand this of literal bread and wine: without doubt, the same spiritual blessings are signified by bread and wine here, which were represented by Melchizedeck's bread and wine, and are signified by the bread and wine in the Lord's supper. One of the marginal readings is, *shall make the young men to speak*, which is agreeable to that in

Canticles, of the *best wines causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.*

"We ought not to be in any measure like the unbelieving Jews in Christ's time, who were disgusted both with crying out with distress and with joy. When the poor blind man cried out before all the multitude, *Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me*, and continued incessantly thus doing, the multitude rebuked him, and charged him that he should hold his tongue, Mark x: 46, 47, 48, and Luke, xviii; 38, 39. They looked upon it to be a very indecent noise that he made; a thing very ill becoming him, to cause his voice to be heard so much and so loud among the multitude."—Page 264–266.

Glory to God on high! Bro. Edwards let the sling stones fly; you are a true Benjaminite, slinging the stone to a hair's breadth. The Devil told the truth once. They that assemble themselves together, drink the wine, and eat the corn, in the courts of His holiness. Not one of the outsiders got a sip of the wine at the Pentecost prayer meeting. True, the saints were charged with making a noise like drunken men. But when the new wine is put into new bottles, they get into a spot where the wicked one toucheth them not. An old Pharisee would blow up in three minutes if he were filled with new wine The Rev. Mr. Caughey, a modern Edwards, says that he can suck fire out of the above-mentioned text. We remember

trying to preach from it on the last night of the last Bergen camp meeting, where thousands were eating the honey, and drinking the wine at the same time. The Lord of hosts let slip many barbed arrows; the stones flew from the slings of the little Davids; and many made a noise as through wine.

But we must bid good bye to Bro. Edwards. The more we talk with him, the better we like him. O, Lord! fill the world with just such preachers. The doctrine of election and the perseverance of the saints will come out right. We are tempted to quote another extract, a picture of a minister who tried to pray, and preach, and talk to mourners, destitute of religion himself. But it is such an awful looking spider cancer that we turn away from it, and enquire for Father Abbott, whom we promised to call upon. Farewell, Bro. Edwards, till we meet in the judgment.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIRST

Benjamin Abbott.

We laid out our book at first for about two hundred and thirty pages, with many doubts as to whether we should find material to spread over them; but we are one hundred pages in advance of our prescribed limits, and yet the waters deepen. The saints that have long slept, as when Christ died, wake up and come forth from their tombs, and insist upon having something to say upon the subject. But we must take the lightning train, or Gabriel may blow before we find a place to lay down the pen.

Well! here comes forth Abbott, a kind of jaw-bone in the hands of our spiritual Sampson. He was blasted out of the mountain some where in Pennsylvania, by the prayer of his sainted mother, as her feet were in the waters of Jordan. We will invite him to stand up and tell us a little of his early experience.

"My mother, when on her death bed, lay sick of a nervous complaint about five weeks. In the dead of the night, before she expired, she cried unto the Lord, and besought him to look in mercy upon the family, and with a loud voice prayed fervently for us all, which caused the spectators to wonder and to cry out, 'Hannah, what is the matter with you?' Next day she departed this life. I then pondered these things in my heart.

"In six weeks after, my father took the small pox, and departed this life, leaving my grandfather executor. In his will he ordered that we should all have trades; accordingly I was put to a hatter in Philadelphia, where I soon fell into bad company, and from that to card playing, cock fighting, and many other evil practices. My master and I parted before my time was out, and I went into Jersey, and hired with one of my brothers, where I wrought at plantation work. Some time after this I married; and when I got what my father had left me, I rented a farm, and followed that business; but all this time I had no fear of God before my eyes, but lived in sin and open rebellion against God, in drinking, fighting, swearing, gambling, &c.; yet I worked hard and got a comfortable living for my family. I professed myself a Presbyterian, went often to meeting, and many times the Spirit of God alarmed my guilty soul of its danger; but it as often wore off again.

"Thus I continued in a scene of sin, until the fortieth year of my age; yet many were the promises I made,

during that period, to amend my life, but all to no purpose; they were as often broken as made; for as yet I never had heard the nature of conviction or conversion; it was a dark time respecting religion, and little or nothing ever said about experimental religion; and to my knowledge I never had heard either man or woman say that they had the pardoning love of God in their souls, or knew their sins were forgiven My wife was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and a praying woman; yet at that time she knew nothing about a heart work.

"About the thirty-third year of my age, I dreamed that I died and was carried to hell, which appeared to me to be a large place, arched over, containing three apartments, with arched doors to go from one apartment to another. I was brought to the first, when I saw nothing but devils and evil spirits, which tormented me in such a manner, that my tongue or pen cannot express. I cried for mercy, but in vain. There appeared to me a light, like a star, at a great distance from me; I strove to get to it, but all in vain. Being hurried into the second apartment, the devils put me into a vice and tormented me until my body was all in a gore of blood. I cried again for mercy, but still in vain. I observed that a light followed me, and I heard one say to me, 'How good doth this light appear to you.' I was soon hurried into the third apartment, where there were scorpions with stings in their tails, fastened in sockets at the end thereof; their tails appeared to be about a fathom long, and every time they struck me, their stings, which appeared an inch

and a half in length, stuck fast in me, and they roared like thunder. Here I was constrained to cry again for mercy. As fast as I had pulled out the sting of one, another struck me. I was hurried through this apartment to a lake that burned with fire; it appeared like a flaming furnace, and the flames dazzled like the sun. The devils were here throwing in the souls of men and women. There appeared two regiments of devils moving through the arches, blowing up the flames; and when they came to the end, one regiment turned to the right and the other to the left, and came round the pit, and the screeches of the damned were beyond the expression of man. When it came to my turn to be thrown in, one devil took me by the head and another by the feet, and with the surprise I awoke and found it a dream. But O! what horror seized my guilty breast! I thought I should die and be damned. This brought seriousness to my mind for about eight or ten days, in which I made many promises to mend my life, but they soon wore off again.

"About five or six weeks after this, I dreamed that I died, and was carried into one of the most beautiful places I ever saw, and my guide brought me to one of the most elegant buildings I ever beheld, and when we came to it the gates opened of their own accord, and we went straight forward into the building, where we were met by a company of the heavenly host, arrayed in white raiment down to their feet. We passed on through the entry until we came to a door on the right, which stood about half open; passing a little forward, we made a stand before the door; I

looked in, and saw the Ancient of Days sitting upon his throne, and all around him appeared a dazzling splendor. I stood amazed at the sight; one stepped forward to me arrayed in white, which I knew to be my wife's mother, and said to me, 'Benjamin, this place is not for you yet;' so I returned, and my guide brought me back. I awoke with amaze at what I had seen, and concluded that I should shortly die, which brought all my sins before me, and caused me to make many promises to God to repent, which lasted for some time; but this wore off again, and I went to my old practices. One Sabbath day (our minister being sick, and my wife being a great meeting body), hearing that there was to be a Methodist meeting about ten or twelve miles distance, she expressed a desire to go to it, and asked my consent; I gave it, and she and my oldest son went to hear the man. On their return, I asked her how she liked the preacher; she replied, that he was as great a preacher as ever she had heard in all her life, and persuaded me to go and hear for myself. Accordingly on the next Sabbath I went. There was a large congregation assembled to hear the man; his text was, *Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest*—Matt. xi, 28. The preacher was much engaged, and the people were crying all through the house; this greatly surprised me, for I never had seen the like before. The sermon made no impression on me; but when he came to the application, he said, 'It may be, that some of you may think that there is neither God nor devil, heaven nor hell, only a guilty conscience;

and indeed, my friends, that is bad enough. But,' said he, 'I assure you that there is both heaven and hell, God and devil.' I spoke, I am the man. But he went on and argued that fire was contained in everything, and that there was a dreadful hell that was beyond our comprehension, and advised the people to fly to Christ for refuge. He then showed the reality of the existence of a God, from a beautiful illustration of his works, which were evidenced to us daily, and that this God had created the heavens and earth. Then called upon the people to come unto God, for Christ had died for their redemption. There was much weeping and heavy groaning among the people. Meeting being over, the two dreams, that I had dreamed about seven years before, came as fresh into my mind as if dreamed the night before, and that God had shown me both heaven and hell, the state of the blessed and the damned. This brought me to think of my misspent life, and in a moment all my sins that I ever had committed were brought to my view; I saw it was the mercy of God that I was out of hell, and promised to amend my life in future."

Here, reader, we have the experience of a convict. We must pass over much interesting experience of trances, and wonderful visions, until we arrive at the period of his conversion. He remarks:

"I then thought upon a particular sin, which I concluded would condemn me, but in a moment I felt an evidence, that that sin was forgiven, as though separate from all the rest that ever I had committed; but

recollecting the minister had told me that 'I was under strong delusions of the devil,' it was suggested to my mind, it may be he is right; I went a little out of the road, and kneeled down and prayed to God, if I was deceived, to undeceive me; and the Lord said to me, 'Why do you doubt? Is not Christ all-sufficient? is he not able? have you not felt his blood applied?' I then sprang upon my feet, and cried out, not all the devils in hell, nor all the predestinarians on earth, should make me doubt; for I knew that I was converted: at that instant I was filled with unspeakable raptures of joy."

This is a true conversion. There is great difference between being converted to a creed, and being converted to God. We were converted to the Methodist doctrine when only thirteen years old; but we were liable any moment to fall into perdition for all that. It was not until we were forty-two years old that we were born, not of corruptible, but of incorruptible seed. We had dreams and visions similar to those Abbott experienced; but when converted we were wide awake, and shouted victory over the world, the flesh, and the Devil.

We now reluctantly pass over much that would be interesting and appropriate to these pages, to the time when God sanctified him wholly.

"Meeting with one of our preachers, I told him how great things the Lord had done for poor me. He

replied, it is nothing to what he will do for you, if you are faithful, for it is the will of God, even your sanctification; why, said I, I am happy in God already, but if there is such a blessing to be had, I am determined to have it, and from that time I began to seek for it. In examining, I found in the Bible that it was the will of God even our sanctification. I soon hungered and thirsted for full salvation. In family prayer, one morning, the hand of the Lord came upon me in such a manner, that I felt the impression, as though one had laid a hand upon me, attended with such power that I thought I should die, but unbelief took place, and the power withdrew, or I believe that God would have sanctified me that moment. At night I was afraid to pray for such power, for fear that God would kill me, therefore my prayer was only lip language; by this time I got very dead. However, next night I prayed from my very heart, for the power again, live or die, and God poured out his Spirit upon us all in such a manner, that the place was glorious because of the presence of the Lord, and his dying love filled all our hearts. I was now engaged for the blessing more than ever. Soon after, D. Ruff came upon the circuit, and my house being a preaching place, he came and preached, and in the morning, in family prayer, he prayed that God would come and sanctify us soul and body. I repeated these words after him, 'Come, Lord, and sanctify me, soul and body!' That moment the Spirit of God came upon me in such a manner that I fell flat to the floor, and lay as one strangling in blood, while my wife and

children stood weeping over me. But I had not power to lift hand or foot, nor yet to speak one word; I believe I lay half an hour, and felt the power of God running through every part of my soul and body, like fire consuming the inward corruptions of fallen depraved nature. When I arose and walked out of the door, and stood pondering these things in my heart, it appeared to me that the whole creation was praising God; it also appeared as if I had got new eyes, for everything appeared new, and I felt a love for all the creatures that God had made, and an uninterrupted peace filled my breast. In three days God gave me a full assurance that he had sanctified me, soul and body."

The reader will permit us to quote our own experience of entire sanctification. We have never seen any person's experience that agrees so well with ours as father Abbott's. Years ago, we related our experience thus:

"When a goodly number of Israel were seated around the stand, their minds calm as a May morning, and free from excitement, Brother Gorham being appointed to preach, arose on the stand, and pointed out how and when he recovered the blessing of perfect love. He also pointed out the dangers that stand thick around to deprive us of this jewel. He related his experience so plain, that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err in understanding the way. He also contrasted justification and sanctification; and who is better able to set forth such truth than he who

has experienced both degrees of grace in his heart? and who is more unqualified to judge of such things than those who have never experienced them? Let us first remove the beam from our own eye, before mounting the judgment-seat. While sitting under the droppings of his words, which fell like honey on my soul, all my powers of faith and hope were drawn out to God for this blessing. I was enabled to lay hold on the very horns of the altar; and, while sitting in silent invocation, I was seized with a sudden trembling and a slight spasm, (as frequently occurs when I am filled to overflowing with the Spirit,) and my strength was measurably taken away, like the apostle Paul, 'whether in the body or out of the body, I knew not;' and I believe, for the first time in my life, I was made insensible in my waking moments of what was passing around me. There seemed to be presented to me, while in this state, literally an altar; and I thought I was laid on it as you would lay a child on its couch; and while lying in this posture, I thought a voice interrogated me thus: 'What do you want this blessing for?' I thought I replied, 'To qualify me to preach the gospel.' That moment the Holy Ghost, like the refiner's fire, seemed to pass though my soul, literally shaking me from center to circumference, as if the earthly tenement was to be shaken to pieces. During the whole process, down to this last-mentioned circumstance, I think I felt little or no joy, but rather the contrary. Like Moses, I did exceedingly fear and quake. But the moment after I felt this terrible shaking, the sun of righteousness broke into my soul with

its meridian brightness and glory, dispelling every cloud, and all darkness and doubt. My physical strength returned, and I suddenly rose on my feet, and shouted, 'It is done! the mighty work is wrought.' What angel can tell the happiness and heavenly rapture I then felt? 'Tis done!' I exclaimed."

Reader, you have read the above experiences; and we leave this chapter, we would warn you against prescribing ways in which, and means by which, God, as you suppose, must bless. The Devil will tell you, unless you have as great a tornado as Bro. A. or H., your experience is vain. You need not, like Saul of Tarsus, see a great light, or have a knock-down argument. The gentle zephyr, the still small voice, is just as good, if it pleases God. Peace is the stream gently flowing; joy, a river overflowing its banks, roaring and rushing as it rolls on, and leaps over the rapids.

CHAPTER FORTY-SECOND.

"Second Blessing."

Many in our Zion seem to hate, and do ridicule what has become a proverb in Methodism, viz, "Second blessing." They say God does his work perfectly —that the soul is entirely cured at the Savior's first touch. We refer to two exceptions: two blind men—one living during the Savior's life on earth, the other the author of this work. You remember the Savior, after leading the blind man out from among the multitude, touched his eyes, and he saw, but very imperfectly; he was still in the fog; men appeared as trees walking. The great occulist then gave him the sacred touch, or in other words, he imparted the second blessing, then he saw everything as it was. This is precisely the experience of your author. We receive the second touch, and God sent refining fire through our soul. Amen! Halleluiah!

Many ridicule the term "Second blessing," and say we go in for the third, and the fourth, etc. They look like dwarfs, not only in religious experience, but in theology. Let Wesley rebuke his pretended followers. He hesitates not to call entire sanctification the second blessing. In his letters he speaks of it too frequently, to demand a quotation as *the* blessing, thus placing it before us as a distinct blessing. In a letter to Miss Jane Hilton he asks her, "was your *second deliverance* wrought while I was at Beverly"—using a phrase *precisely* equivalent to second blessing. Again, in a letter to Rev. Joseph Benson he says, "with all your zeal and diligence confirm the brethren * * * * in expecting a *second change*, whereby they shall be saved from all sin, and perfected in love." In another place he uses the term "Second blessing," and, to make the matter stronger, he immediately adds "properly so-called."

Permit us, patient reader, to relate a little anecdote as an illustration of the effects of the second blessing. A good, home-spun, and sensible farmer, a year or two ago, took passage from White Hall to Albany in the cars. Among the passengers, there was a sprinkling of upper-tens of both sexes. But our friend had lost his man-fearing spirit. He stood up for Jesus, and

went throuh the cars proclaiming a free and full salvation. He addressed alike rich and poor, high and low. As he passed along, some said he was drunk, others, that he was a fool, others still, that he was crazy; but it so happened that one of his neighbors was aboard, and revealed the secret of his conduct. Says he, I know this man; he is one of my neighbors. He performs the same when he is at home, going from house to house. He is not a drinking man, neither is he foolish, or crazy; but he is one of those pestry, troublesome Mothodists. He went off to a camp meeting last year, and got what they call the second blessing; and now he can't keep still. This is the fruit that grows on this tree. So with father Abbott, and in a lesser degree with your author. Now, reader, if you are offended with the term Second blessing, you may call it the can't-keep-still-blessing—that will do just as well. Oh no! we are mistaken. It is written, he that is ashsmed of me and *my words*, of him will I be ashamed. Both the Savior and John the Baptist, were Christened by an angel before their birth, and it would have displeased God to have called them any other name; and, it would be equally displeasing to God to cast aside the terms "full assurance," "perfect love," "entire sanctification," "holi-

ness," etc. The attainment thus designated may fitly be called the "Second blessing," to distinguish it from the first, viz., conversion or justification.

We can enter into the heavenly Jerusalem only through three gates. The first gate is adoption, the second, perfection, the third, death. The only objection which covetous men have to highways—turnpikes and plank-roads—is, because there are gates erected, where a sacrifice of pennies is demanded; so on the King's highway of holiness; all would go to heaven, were it not for the sacrifices required at the gates. the way is so narrow, that nothing but soul and body can be admitted. We remember struggling for six months with our cheeks bathed in tears, trying to enter with soul, body, and sin; but we beheld written over the gate in letters of light, nothing entereth here that defileth; so we looked steadfastly to the Lamb, as he struggled in agony, while his human, was offered on the altar of his Divine nature; and as we looked, cord after cord snapped, our burden rolled off and we leaped for joy through the straight gate, into the narrow way. Here we were freed from all our sins, except our bent of sinning; but at the second gate we were cured of that. We had no desire to buy anything at vanity fair. The first gate was as

the joy at Isaac's birth; but the second as when he was weaned—when the milk was taken from him, and the more substantial food given. At this gate Abraham made a great feast. But the third gate Isaac went through blind, and so will your humble author. At this stage in our journey, we leave the old dilapidated house, its windows all broken in, to enter a royal palace. This is the gate to endless joy. A patient wife will live without complaint in an old, smoky log-cabin, if she beholds the grand brick house which her husband is builing; so the soul fully redeemed. They can be happy in a mud edifice, while seeing "my heavenly home is bright and fair." The husband of the Church is now fitting up for his bride, a glorious house in the skies.

A merchant once had an old piano, which had become a little out of fashion. It therefore, had to be moved from the parlor, to give place to one of modern style. The old instrument was then given as a plaything for the children. They drummed on it until every string was broken, or out of tune, and then it was condemned to the garrett as rubbish. A few years after, a blind man came along, whose business it was to tune pianos. He inquired of the merchant for a job. He said he had none to be tuned, except

the old one, which we have described; but, says he, it was once a grand toned instrument; it got out of fashion, then out of tune, and is now in the rubbish of the garret; and he added, that it would be impossible to put it again in tune. The blind man thought differently, and proposed to try it. The merchant consented on condition, that nothing should be paid, until the job was done, and the instument put in tune. At it he went, first clearing away the rat's nests and cobwebs. The first day he got one string to give a proper tone; soon after the second, and so on, until every string gave its proper sound. The instrument after refiting, was the best in town. So the Holy Ghost repairs a fallen soul, and puts it in tune for heaven. Drunkards, harlots, blasphemers, infidels, cast away by the church, considered as candidates for perdition, not worth praying for, are repaired, and tuned up, so that they are fit for the melodies of heaven. The first thing is to clear away sinful actions, the next is to perfect the bass string of repentence, then to give the string of faith the right ring, then regeneration, adoption, and so on, until every string is in order and gives the Gospel tone, and all are harmonious with each other. This perfect harmony within, is Christian perfection. The old case may

have a leg marred or broken, and be half a century behind the fashion; but when Gabriel shall blow, the vile body shall be changed, glorified, and made the fit habitation of a glorified Spirit. Here is the highest perfection of humanity. On earth we may have a perfection of moral character; in heaven only, do we arrive at the perfection of manhood.

CHAPTER FORTY-THIRD.

Benjamin Abbott.

In this chapter we give extracts, showing a few specimens of the wonders that occurred, during the ministry of Mr. Abbott. He met the Devil in all shapes. He made many blunders; but he gained glorious victories. He was a perfet magazine of powerful influence. God was his front guard and rearward. Wherever he went, the power and glory of God were manifested.

"June 1st, I preached in town: in the morning we had a melting time, many wept. In the afternoon the Lord poured out his Spirit, and the slain fell before him like dead men; others lay as in the agonies of death, intreating God to have mercy on their souls: some found peace. Glory to God, many in this town seemed alarmed of their danger; may the Lord increase their number. A girl who lived with a Qua-

ker, was cut to the heart in such a manner, that they did not know how to get her home; I went to see her, and found many round her, both white and black. She lay as one near her last gasp; I kneeled down and besought God for her deliverence, and in a few minutes she broke out in raptures of joy, crying out, Let me go to Jesus! repeating it several times; then she arose and went home. Glory to God! for what my eyes saw, my ears heard, and my soul felt that day, of the blessed Spirit: the meeting continued from three o'clock, until evening.

Two young women at a certain place and time, sitting in their father's house, one said unto the other, if mammy had religion I should get it too. The Lord struck her with conviction, in such a manner, that she cried so loud for mercy, that she alarmed all the house with her cries; and thus she continued, until three of her sisters were all struck with a like conviction for sin. Their cries to God continued near forty-eight hours, with little intermission, when God, in his infinite mercy, set two of their souls at liberty, to rejoice in his redeeming love. Another of them came to town, and met me, and I went home with her. As we were riding along the road, she, being under sore distress of soul, cried aloud for mercy, and God broke in upon her soul in such a manner, that she clapped her hands and cried, Glory to God in the highest! There was another young woman in the carriage with her, and the power of God struck her in so wonderful a manner, that she lost the use of her limbs, and lay

about an hour; when she came to, her first words were, Is this perfect love? In time of prayer, at the meeting we attended, God poured out his Spirit in such a manner, that several fell to the floor, with such cries and screeches, that a solemn awe sat on every face, and before the meeting ended, six souls were set at liberty, to rejoice in the Rock of Ages. Thanks be to God.

Monday, June 2d, in prayer meeting in the evening, the Lord was with us of a truth. Next day, I preached and had a melting time: at night the Lord was with us in power, and we had a proper shout. "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem. Behold, thy king cometh unto thee; he is just, and having salvation." Zech. ix, 9.

June 4th, I preached, and the Lord laid to his almighty power; several fell to the floor; some professed sanctification, and two to be justified: believers were built up in the most holy faith.

June 5th, I preached, and the Lord poured out his Spirit in mighty power; the cry of mourners was so great that the noise might have been heard afar off. Several were set at liberty from the bondage of sin and Satan, and were made partakers of that love which makes glad the city of God. One professed sanctification, and several were awakened: thanks be to the Most High.

June 6th, the Lord, under the word, poured out his Spirit in such a manner, that three or four found

peace, and two professed sanctification. Believers were built up, and it was a good day to many souls. At night, we had a proper shout, one fell to the floor, and lay as if she were dead, and when she came to, she shouted and gave glory to God for her deliverance.

I met class at sister Brown's. There we had a powerful time, several were lost as in the ocean of redeeming love. Glory to God forever! One was sanctified in a powerful manner at that meeting, and in the evening we had a melting time. The Lord filled one of our sisters with perfect love, in the carriage as she was returning home, in such a powerful manner, that she lost both the power of her body and speech; but when she recovered herself, she said that God had given her a clean heart, and had filled her soul with love.

Sunday, June 8th, we held a love feast, and the Lord laid his helping hand upon us, and poured out his Spirit in such a manner, that not one soul spoke their experience in love feast. Sinners trembled and fell to the floor, while Christians shouted praises to God and the Lamb forever. One lay as if she were dead; numbers were powerfully wrought upon. This was a love feast indeed: I never saw but one like it before, in which no one spoke their experience. I preached that day with great freedom and power.

Monday, 9th, I held prayer meeting, and the Lord manifested his love among us. There was a shaking among the dry bones. One lay as if she were dead,

for near two hours, and then came to with praises to God for her deliverance, with great raptures of joy. The children of God were filled with joy unspeakable. How inexpressible are the pleasures of those, who are filled with the raptures of a Savior's love! Ecstatic pause! "Silence heightens heaven!"

Friday, 13th, I held prayer meeting and the power of the Lord fell upon the people in such a manner, that the slain lay all over the floor. Several were converted to God; one or two professed sanctification: Glory to God, he carried on his own work.

Saturday, 14th, I preached, and had a melting time. I met class, and the power of the Lord came down, and we had a shout in the camp of the Lord.

Sunday, 15th, the Lord attended the word with power, and divers fell before him like Dagon before the ark. I was obliged to leave the slain on the floor, in order to attend my next appointment, where I found a large congregation, to whom I preached. In class, we had a melting time, and a shout in the camp. It was a day of his power; he worked and none could hinder him. Next day, I preached at a new place, and had a favored time; some sighed, and some groaned, and others wept.

Tuesday, 17th, I preached, and the Lord attended the word with power; several were cut to the heart, and one found peace to her soul. Blessed be God, he has not forgotten to be gracious. "They that seek shall find."

Wednesday, 18th. This was a day of power. I preached, and the Lord attended the word with the energy of his Spirit. Saint and sinner felt his power; numbers cried aloud for mercy, and several found Him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote. One lay as in the agony of death for some time, but glory to God, he set his soul at liberty, whereby he was enabled to rejoice in his glorious love.

Thursday, 19th, I preached to a few, but there was nothing done to speak of. However, I found peace in my own soul. At evening, I met class, and the Lord was with us of a truth, we had a shout in the camp of Jesus.

Sunday, 22d, I preached with life and power; and the Lord manifested his presence among us; some cried for mercy, and a solemn awe sat on many faces. I went to my next appointment, and preached to a large congregation. The Lord laid to his helping hand, and there was a mighty shaking among the dry bones: divers persons lay through the house, as dead men and women slain by the mighty power of God. The same Jesus who raised Lazarus from the dead, raised up nine persons, that we could ascertain, to praise him as a sin-pardoning God; and how many more, that we could not ascertain, God only knows: for many wept, and some shouted praises to God and the Lamb: glory to God, this was a day that will be long remembered by many precious souls. Some were so filled and running over with perfect love, that as they returned home they shouted praises to God

as they went on their way. I was as happy as I could live in the body.

Monday, 23d, I held a prayer meeting, and it was a good time to many; some were so filled with the love of God that it took away the use of their limbs, and they lay on the floor as happy as they could live, rejoicing in the God and rock of their salvation. We had at that time about twelve children on the circuit, who were happy in religion, and the Lord was doing great things for many. My soul was on the wing.

Tuesday, 24th, I held another prayer meeting, and had a powerful time. Next day I met class, and we had a melting time. At night I preached, and the power of the Lord was present to the joy of his children; and we had a shout in the assembly. "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion: for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." Isa. xii, 6.

Thursday, 26th, we had an awful time: numbers cried out for mercy, and the Lord set some at liberty, to rejoice in his redeeming love. "Let thy priests be clothed with salvation, and let thy saints rejoice in goodness." 2 Chron. vi, 41.

Friday, 27th, I preached, and the Lord laid to his almighty arm of power, in such a manner, that several lay as if they were in the agony of death; some trembled, and others cried aloud for mercy. Glory to the eternal God, he slays, and he makes alive. In his mercy he set several at liberty, to rejoice in his redeeming love. This was a day of his power to many souls, and my soul was happy.

Sunday, 29th, I preached twice, as usual on the Sabbath ; in the morning we had a precious time, and in the afternoon we had a shout of a king in the camp. Some were rejoicing in redeeming love ; and others were crying in bitternes of soul, for mercy at the hand of God ; while the power of the Lord slew others, as men cut down in battle. It was a day of days to many souls. Glory to the eternal God ! This meeting continued from three o'clock until evening.

July 3d, I preached, and had a precious time; then I met class, and the presence of the Lord was among us. "For the Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy camp to deliver thee." Deut. xxiii, 14. Next day the Lord was with us of a truth : one was set at liberty, and several of the friends seemed lost in the ocean of God's love. In the afternoon we had a melting time among the friends. At night, we held a prayer meeting, and many were slain before the Lord; one professed to be justified freely by his grace ; another professed sanctification. This was a time, to my soul, long to be remembered ; and I trust it will be remembered by many others. This meeting continued until near three o'clock.

Friday, 4th, I preached from 1 John, iv, 16, "God is love." It was a time of love indeed : for divers of God's dear children were lost in the ocean of redeeming grace ; and the God of love spoke peace to three souls. That day will never be forgotten to my soul ; Though I was weak in body, I was strong in Spirit.

Sunday, 6th, I preached in the morning, and it was a good time to many; several cried aloud, some seemed lost in the ocean of redeeming love, and I was so happy that I could hardly refrain from crying out. In the afternoon, we had a large congregation; and the devil got angry, and made one of his servants throw some stones. We had a happy time in class: afterward I went home with one of our friends, and held a prayer meeting, and the Master of assemblies was with us.

Monday evening I held a prayer meeting, and had a melting time: some of the friends were lost as in wonder, love, and praise. The next day I held a prayer meeting again, and the Lord was with us. Some cried out, "Praise the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, praise his holy name." The next day likewise, I held a prayer meeting, and we had a comfortable time.

Friday, 11th, I preached a funeral sermon, and the Lord was present with us. At night I held a prayer meeting, and we had a melting time. The next day the Lord was with us in a powerful manner; some cried out, and others were lost in the ocean of love, and I was happy in my own soul: blessed be God, he has not forgotten to be gracious.

Sunday, 13th, in the forenoon I preached to a large congregation, and the Lord laid to his helping hand: some lay on the floor as in the agony of death; others were crying aloud for mercy, and some were shouting praises to God, being filled with his love. Seve-

ral fled out of the house, choosing rather to risk their lot among the damned, than to expose themselves in the congregation by asking mercy at the hand of God. The Lord set one soul at liberty, and another professed sanctification, "The Lord's hand is not shortened." In the afternoon I went to my other appointment, where I met a large congregation, to whom I preached, and the Lord made bare his arm in such a manner, that there was a shaking among the dry bones: some cried aloud, others were happy in God. Glory to his dear name, my soul was happy

Monday, 14th, I preached, and had a melting time; sinners were cut to the heart, believers were transported with the presence of God, and my heart was swallowed up in redeeming love. I joined ten in society; may God record their names in the Lambs book of life. In the evening I preached again, and the Lord poured out his Spirit, and we had a shout in the camp of Israel.

Next day, under preaching, the power of God was with us in such a manner that some wept, and others seemed lost in the ocean of love. One professed sanctification, and another was so struck by the mighty power of God, that she shook from head to foot, as if in the agony of death, for near the space of two hours, sometimes crying to God for mercy, at other times that her heart would break; at length her strength failed, and she lay for a time like one dead: when she came to, she praised God for her deliverance, while many stood around her amazed. Glory

to God for a miracle of grace! I was so happy that I could hardly utter a sentence, until God withdrew his hand a little. Were we to be always thus happy, we should be disqualified for earth, or worldly things. O! what raptures shall we have in heaven!

Wednesday, 16th, I preached, and the Lord poured out his spirit, both under the word and in class, in so wonderful a manner that a woman lay under the mighty operation of the spirit of God, as one dead for the space of three hours; several felt her hands and arms, and they were apparently cold, as if she had been dead and laid out; but glory to God, when he by his Spirit revived her, she could testify that he had sanctified her soul, and filled her with joy unspeakable. Several of the friends were baptized in the fountain of love; and for my own part, I was so filled with the love of God that I could hold no more. "It was good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over." Luke vi, 38. I adore God for what I have felt and seen; my tongue or pen can never express it, on this side of eternity.

Saturday, 19th, our quarterly meeting began, and we had a blessed time to many souls.

Sunday, 20th, our meeting began at six o'clock in the morning, and when we had sung and prayed, the power of God came down in such a manner, that the slain lay all through the house. Some seemed lost in the ocean of God's love, some professed justification, and others that God had sanctified their souls. This meeting was so powerful, that but one attempted to

speak her experience in love feast; while she was speaking, she sunk down, crying out, God has made me all love! immediately the house was filled with cries and praises to God; some trembled and were astonished. We had to carry the slain out of the house, in order to make room, that the people might come in to the public preaching; and when we had sung and prayed, the presence of the Lord came down as in the days of old, and the house was filled with his glory; the people fell before him like men slain in battle. It was a great day of God's power to many souls; some professed sanctification, some justification, and others were lost as in the ocean of redeeming love. This was a day of days to my soul. The windows being open, there were hundreds outside gazing at those in the house, who were slain before the Lord; but they lay both in the house and out of it. Prayers were put up to God, both within and without the house, in behalf of the penitents and and mourners. I trust that many date their conviction, and others their conversion, from that quarterly meeting. I went from this meeting to brother D——'s, with some other friends, where we joined in prayer, and the Lord (glory to his name) poured out of his Spirit in a powerful manner among us. I then went home with some friends, where we sung praises to God; and while we were singing, the power of God fell on me in such a manner, that I cried out: the power reached all in the room, and one fell to the floor, crying to God; after some time, she cried out, I

see Jesus! (repeating it several times,) and then, I see Moses and Elias! but not with my bodily eyes. She then cried out, I am going! my arms are dead! call Mrs. A. When Mrs. A. came, she told her that she saw her mother standing in white; then gave some words of exhortation to repentance; she then died away, and lay in that state about twenty minutes: afterward she came to, and declared that the Lord had sanctified her soul, praising God and the Lamb, in raptures of joy. Another fell as if she had been shot, and lay some time: when she came to, she likewise professed sanctifying grace. This little meeting held about four hours.

Monday, I held prayer meeting in the evening, and God visited us in such a manner, that several fell to the floor; some professed to find Him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote; this meeting held until three in the morning.

Tuesday, I met class, and had a melting time; the members seemed swallowed up in the ocean of love. One was sanctified in a powerful manner. It was a happy time to my soul. In the evening, under preaching, the Lord set the soul of one at liberty, to rejoice in his love. "The shout of a king was among them." Num. xxiii, 21.

Wednesday, under the word, some found peace, and one experienced sanctifying grace; many were lost as in the ocean of love, and we again had the shout of a king in the camp.

Thursday, in the forenoon, under preaching, God poured out his Spirit in a powerful manner; his children were happy in his love, and it was a good time to my own soul. In the evening we had a peaceable waiting before God. How pleasant is it to be found in the work of the Lord when the blessed Redeemer is with us.

Next day, I preached and met class, and we had a precious time among the children of God. At night, I held a prayer meeting, and the power of the Lord was present among us; one professed justification, and God's children were built up in their most holy faith. Nothing is so encouraging to a minister, as to see sinners converted, and the people of God going forward in their journey toward the heavenly Canaan.

Saturday, 26th, I went to quarterly meeting, Dover circuit, Kent county, Delaware state: we had a happy day. On Sunday, in love feast, the Lord God of Elijah, who answereth by fire, poured out his Spirit in such a manner, that the altar of the Christians' hearts was all in a flame with the seraphic fire of love. "Elijah, the prophet came near, and said, Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, &c. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, &c. Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, &c. And when the people

saw it, they fell on their faces: and they said, the Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God." 1 Kings xviii, 36-39. So on that day, when the fire of the Lord came down, the people fell and acknowledged the power of God; and the slain lay all about the house; some were carried out as dead men and women; while others were lost in the ocean of love, shouting praises to God and the Lamb. The house was filled with the glory of Israel's God, who spoke peace to mourners, while sinners were cut to the heart. Glory to God, it was a high day to my own soul. It was thought there were about fifteen hundred looking on, with wonder and amazement, at the mighty power of God, which caused the powers of hell to shake and give way; and many of the spectators trembled and were astonished; a number professed faith in Christ, and others sanctifying grace: God's dear children, generally, were refreshed in redeeming love. This was one of the days of the son of man. Glory to God, saith my soul.

Monday, I was very unwell, but happy in the love of God. On Tuesday, in family prayer, the power of God came down wonderfully upon us; four fell to the floor, and they found "Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth," to the joy of their souls.

Wednesday, 30th, I held prayer meeting, and the Lord made bare his almighty power, to the joy of his children; one fell to the floor, divers were plunged in

the ocean of love, and we had a shout in the camp of Israel.

Thursday, I met class ; one fell to the floor, entreating God for mercy, and soon lay as one dead for near an hour ; it was a happy time to the children of God."

CHAPTER FORTY-FOURTH.

Peter Cartwright.

When God made a contract with Noah, to build a safety barge, he specified the length and breadth, the height and depth, he desired to have it. So when we began this book, we prescribed its dimensions. But have made it nearly twice as large as we first contemplated; and yet, there is timber to go in.

We promised the reader a call upon the Western Pioneers; those who *blazed* their way through a wilderness, filled with lurking savages, to the most remote settlements. In this chapter we introduce Rev. Peter Cartwright, one of the most eccentric wheels in the Gospel machinery. We regret that we can spare him only a few pages. We wish to give a variety, and hence will pass on to make other calls, after a brief story.

We will take from "Uncle Peter," an account of the "jerking spirit," one which has frequently made its advent, in different ages of the Church. Eternity only, will *fully settle* the questions, whether it came from above or below, and whether its fruit was good or evil. One thing is certain, no spirit is suffered to act upon mortals, except, with the consent of the Almighty, who

> "Moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform."

From 1801, for years, a blessed revival of religion spread through almost the entire inhabited parts of the West, Kentucky, Tennessee, the Carolinas, and many other parts, especially through the Cumberland country, which was so called from the Cumberland River, which headed and mouthed in Kentucky, but in its great bend circled south through Tennessee, near Nashville. The Presbyterians and Methodists in a great measure united in this work, met together, prayed together, and preached together.

In this revival originated our camp-meetings, and in both these denominations they were held every year, and, indeed, have been ever since, more or less. They would erect their camps with logs or frame them, and cover them with clapboards or shingles. They would also erect a shed, sufficiently large to protect five thousand people from wind and rain, and cover it with boards or shingles; build a large stand, seat the shed, and here they would collect together from forty to fifty

miles around, sometimes further than that. Ten, twenty, and sometimes thirty ministers, of different denominations, would come together and preach night and day, four or five days together; and, indeed, I have known these camp-meetings to last three or four weeks, and great good resulted from them. I have seen more than a hundred sinners fall like dead men under one powerful sermon, and I have seen and heard more than five hundred Christians all shouting aloud the high praises of God at once; and I will venture to assert, that many happy thousands were awakened and converted to God at these camp-meetings. Some sinners mocked, some of the old dry professors opposed, some of the old starched Presbyterian preachers preached against these exercises, but still the work went on and spread almost in every direction, gathering additional force, until our country seemed all coming home to God.

In this great revival, the Methodists kept moderately balanced; for we had excellent preachers to steer the ship, or guide the flock. But some of our members ran wild, and indulged in some extravagancies that were hard to control.

The Presbyterian preachers and members, not being accustomed to much noise or shouting, when they yielded to it went into great extremes and downright wildness, to the great injury of the cause of God. Their old preachers licensed a great many young men to preach, contrary to their Confession of Faith. That Confession of Faith required their ministers to

believe in unconditional election and reprobation, and the unconditional and final perseverance of the saints. But in this revival, they, almost to a man, gave up these points of high Calvinism, and preached a free salvation to all mankind. The Westminster Confession required every man, before he could be licensed to preach, to have a liberal education; but this qualification was dispensed with, and a great many fine men were licensed to preach without this literary qualification, or subscribing to these high-toned doctrines of Calvinism.

This state of things produced great dissatisfaction in the Synod of Kentucky, and messenger after messenger was sent to wait on the Presbytery, to get them to desist from their erratic course, but without success. Finally, they were cited to trial before the constituted authorities of the Church. Some were censured, some were suspended, some retraced their steps, while others surrendered their credentials of ordination, and the rest were cut off from the Church.

While in this amputated condition, they called a general meeting of all their licentiates. They met our presiding elder, J. Page, and a number of Methodist ministers at a quarterly meeting in Logan County, and proposed to join the Methodist Episcopal Church as a body; but our aged ministers declined this offer, and persuaded them to rise up and embody themselves together, and constitute a Church. They reluctantly yielded to this advice, and, in due time

and form, constituted what they denominated the "Cumberland Presbyterian Church;" and in their confession of faith split, as they supposed, the difference between the Predestinarians and the Methodists, rejecting a partial atonement, or special election and reprobation, but retaining the doctrine of the final unconditional perseverance of the saints.

What an absurdity! While a man remains a sinner he may come, as a free agent, to Christ, if he will, and if he does not come, his damnation will be just, because he refused offered mercy; but as soon as he gets converted, his free agency is destroyed, the best boon of Heaven is then lost, and, although he may backslide, wander away from Christ, yet he *shall* be brought in. He cannot finally be lost, if he has ever been really converted to God.

They make a very sorry show in their attempt to support this left foot of Calvanism. But, be it spoken to their credit, they do not often preach this doctrine. They generally preach Methodist doctrine, and have been the means of doing a great deal of good, and would have done much more, if they had left this relic of John Calvin behind.

In this revival, usually termed in the west the Cumberland revival, many joined the different Churches, especially the Methodist and Cumberland Presbyterians. The Baptists also came in for a share of the converts, but not to any great extent. Infidelity quailed before the mighty power of God, which was displayed among the people. Universalism was

almost driven from the land. The Predestinarians of almost all sorts put forth a mighty effort to stop the work of God.

Just in the midst of our controversies on the subject of the powerful exercises among the people under preaching, a new exercise broke out among us, called the *jerks*, which was overwhelming in its effects upon the bodies and minds of the people. No matter whether they were saints or sinners, they would be taken under a warm song or sermon, and seized with a convulsive jerking all over, which they could not by any possibility avoid, and the more they resisted the more they jerked. If they would not strive against it, and pray in good earnest, the jerking would usually abate. I have seen more than five hundred persons jerking at one time in my large congregations. Most usually, persons taken with the jerks, to obtain relief, as they said, would rise up and dance. Some would run, but could not get away. Some would resist; on such, the jerks were generally very severe.

To see those proud young gentlemen and young ladies, dressed in their silks, jewelry, and prunella, from top to toe, take the *jerks*, would often excite my risibilities. The first jerk or so, you would see their fine bonnets, caps, and combs fly; and so sudden would be the jerking of the head, that their long loose hair would crack almost as loud as a wagone'rs whip.

At one of my appointments in 1804, there was a very large congregation turned out to hear the Ken-

tucky boy, as they called me. Among the rest, there were two very finely dressed, fashionable young ladies, attended by two brothers with loaded horsewhips. Although the house was large, it was crowded. The two young ladies, coming in late, took their seats near where I stood, and their two brothers stood in the door. I was a little unwell, and I had a phial of peppermint in my pocket. Before I commenced preaching, I took out my phial and swallowed a little of the peppermint. While I was preaching, the congregation was melted into tears. The two young gentlemen moved off to the yard fence, and both the young ladies took the jerks, and they were greatly mortified about it. There was a great stir in the congregation. Some wept, some shouted, and before our meeting closed, several were converted.

As I dismissed the assembly, a man stepped up to me, and warned me to be on my guard, for he had heard the two brothers swear they would horsewhip me when meeting was out, for giving their sisters the jerks. "Well," said I, "I'll see to that."

I went out and said to the young men that I understood they intended to horsewhip me, for giving their sisters the jerks. One replied that he did. I undertook to expostulate with him on the absurdity of the charge against me, but he swore I need not deny it; for he had seen me take out a phial, in which I carried some truck that gave his sisters the jerks. As quick as thought it came to my mind, how I would get clear of my whipping, and, jerking out the pep-

permint phial, said I, "Yes; if I gave your sisters the jerks, I'll give them to you." In a moment I saw he was scared. I moved toward him, he backed, I advanced, and he wheeled and ran, warning me not to come near him, or he would kill me. It raised the laugh on him, and I escaped my whipping. I had the pleasure, before the year was out, of seeing all four soundly converted to God, and I took them into the Church.

While I am on this subject, I will relate a very serious circumstance which I knew to take place with a man who had the jerks at a camp-meeting, on what was called the Ridge, in William Magee's congregation. There was a great work of religion in the encampment. The jerks were very prevalent. There was a company of drunken rowdies who came to interrupt the meeting. These rowdies were headed by a very large drinking man. They came with their bottles of whiskey in their pockets. This large man cursed the jerks, and all religion. Shortly afterward he took the jerks, and he started to run, but he jerked so powerfully he could not get away. He halted among some saplings, and, although he was violently agitated, he took out his bottle of whiskey, and swore he would drink the damned jerks to death; but he jerked at such a rate, he could not get the bottle to his mouth, though he tried hard. At length he fetched a sudded jerk, and the bottle struck a sapling and was broken to pieces, and spilled his whiskey on the ground. There was a great crowd gathered

round him, and when he lost his whiskey he became very much enraged, and cursed and swore very profanely, his jerks still increasing. At length he fetched a very violent jerk, snapped his neck, fell, and soon expired, with his mouth full of cursing and bitterness.

I always looked upon the jerks, as a judgment sent from God, first, to bring sinners to repentance; and, secondly, to show professors that God could work with or without means, and he could work over and above means, and do whatsoever seemeth him good, to the glory of his grace, and the salvation of the world."

Mr. Cartwright relates many other extraordinary things. Many in his time set the day when the world was to be burned; others had a horrid compound of Mormonism, and other sister spirits, boiling and foaming in the Devil's cauldron, heated by wildfire fed with brambles. It puts me in mind of the witches' cauldron of Shakspeare. He, as do all other evangelical ministers, preached against these things. The Devil displays two methods to ruin souls; if he cannot draw them back into Babylon, and kill them with frost, he will shove them off the high cliff of fanataticism, and burn them with wildfire. But we agree with Bro. Cartwright, that the jerks were from God directly; partly as a judgment on incorrigible sin-

ners, such as the blasphemous rum-seller; also, as a means to arouse the sleeping virgins, and to bring sinners to repentance. But did the Spirit break the neck of the rummy? Remember Ananias and Sapphira. The Holy Ghost slew them for lying, and the rummy for blasphemy. Here is a warning to all who carry liquor to a place of worship in their pockets; and, also to all who lie to the Holy Ghost. We have the same law-giver, who is able to create and destroy. One evidence that the jerking spirit was from God, was, that it came during a "warm sermon, or song." Would God dishonor himself by permitting the advent of a devilish spirit, during a song of praise, or a Holy Ghost sermon? We should blush at the thought. God cannot permit his own word to be disgraced.

We call especial notice to this, in the above extract. Mr. Cartwright says, "he has seen more than a hundred sinners fall like dead men under one powerful sermon, and has seen and heard more than five hundred Christians all shouting aloud the high praises of God at once." What a spectacle would this be in the new, double-steepled Trinity M. E. Church, in the city of New York; or in the new Grecian, polished marble M. E. Church, in Fourth Street! Only think, a hundred men and women laying on the floor, with

the arrows of God rankling in their hearts, smiting their breasts, and crying for mercy; and all around them, five hundred brethren and sisters shouting the high praises of God from the tops of the mountains; —and all this uproar caused by one powerful sermon! O! Lord give us preachers and sermons like the neck of Job's horse, "clothed with thunder." Amen! Mr. Cartwright says, starched up Presbyterian tried in vain to stop the work; and we blush to say, that in latter days starched up Methodists have endeavored to stop God's mighty work.

But our visit must end. It is time to call on Brō. Finley; so farewell "Uncle Peter, till we meet in heaven."

CHAPTER FORTY-FIFTH.

J. B. Finley.

We now hail with great joy the Rev. J. B. Finley. As we open his autobiography, and endeavor to make a selection of extracts, we are like the honey bee poised over a garden of flowers, his eye ravished with their variegated charms, his faith measuring the abundance of their sweetness, yet knowing that he can descend on but a single flower, and draw from the bottom of one little cell. Mr. Finley commenced his career as a minister in the West, about sixty years ago, and entered upon his everlasting rest in the year 1858. His father was a high-toned Calvinistic preacher, who endeavored to thrust down into the heart of his son, election, reprobation, and kindred doctrines; but not having powers to digest such spikes and irons, he cast them up and turned to better

things, as a pigeon casts up a crop full of wild seeds as it lights in a wheat field, and fills its little granary with pure wheat. He stowed away, in his great heart, the blessed doctrines of a free and full salvation.

The reader, if his tastes are like ours, will pardon us if we turn away from the noisy scenes which now occupy us, to attend a marriage feast. Everybody, especially the parties, like to go to weddings. In fact, there is sometimes a great deal of religion in getting married. The Savior himself once honored a wedding feast with his presence; and we are always safe in following him. But the hour has come for the wedding; we will now see how they do such things in the woods.

"On the third day of March, 1801, I was accordingly married to Hannah Strane. My father having bought land in what is now Highland county, I resolved to move and take possession. This section of the country was then a dense wilderness, with only here and there a human habitation. My father-in-law, being unsatisfied with his daughter's choice, did not even allow her to take her clothes, so we started out, without any patrimony, on our simple matrimonial stock, to make our fortune in the woods. With the aid of my brother John, I built a cabin in the forest, my nearest neighbor being three miles off. Into this we moved, without horse or cow, bed or bedding, bag or baggage. We gathered up the leaves and dried

them in the sun; then, picking out all the sticks, we put them into a bed-tick. For a bedstead, we drove forks into the ground, and laid sticks across, over which we placed elm bark. On this we placed our bed of leaves, and had comfortable lodging. The next thing was to procure something to eat. Of meat we had an abundance, supplied by my rifle, but we wanted some bread. I cut and split one hundred rails for a bushel of potatoes, which I carried home on my back, a distance of six miles. At the same place I worked a day for a hen and three chickens, which I put into my hunting-shirt bosom, and carried home as a great prize. Our cabin was covered with bark, and lined and floored with the same material. One end of the cabin was left open for a fireplace. In this we lived comfortably all summer. Having no horse or plow, I went into a plum bottom near the house, and, with my axe, grubbed and cleared off an acre and a half, in which I dug holes with my hoe, and planted my corn, without any fence around it. I cultivated this patch as well as I could with my hoe, and Providence blessed my labor with a good crop, of over one hundred bushels. Besides, during the summer, with the help of my wife, I put up a neat cabin, and finished it for our winter's lodgings. For the purpose of making the cabin warm, I put my corn in the loft, and now, if we could not get bread, we had always, as a good substitute, plenty of hominy. We had also plenty of bear-meat and venison, and no couple on earth lived happier or more contented.

Our Indian friends often called, and staid all night, and I paid them, in return, occasional visits.

"During the season several families settled in the neighborhood, and, when we were together, we enjoyed life without gossip and those often fatal bickerings and backbitings which destroy the peace of whole communities. Of all people on the face of God's earth, I despise a gossiping tattler, whose chief business is to retail slander from house to house, and ruin the peace of families. I would rather meet a lioness bereft of her whelps, a bear of her cubs, a hungry panther, or a revengeful savage, than a human being in the form of a tattler, with smooth tongue and slimy feet. Though we had but little, our wants were few, and we enjoyed our simple and homely possessions with a relish the purse-proud aristocrat never enjoyed. A generous hospitality characterized every neighbor, and what we had we divided to the last with each other. When any one wanted help, all were ready to aid."

Here was genuine connubial love. No padlock in this case! Here was a helpmeet indeed; proving Solomon correct when he said that a dinner of herbs, (or even bear's meat,) crowned with love, is better than a stalled ox, with hatred. Just in this way will a soul wedded to Christ, the husband of the church, forsake father and mother — Rebecca-like, cast off old lovers, and turn away from the old homestead, to live

in a log cabin, sleep on leaves, and feed on bear-meat. With the love of Christ in their hearts, they are a thousand times happier than a king on his throne without religion.

We now turn from a backwoods wedding to a backwoods camp meeting, where Mr. Finley received an arrow in his heart, from the quiver of the Almighty, which resulted in his conversion.

"In the month of August, 1801, I learned that there was to be a great meeting at Cane Ridge, in my father's old congregation. Feeling a great desire to see the wonderful things which had come to my ears, and having been solicited by some of my old schoolmates to go over into Kentucky for the purpose of revisiting the scenes of my boyhood, I resolved to go. Obtaining company, I started from my woody retreat in Highland county. Having reached the neighborhood of the meeting, we stopped and put up for the night. The family, who seemed to be posted in regard to all the movements of the meeting, cheerfully answered all our inquiries, and gave us all the information we desired. The next morning we started for the meeting. On the way I said to my companions, 'Now, if I fall, it must be by physical power and not by singing and praying;' and as I prided myself upon my manhood and courage, I had no fear of being overcome by any nervous excitability, or being frightened into religion. We arrived upon the ground, and here a scene presented itself to my mind not only

novel and unaccountable, but awful beyond description. A vast crowd, supposed by some to have amounted to twenty-five thousand, was collected together. The noise was like the roar of Niagara. The vast sea of human beings seemed to be agitated as if by a storm. I counted seven ministers, all preaching at one time, some on stumps, others in wagons, and one — the Rev. William Burke, now of Cincinnati — was standing on a tree which had, in falling, lodged against another. Some of the people were singing, others praying, some crying for mercy in the most piteous accents, while others were shouting most vociferously. While witnessing these scenes, a peculiarly strange sensation, such as I had never felt before, came over me. My heart beat tumultuously, my knees trembled, my lip quivered, and I felt as though I must fall to the ground. A strange supernatural power seemed to pervade the entire mass of mind there collected. I became so weak and powerless that I found it necessary to sit down. Soon after I left and went into the woods, and there I strove to rally and man up my courage. I tried to philosophize in regard to these wonderful exhibitions, resolving them into mere sympathetic excitement — a kind of religious enthusiasm, inspired by songs and eloquent harrangues. My pride was wounded, for I had supposed that my mental and physical strength and vigor could most successfully resist these influences.

"After some time I returned to the scene of excitement, the waves of which, if possible, had risen still

higher. The same awfulness of feeling came over me. I stepped up on to a log, where I could have a better view of the surging sea of humanity. The scene that then presented itself to my mind was indescribable. At one time I saw at least five hundred swept down in a moment, as if a battery of a thousand guns had been opened upon them, and then immediately followed shrieks and shouts that rent the very heavens. My hair rose up on my head, my whole frame trembled, the blood ran cold in my veins, and I fled for the woods a second time, and wished I had staid at home. While I remained here my feelings became intense and insupportable. A sense of suffocation and blindness seemed to come over me, and I thought I was going to die. There being a tavern about half a mile off, I concluded to go and get some brandy, and see if it would not strengthen my nerves. When I arrived there I was disgusted with the sight that met my eyes. Here I saw about one hundred men engaged in drunken revelry, playing cards, trading horses, quarreling, and fighting. After some time I got to the bar, and took a dram and left, feeling that I was as near hell as I wished to be, either in this or the world to come. The brandy had no effect in allaying my feelings, but, if anything, made me worse. Night at length came on, and I was afraid to see any of my companions. I cautiously avoided them, fearing lest they should discover something the matter with me. In this state I wandered about from place to place, in and around the encampment. At times

it seemed as if all the sins I had ever committed in my life were vividly brought up in array before my terrified imagination, and under their awful pressure I felt that I must die if I did not get relief. Then it was that I saw clearly through the thin vail of Universalism, and this refuge of lies was swept away by the spirit of God. Then fell the scales from my sin-blinded eyes, and I realized, in all its force and power, the awful truth that if I died in my sins, I was a lost man forever. O, how I dreaded the death of the soul; for

> "There is a death whose pang
> Outlasts the fleeting breath
> O what eternal horrors hang
> Around the second death!"

Notwithstanding all this, my heart was so proud and hard that I would not have fallen to the ground for the whole state of Kentucky. I felt that such an event would have been an everlasting disgrace, and put a final quietus on my boasted manhood and courage. At night I went to a barn in the neighborhood, and creeping under the hay, spent a most dismal night. I resolved, in the morning, to start for home, for I felt that I was a ruined man. Finding one of the friends who came over with me, I said, 'Captain, let us be off; I will stay no longer.' He assented, and getting our horses we started for home. We said but little on the way, though many a deep, long-drawn sigh told the emotions of the heart. When we arrived at the Blue Lick Knobs, I broke the silence which

reigned mutually between us. Like long pent-up waters, seeking for an avenue in the rock, the fountains of my soul were broken up, and I exclaimed, 'Captain, if you and I don't stop our wickedness, the devil will get us both.' Then came from my streaming eyes the bitter tears, and I could scarcely refrain from screaming aloud. This startled and alarmed my companion, and he commenced weeping too. Night approaching, we put up near Mayslick, the whole of which was spent by me in weeping and promising God, if he would spare me till morning, I would pray and try to mend my life and abandon my wicked courses.

"As soon as day broke I went to the woods to pray, and no sooner had my knees touched the ground than I cried aloud for mercy and salvation, and fell prostrate. My cries were so loud that they attracted the attention of the neighbors, many of whom gathered around me. Among the number was a German from Switzerland, who had experienced religion. He, understanding fully my condition, had me carried to his house and laid on a bed. The old Dutch saint directed me to look right away to the Savior. He then kneeled at the bedside and prayed for my salvation most fervently, in Dutch and broken English. He then rose and sung in the same manner, and continued singing and praying alternately till nine o'clock, when suddenly my load was gone, my guilt removed, and presently the direct witness from heaven shone full upon my soul. Then there flowed such copious

streams of love into the hitherto waste and desolate places of my soul, that I thought I should die with excess of joy. I cried, I laughed, I shouted, and so strangely did I appear to all, but my Dutch brother, that they thought me deranged. After a time I returned to my companion, and we started on our journey. O what a day it was to my soul! The Sun of righteousness had risen upon me, and all nature seemed to rejoice in the brightness of its rising. The trees that waved their lofty heads in the forest, seemed to bow them in admiration and praise. The living stream of salvation flowed into my soul. Then did I realize the truth of that hymn I have so frequently sung:

"I feel that heaven is now begun;
It issues from the sparkling throne—
From Jesus' throne on high:
It comes in floods I can't contain;
I drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet am ever dry."

CHAPTER FORTY-SIXTH.

J. B. Finley.

Glory to God! for Camp-meetings. Countless millions in the Church militant and triumphant, send back the shout, like the noise of many waters, glory to God! for Camp-meetings. It is to us among the hidden mysteries, how Methodists could raise a finger against them. We fear they have some of the symptoms manifested in the cure of a Universalist friend of ours, an intelligent Justice of the Peace. Being an old friend, he purchased as a matter of courtesy, the history of our life. Meeting him again in a few days, he said he had read the little book through, and was much interested in it; and added, that he kew the temporal part to be true, but of course, says he, you do not expect me to swallow your hell and damnation doctrine. He then drew down his face,

assumed a dignified look, and said, Sir, there is a portion of that book that seems to me blasphemous ; you make camp-meetings a place resembling heaven more than any other place on earth ; but to me, they are more like Pandemonium than anything I ever met. Doubtless an honest confession. Like the dying Altamonte, heaven to him would be the severest part of hell.

We were converted and sanctified wholly at camp-meeting. Well would it have been for our Presbyterian brethren, if they had continued their feast of tabernacles. It is a good place to wash the Lord's sheep. We have engaged probably fifty of these feasts in our day, and the falling showers have taken out of us all the starch, as they have in the case of many cold professors, who have returned home pliable as lambs. It was at camp-meeting that Finley lost the manly strength of which he boasted before he went to it. But such praying and singing! What is the matter now? Your knees knocking together like a certain ancient monarch ; shivering like an aspen ; your cheeks pale as marble. Why so excited? No physical power has hold of him. His courage has all oozed out of him. There was no dodging the skilful archers ; and his pride was wounded. From pulpits made of trees fallen, the arrows were hurled thick

and fast into the hearts of the King's enemies. Five hundred fell as dead. The groans of the dying, and the shouts of the saved, mingled, and made the forest tremble. Here was one of God's revivals, a Pentecost in the nineteenth century. What a place for velvet ears! There were scarcely any to cry order. Nothing but such a tabernacle will bring the Methodist Church back to the old landmarks. O Lord, let the wind blow; turn up whole forests by the roots; thoroughly purge the threshing floor, until nothing but pure wheat remains. Amen!

We will now present an account of the fall and recovery of this man of God, before he would consent to preach the Gospel. The burden was upon him, but Jonah-like he took the ship to Tarshish. A rough voyage he had of it. Reduced to a skeleton, he went day after day into the woods, and told God that if he must preach or go to hell, then hell must be his portion; but God was not so easily put off; he let down his judgments upon him, until he cried out as he lay for weeks in a hollow log, reading his Bible,

"Nay, but I yield, I yield."

But we must let Bro. Finley tell his own story.

"Thus I continued retiring, as usual, to the woods, and spending my time reading the Scriptures and Russel's Sermons, and prayer, till Thursday, which I

set apart as a day for solemn fasting, humiliation, and prayer. The most of the day was spent in the hollow log, reading the Bible and praying. In the evening I came home, and, after attending to some duties, went out again to the woods, after dark, determined, if I perished, to perish at the feet of mercy. I selected, as a place for my supplications, a large poplar tree, and getting on the opposite side from the wind, I scraped away the snow, that I might kneel there. Here I prayed and wrestled till about midnight, when I felt comforted. My load of sin was gone, and the sensations of cold which I had experienced, were also gone. The weather seemed pleasant and balmy as spring. I arose and went home, filled with gratitude to God, for his forgiving mercy and redeeming love. I had not received the direct witness of the Spirit, that I was a child of God, but yet I knew my sins were pardoned. I found my wife waiting for me, and we retired to rest. Just at the break of day I awoke, and I shall never be able to tell the gratitude I felt to God, that I was permitted to wake out of hell; and I thought I would express my feelings to my wife, when, to my astonishment, I found her convulsed in sorrow, and bathed in tears.

I immediately arose for the purpose of going to my barn to pray. Just as I passed the corner of the house on my way, suddenly God poured upon me the Holy Spirit in such a manner, and in such a measure, that I fell my whole length in the snow, and shouted and praised God so loud, that I was

heard over the neighborhood. As soon as I was able to rise, I returned to the house, and my wife having risen, I caught her in my arms, and ran round the house shouting, "Salvation! Salvation! God has again blessed me with his pardoning love." No doubt many would have said, had they seen me, "this man is drunk or crazy." But I was not "drunk with wine, wherein is excess;" but I was "filled with the Spirit." For an hour I could do nothing but praise the Lord. While thus exercised, I felt as though some one had spoken to me, "Go preach my Gospel." I instantly replied, "Yes, Lord, if thou wilt go with me." I did not stop to confer with flesh and blood, but hurried out as fast as I could, to my nearest neighbor, and called all the family together, and told them all that God had done for my soul; and to all within my reach that day, I proclaimed a risen Savior, who had power on earth to forgive sins."

Proud skeptic, do you not see the man, who yesterday was so reduced by grief and sorrow, that a grasshopper would have been a burden, now skipping like a lamb on Lebanon. Several times round his cabin he runs, with his wife in his arms, shouting all the while. She was no more than a wax doll. He could with his wife in his arms leap over a wall. Happy were they on the day they were married; but a thousand times happier now. How silly it seems to some. How strange to see a man of education and refine-

ment acting so wildly. God have mercy on the proud ones, who are ever deriding the child-like disposition and conduct of God's children. O, that such might be converted, and be able to sing,

"Perhaps you think me wild,
Or simple as a child;
I am a child of glory.
I am born from above,
My soul is full of love,
I long to tell the story."

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVENTH.

J. B. Finley.

We give the history of one more Camp-meeting, as a sort of cap-stone to our noisy book :

"The great general camp meeting was held at Cane Ridge meeting-house. This house was built for my father, and here was my old home. I have elsewhere described this meeting, or attempted to do so. Language is utterly impuissant to convey anything like an adequate idea of the sublimity and grandeur of the scene. Twenty thousand persons tossed to and fro, like the tumultuous waves of the sea in a storm, or swept down like the trees of the forest under the blast of the wild tornado, was a sight which mine own eyes witnessed, but which neither my pen nor tongue can describe.

"During the religious exercises within the encampment, all manner of wickedness was going on without. So deep and awful is man's depravity, that he will sport while the very fires of perdition are kindling

around him. Men, furious with the effects of the maddening bowl, would outrage all decency by their conduct; and some, mounted on horses, would ride at full speed among the people. I saw one, who seemed to be a leader and champion of the party, on a large, white horse, ride furiously into the praying circle, uttering the most horrid imprecations. Suddenly, as if smitten by lightning, he fell from his horse. At this a shout went up from the religious multitude, as if Lucifer himself had fallen. I trembled, for I feared God had killed the bold and daring blasphemer. He exhibited no signs whatever of life; his limbs were rigid, his wrists pulseless, and his breath gone. Several of his comrades came to see him, but they did not gaze long till the power of God came upon them, and they fell like men slain in battle. I was much alarmed, but I had a great desire to see the issue. I watched him closely, while for thirty hours he lay, to all human appearance, dead. During this time the people kept up singing and praying. At last he exhibited signs of life, but they were fearful spasms, which seemed as if he were in a convulsive fit, attended by frightful groans, as if he were passing through the intensest agony. It was not long, however, till his convulsions ceased, and springing to his feet, his groans were converted into loud and joyous shouts of praise. The dark, fiend-like scowl which overspread his features, gave way to a happy smile, which lighted up his countenance.

"A certain Dr. P., accompanied by a lady from

Lexington, was induced, out of mere curiosity, to attend the meeting. As they had heard much about the involuntary jerkings and fallings which attended the exercises, they entered into an agreement between themselves that, should either of them be thus strangely attacked or fall, the other was to stand by to the last. It was not long till the lady was brought down in all her pride, a poor sinner in the dust, before her God. The Doctor, agitated, came up and felt for her pulse; but, alas! her pulse was gone. At this he turned pale, and, staggering a few paces, he fell beneath the power of the same invisible hand. After remaining for some time in this state, they both obtained pardon and peace, and went rejoicing home. They both lived and died happy Christians. Thousands were affected in the same way.

"These camp meetings continued for some time, the Presbyterians and Methodists uniting together as one in the army of the Lord. Some ministers had serious doubts concerning the character of the work; but its genuineness was demonstrated by the fruits. Men of the most depraved hearts and vicious habits were made new creatures, and a whole life of virtue subsequently confirmed the conversion. To all but Methodists the work was entirely strange. Some of the peculiarities had been witnessed before by the preachers, and they were enabled to carry it on.

"These meetings exhibited nothing to the spectator unacquainted with them but a scene of confusion, such as scarcely could be put into human language.

They were generally opened with a sermon or exhortation, at the close of which there would be a universal cry for mercy, some bursting forth in loud ejaculations of prayer or thanksgiving for the truth; some breaking forth in strong and powerful exhortations, others flying to their careless friends with tears of compassion, entreating them to fly to Christ for mercy; some, struck with terror and conviction, hastening through the crowd to escape, or pulling away from their relations; others trembling, weeping, crying for mercy; some falling and swooning away, till every appearance of life was gone, and the extremities of the body assumed the coldness of death. These were surrounded with a company of the pious, singing melodious songs adapted to the time, and praying for their conversion. But there were others collected in circles round this variegated scene, contending for and against the work.

"Many circumstances transpired that are worthy of note in reference to this work. Children were often made the instruments through which the Lord wrought. At one of these powerful displays of Divine power, a boy about ten years old broke from the stand in time of preaching under very strong impressions, and having mounted a log at some distance, and raising his voice in a most affecting manner, cried out, 'On the last day of the feast Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' He attracted the main body of the congregation, and, with streaming eyes, he warned the sinners

of their danger, denouncing their doom, if they persevered in sin, and strongly expressed his love for the salvation of their souls, and the desire that they would turn to God and live. By this time the press was so great that he was taken up by two men and held above the crowd. He spoke for near an hour with that convincing eloquence that could be inspired only from heaven; and when exhausted, and language failed to describe the feelings of his soul, he raised his handkerchief, and dropping it, cried, 'Thus, O sinner, will you drop into hell, unless you forsake your sins and turn to God.' At this moment the power of God fell upon the assembly, and sinners fell as men slain in mighty battle, and the cries for mercy seemed as though they would rend the heavens, and the work spread in a manner which human language can not describe.

"We will now try to give something in reference to the manner and the exercise of mind of those who were the subjects of this work. Immediately before they became totally powerless, they were sometimes seized with a general tremor, and often uttered several piercing shrieks in the moment of falling. Men and women never fell when under this jerking exercise till they became exhausted. Some were unable to stand, and yet had the use of their hands and could converse with companions. Others were unable to speak. The pulse became weak, and they drew a difficult breath about once a minute. In many instances they became cold. Breathing, pulsation, and

all signs of life, forsook them for hours; yet I never heard of one who died in this condition, and I have conversed with persons who have laid in this situation for many hours, and they have uniformly testified that they had no bodily pain, and that they had the entire use of their reason and powers of mind. From this it appears that their falling was neither common fainting nor a nervous affection. Indeed, this strange work appears to have taken every possible turn to baffle the conjectures and philosophizing of those who were unwilling to acknowledge it was the work of God. Persons have fallen on their way home from meeting, some after they had arrived at home, others pursuing their common business on their farms, and others when they were attending to family or secret devotions. Numbers of thoughtless, careless sinners, have fallen as suddenly as if struck by lightning. Professed infidels, and other vicious characters, have been arrested, and sometimes at the very moment when they were uttering their blasphemies against God and the work, and have, like Saul, declared that to be God's work which they so vehemently persecuted.

"I trust I have said enough on this subject to enable my readers to judge how far the charge of enthusiasm and delusion is applicable to this work, unequaled for power and for the entire change of the hearts and lives of so many thousands of men and women. Lord Lyttleton, in his letter on the conversion of St. Paul, observes, and I think justly, that enthusiasm is a vain, self-righteous spirit, swelled with

self-sufficiency and disposed to glory in its religious attainments. If this be a good definition, there was as little enthusiasm in this work as any other. Never were there more genuine marks of that humility which disclaims the merits of its own works, and looks to the Lord Jesus Christ as the only way of acceptance with God. Christ was all and in all in their exercises and religion, and their Gospel, and all believers in their highest attainments seemed most sensible of their entire dependence upon Divine grace; and it was truly affecting to hear with what anxiety awakened sinners inquired for Christ as the only Physician who could give them help. Those who call this enthusiasm ought to tell us what they understand by the spirit of Christianity. Upon the whole, this revival in the west was the most extraordinary that ever visited the Church of Christ, and was peculiarly adapted to the circumstances of the country. Infidelity was triumphant, and religion at the point of expiring. Something of an extraordinary nature was necessary to arrest the attention of a wicked and sceptical people, who were ready to conclude that Christianity was a fable and futurity a dream. This great work of God did do it. It confounded infidelity and vice into silence, and brought numbers beyond calculation under the influence of experimental religion and practical piety."

The question, how many turned away from that camp-meeting, Naman-like, in a rage? — how many

proud Pharisees went home muttering "disorder and confusion?" — the day of doom alone can answer. Often have we been sickened by wise, prudent presiding elders, who manifest much more care for order, and to have it said that all passed off quietly and genteelly, than for the salvation of souls. They forget that the mountain is covered with horses and chariots to defend the sacramental hosts. They will draft one hundred men, the strength of the spiritual army, and send one half to scour the roads and drive sinners from the net; and the other half is kept on the ground, to keep the brethren and sisters from praying too loud, and to shut down every gate and close every door at the sound of the horn. No matter if fifty persons were balanced between the two kingdoms, things must be abruptly stopped, and the risk run of their falling back into the tempter's power. Before we were converted, we were staggered when we heard persons split their throats in proclaiming the value of a soul, and appear unwilling to forego their beefsteak, and Java, and ease, for the labors of the prayer meeting; and since our conversion, we have been ashamed of our own indifference in such important cases. God help us practice what we preach. More than once have we had the cold water spouts turned upon us by some presiding elder or preacher, when the sea of our

soul has been agitated, or that of some weak brother or sister, and the sacred flame quenched. They would seem distressed, and say, "Order and solemnity," or, "Brethren, pray." All in order to pray, except for those filled with joy. St. James says, If any are afflicted, let them pray; and he also says, If any are merry, let them sing psalms. If any minister or layman is afflicted because some of the children are happy and shout Hosannah, he ought to be prostrate at the mourner's bench, and pray until Christ has healed his soul. The order of God, not that of man, should be sought and followed. Then would the spirit of old fashioned revivals return.

We must confess a little mental conflict just here, in determining whether we should strike out some of the above or not. We may be considered a little rebellious — not obedient to the ordained powers. But we love the order of God. We love Cesar; but we love Rome more. The last camp-meeting we attended was at Cattaraugus. The presiding elder buried his horn, pulled down the bars, and let the Spirit and the brethren have free course. The Gospel run, and God was glorified. There were more sinners converted, and souls sanctified, from ten at night until daylight in the morning, than during all the rest of the meeting. Suppose some brother or sister gets

a nervous headache in consequence of a restless night? To balance that, God may give a converted husband, or wife, or child. What are a few hours headache to everlasting burnings?

The great wonder in heaven will be, that Christ ever colonized the heavenly country from such a world of iniquity as this. Rowdies, by grace, made shining saints! Millions in heaven will date their conversion at some of the rough-and-tumble pitched battles with the Devil, at the midnight hour, when he with his obedient followers attempted to break up the camp. How frequently he loses his best troops in some of these encounters. Many an arrow sent at a venture, has pierced the joints of the harness, and like Ahab, the wounded have been drawn by the chariot wheels of free grace to the mercy seat, and have been saved. Any camp-meeting that does not disturb the Devil, and win souls to Christ, is not conducted in God's order.

Good bye, Finley, until we meet in a land where shines an eternal day.

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHTH.

The Use of Shouting.

What is the use of shouting? Says one, there is no religion in a noise. Then Zachariah was mistaken. He said, they shall drink and make a noise as through wine. Here we have cause and effect. Wine makes men noisy and tremulous if drank freely. So the saints, when filled with the Spirit. But what is the use of shouting? The walls of Jericho would perhaps have been standing now, had not the saints shouted, as God commanded. The three thousand might never have been converted had they not been called together on the day of Pentecost, by the shouts of the victors.

A poor man once by his wisdom saved a city from perishing with hunger. His wisdom was not immortalized in newspaper puffs, or flaming eulogies, for he was a poor man. The city was besieged so closely

that it was death to appear outside the walls. Everything within was devoured but one bullock; while without were hundreds of fat cattle, quietly grazing. In the extremity, the poor but wise man received permission to use a stratagem to procure food. He constructed a windlass which would hoist the bullock several feet above the wall in a moment. Every time this was done the bullock would bellow with all his might. This drew all the cattle of the enemy to the gate; and all that had to be done was to open the gate, into which the cattle eagerly pressed. All were soon supplied. This was only for the body; but it shows the use of a noise.

We are now about to tell you a story of a poor slave, who, by his noise, was the means of saving his master and household, and perhaps many others. This old gospel leaven is a wonderful thing to spread, when it once gets kneaded in. It has so much power that it will raise a man up like the bullock, and make him bellow so as to disturb a whole neighborhood, and draw sinners to the gates of Zion.

But now the story:

OLD MOSES.

Mr. B. was a merchant in Baltimore, and did a very heavy business, especially in grain. One morning, as he was passing over the vessels that lay at the wharf,

with their various commodities for sale, he stepped over the deck of one, at the stern of which he saw a negro man sitting, whose dejected countenance gave sure indications of distress; and he accosted him with—

"Hey, man, what is the matter with you this morning?"

"Ah, massa, I'se in great trouble."

"What about?"

"Kase I'se fotched to be sold."

"What for? What have you been doing? Have you been stealing, or did you run away, or what?"

"No, no, massa, none o'dat; It's because I did'nt mind the audes."

"What kind of orders?"

"Well, massa stranger, I tell you. Massa Willum werry strict man, and werry nice man too, and ebery body on the place got to mine him, and I break trew de rule; but I didn't tend to break trew de rule, doe; I forgot myself, and I got too high."

"It's for getting drunk, then, is it?"

"O, no, sah, not dat nother."

"You are the strangest negro I have seen in a week. I can get no satisfaction from you. If you would not like to be pitched overboard, you had better tell me what you did."

"Please massa, don't frow de poor flicted nigger in de wata."

"Then tell me what you are to be sold for."

"For prayin, sah."

"For praying! that is a strange tale indeed. Will your master not permit you to pray?"

"O, yes sah, he let me pray easy, but I hollers too loud."

"And why do you hallow so loud in your prayer?"

"Kase de spirit comes on me, and I gets happy fore I knows it; den I gone; can't trol merself den; den I knows nuthin bout massa's rule; den I holler if ole Sattin hissef come with all the rules of the quisition."

"And do you suppose your master will really sell you for that?"

"O yes, no help for me now; kase when massa Willium say one thing, he no do anoder."

"What is your name?"

"Moses, sah."

"What is your master's name?"

"Massa name Colonel Willum C——."

"Where does he live?"

"Down on Easin Shoah."

"Is he a good master? Does he treat you well?"

"O yes, massa Willum good; no better massa in de world."

"Stand up and let me look at you." And Moses stood up and presented a robust frame; and Mr. B. stripped up his sleeve, his arm gave evidence of unusual muscular strength.

"Where is your master?"

"Yonder he is, jist coming to the wharf."

As Mr. B. started for the shore he heard Moses give a heavy sigh, followed by a deep groan. Moses was

not at all pleased with the present phase of affairs. He was strongly impressed with the idea that B. was a trader and intended to buy him, and it was this that made him so unwilling to communicate to Mr. B. the desired information. Mr. B. reached the wharf just as Col. C. did. He introduced himself and said:

"I understand you wish to sell that negro man yonder on board the schooner."

Col. C. replied that he did.

"What do you ask for him?"

"I expect to get seven hundred dollars."

"How old is he?"

"About thirty."

"Is he healthy?"

"Very, he never had any sickness in his life except one or two spells of ague."

"Is he hearty?"

"Yes sir, he will eat as much as any man ought, and it will do him as much good."

"Is he a good hand?"

"Yes sir; he is the best hand on my place. He is steady, honest and industrious. He has been my foreman for the last ten years, and a more trusty negro I never knew."

"Why do you wish to sell him?"

"Because he disobeys my orders. As I said, he is my foreman; and that he might be available at any time I might want him, I built his quarter within a hundred yards of my own house, and I have never rung the bell at any time in the night or morning, that his horn did not answer in five minutes after.

But two years ago he got religion and commenced what he terms family prayer—that is, prayer in his quarter every night and morning; and when he begun his prayer, it was impossible to tell when it would stop, especially if (as he termed it) he got happy. Then he would sing and pray and halloo for an hour or two together, that you might hear him a mile off. And he would pray for me and my wife and children, and all my brothers and sisters and their children, and our whole family connection to the third generation; and sometimes, when we would have visitors, Moses' prayers would interrupt the conversation and destroy the enjoyment of the whole company. The women would cry, and the children would cry, and it would send me almost frantic; and even after I had retired, it would sometimes be nearly daylight before I could go to sleep; for it appeared to me that I could hear Moses pray for three hours after he had finished. I bore it as long as I could, and then forbid him praying so loud any more. Moses promised obedience, but he soon transgressed; and my rule is never to whip, but whenever a negro proves incorrigible, I sell him. This keeps them in better subjection and is less trouble than whipping. I pardoned Moses twice for praying so loud, but the third time I knew I must sell him, or every negro on the farm would soon be perfectly regardless of all my orders."

"You spoke of Moses' quarters; I suppose from that he has a family."

"Yes, he has a woman and three children—or *wife*, I suppose he calls her now, for soon after he got relig-

ion he asked me if they might get married, and I presume they were."

"What will you take for her and the three children?"

"If you want them for your own use, I will take seven hundred dollars; but I shall not sell Moses for them to go out of the State."

"I wish them all for my own use, and I will give you the fourteen hundred dollars."

Mr. R. and Col. C. then went to B's store, drew up the writing, and closed the sale, after which they returned to the vessel; and Mr. B. approaching the negro, who sat with his eyes fixed upon the deck, seemingly wrapped in meditation of the most awful forebodings, said:

"Well Moses, I have bought you."

Moses made a very low bow, and every muscle of his face worked with emotion as he replied--

"Is you, massa? Where is I gwine, massa? Is I gwine to Georgy?"

"No," said Mr. B. "I am a merchant in the city here, and yonder is my store, and I have purchased your wife and children too, that you may not be separated."

"Bress God for dat! And kin I go to meeting sometimes?"

"Yes, Moses, you can go to church three times on the Sabbath, and every night in the week; and you can pray as often as you choose, and get as happy as you choose; and every time you pray, whether it be at home or at church, I want you to pray for me, my

wife, and all my children, and single-handed too; for if you are a good man, your prayers will do us no harm, and we need them very much; and if you wish to, you may pray for everybody of the name of B. in the State of Maryland. It will not injure them."

While Mr. B. was dealing out these privileges to Moses, the negro's eyes danced in their sockets, and his full heart laughed right out with gladness, exposing two rows of as even, clean ivories as any African can boast, and his hearty response was,

"Bress God, bress God all time, and bress you too, massa. Moses neber tink bout he gwine to have all dese commodations; it makes me tink bout Joseph in de Egypt."

And after Moses had poured a few blessings on Col. C., bidding him a warm adieu, and requesting him to give his love and farewell to his mistress, the children and all the servants, he followed B. to the store, to enter on the functions of his office.

The return of the schooner brought to Moses his wife and children.

Early the next spring, as Mr. B. was standing at the store door, he saw a man leap upon the wharf from the deck of a vessel and walk hurriedly towards the store. He soon recognized him as Col. C. They exchanged salutations, and to the Colonel's inquiry after Moses, Mr. B. replied that he was up stairs measuring grain, and invited him to walk up and see him. Soon Mr. B's attention was arrested by a very confused noise above. He listened, and he heard an unusual shuffling of feet, some one sobbing violently, and

some one talking very hurriedly; and when he reflected on Col. C's singular movements and the peculiar expression of his countenance, he became alarmed, and determined to go up and see what was transpiring.

When he reached the head of the stairs he was startled by seeing Moses in the middle of the floor down upon his knees, with his arms around the Colonel's waist, and weeping audibly. As soon as the Colonel could sufficiently control his feelings, he told Mr. B. that he had never been able to free himself from the influence of Moses' prayers, and that during the past year he and his wife, and all the children had been converted to God.

Moses responded, "Bress God, massa C., do I way up hea, I neber forgit you in my prayers—I always put de old massa side the new one. Bress God, dis make Moses think about Joseph in the Egypt again."

The Colonel then stated to Mr. B. that his object in coming to Baltimore was to buy Moses and his family back again. But Mr. B. assured him that it was out of the question, for he could not part with him; and he intended to manumit Moses and his wife at forty, and his children at thirty-five years of age.

Moses was not far wrong in his reference to Joseph. For when Joseph was sold in Egypt, God overruled to his good, and he obtained blessings that were far beyond his expectations; so with Moses. Moses eventually proved the instrument of saving the man's soul who sold him.

Old Moses is still living and doing well. He long since obtained his freedom, and at present occupies a comfortable house of his own; and I suppose sings and prays, and prays and shouts to his heart's content.

CHAPTER FORTY-NINTH.

Third Church, Syracuse.

If every true convert would stand up as straight for Jesus as Moses did, the hallowed flame would rise so high that all the fire engines of modern invention could not quench it. His prayers and words would be so clothed with authority, that they would disturb the midnight slumbers of even a slaveholder, and break the proud hearts of his wife and children. May the Lord multiply such shouters.

The last two years of our own life has been somewhat peculiar; and, as is the custom of Methodists, we will weave in a little of our own experience. A few years ago there was a little band of brethren which had swarmed from the First M. E. Church in Syracuse, and formed what was at first called the mission church, and afterwards the Third Church. They did not differ with their brethren on doctrinal points; only

on what are termed peculiarities. The bees that swarmed were noisy. Incessantly they praised God. They sing, shout, scream, and leap for joy; in all things they follow the Spirit and endeavor to be submissive. Unwisely, we think, the Bishop sent a man to them diametrically opposed to their manner of worship, as, perhaps, many good preachers are. The result was as follows: The little craft being under full headway could not be snubbed, or strapped down to the preacher's iron bedstead; it kept in the middle of the stream, and kept on a full head of steam; like Sampson, it broke every green withe or new rope, and maintained its freedom. The minister and the little flock agreed to separate; he went to a more congenial field, and they went on in their course. This squall proved them to be on solid rock, with the kingdom just before them; their zeal remained unquenched and their shouts of victory went up as usual. The flame of persecution waxed hot and blazed high; yet the bush was unconsumed. The vilest epithets were heaped upon them, their peculiarities were magnified, and rendered so odious by mi-representation, that, by brethren in distant neighborhoods, they were looked upon as wild cats rather than as Christians.

The Bishop and his cabinet neglected to send them a preacher. Just at this point the Gospel door open-

ed on its golden hinges to the poor blind man, who had no reputation or salary to jeopardize. We shall want an eternity to thank God for the privilege of preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ two years and a half, with our colleague, Bro. Davis, a local preacher, who lived ten miles from Syracuse, and was a Holy Ghost man, who sung and shouted, preached and exhorted with us in the fear of God, until the fires of persecution burned down to embers.

Subsequently the officers of the church, together with their accusers, had an audience before Bishops Janes, Ames and Baker. As the accusers made known their grievances, Bishop Ames would say,—Amen! brethren, this is the old way. When I was a circuit preacher, we used to dismiss the congregation for those who wished to retire as soon as preaching was over, then we would remain to sing and pray if any soul wanted salvation. It was like Balak sending for Balaam to curse Israel. Instead of cursing them he blessed them. The Bishops decided that they had been persecuted; and, without a single reproof, sent them Rev. Bro. David Stone, a man like Moses in meekness, and like John in love. Never did preacher and people dwell more harmoniously together.

But the reader will ask for specifications. What were their peculiarities? None that differed materi-

ally from those that appeared in the days of Wesley, Abbott, Evans, Edwards, Cartwright, and Finley. We note only this difference. The peculiarities of the Third Church were nothing in comparison to those we have recorded. One complaint against them was that they disturbed the people for several blocks around by their groans, prayers and loud shouts of praise. No wonder that infidels and Pharisees were disturbed. If they had been slaves, like Moses, no doubt they would have been sold up Red river, or somewhere else. But Jesus had made them free, body and soul; and they were determined to use their freedom. Many a soul doubtless this day, like Col. Williams, the master of Old Moses, thanks God that their slumbers were ever broken by this noisy crew.

One thing there was, rather uncommon for whirlwind revivals. After a warm sermon, when the saints would rise to testify, two or three sisters, some belonging to other churches, persons noted for retiring modesty and genuine piety, would be pressed to move from their seats, and leap up and down the aisles; and were impressed to lay their hands on the heads of the brethren and sisters, declaring that they saw a peculiar light resting over the heads of some; and now we can declare that whenever their hands touched our head unearthly joy thrilled soul and body. Those

who saw them said they would leap with almost the fleetness of an angel. At such times a solemn awe would rest on the whole congregation, numbering, perhaps, four hundred, and all would feel that they were in the house of God. All these things occurred during the hottest persecutions.

Another offence urged against the brethren was, that when they were sick they would refuse to take medicines, or call a doctor, but would take their case to the Lord, and afterwards testify in open court that Jesus had healed their bodies. Not many months ago Bro. Timothy Stearns, a prominent member, whose piety we never heard doubted, had a malignant spider cancer on his jaw—so called by eminent physicians. He refused the use of any application whatever. He carried it to the Lord; and in a few weeks it disappeared. We confess our own faith has not been elevated to that point; that of others has; but sometimes, like Paul we have been shut up unto it.

We will relate a little personal matter. At the last Bergen Camp Meeting, as we awoke in the morning, our throat seemed skinned down to the vitals. It was Friday morning. This was our day of fasting, always a day of peculiar solemnity. The devil said we had preached our last sermon, our throat was destroyed. O, what a mountain of gloom rested upon our soul.

We took our little guide and went into the woods and laid our case before the Lord. The idea that we should never preach to the poor gave us great sorrow. But as Paul was told to go to the old tanner, we were directed to Bro. B. T. Roberts' tent, in which there were some of the Third Church brethren, who possessed the healing faith. When we arrived they were at prayer. We knelt down in front of the tent, and wept like a little child. We could scarcely speak above a whisper. We then referred the Lord to the fourteen years we had been trying to feed his sheep at different poor houses; how many there were of his own dear children bereft of gospel privileges. About this time the brethren had learned our case, and in a moment our throat was healed, and we could sing, shout, or pray, as the Spirit moved. We were then requested to lead the class, which numbered about one hundred. We led one half, and then requested Bro. B. I. Ives to lead the other half. Soon after he began, a water spout of grace broke upon our heads, and we fell under its power. Amen! Halleluiah! Still we confess with shame, our healing faith is still weak.

But we must hasten on. We want no easier place to preach, than the humble, no-steepled, free-pewed Church at Syracuse; although it has now become pop-

ular with those who were its opposers, and now they can sing and shout as well as its worshippers.

To the glory of free grace we want to relate some strange things that have happened to us in seasons of refreshing and power. We have often rose and took our text as calm as a May morning, but before we could advance a step with it, it would become a ladder, setting at our feet and reaching the heavens, until by realizing faith we could behold unspeakable wonders, and feel the power sweetly going through every nerve of our body. Our power of articulation would be taken away, our teeth would begin to chatter and when the glory arrived at a certain pitch, as quick as lightning we would be brought to stand on tip-toe, our arms extended over our head at their full length, become nearly as stiff as a corpse, and fall our full length in the pulpit. All this time we would be conscious of what was going on. In this state we would be kept from three to five minutes; then our body would relax into its ordinary state. There was not so much joy during this state as afterward when the tide from the ocean would flow in, and overflow the banks of our soul with Divine love. If ever we were qualified to preach, it was at such times. We wanted no foolscap to turn over in the desk. We could seemingly lay our naked hand on the bare arm of God. We

were like a child in its mother's pantry, the shelves of which were loaded with every luxury. We could lay hold on the gospel provisions, and press them to the lips of lovers of Christ. The Devil was here baffled. Sometimes he would accuse us of excitement; but when the heavens opened he would return to his own place. But we have something better than any outward demonstration. It is a white stone, with a new name engraven upon it, that none can be familiar with except the giver and receiver.

But we must shut down the gate. We must pass to our concluding chapter. So farewell my loving brethren of the Third M. E. Church, whom not having seen, yet we fervently love.

CHAPTER FIFTIETH.

Vast Revival.

Dear reader, in this chapter we are to give you the parting hand. You have been by our side all through our journey. Many glorious scenes have we witnessed. We were together as we listened to the singing of the stars; together we waded in the river of Ezekiel's vision; and we traveled together as we followed the hosts of Israel from Egypt to the land of promise. You saw many things that offended you. But the day of Pentecost opened your eyes; and with us you have with delight waded the stream as it has increased in breadth and depth, down to the times of Wesley, Evans, and their compeers. We have seen whirlwind power, uprooting vast forests, in Europe and America. It appears that when the Spirit has free course, its outward demonstrations are the same in all ages, and among all denominations. We have had a good

time with our pioneer brethren, Cartwright and Finley; and last, but not least among the thousands of Israel, the little flock at Syracuse.

We are now to notice the last revival we are sure will occur on earth. We shall all be there. However indifferent and fault-finding persons are now, they will be interested then. Those whose occupation it has been to find and point out blemishes, will then have their mouths stopped. They will have all the business they can attend to of their own. Once Pilate brought Jesus to his bar, but then the scene will be reversed; Christ will be judge, and Pilate the criminal. A noisy time it will be. Earth has never witnessed such groanings, and shoutings as will then be heard. It was a noisy time when the foundation of the second temple was laid. The mingled noise of shouting and weeping was heard afar off. But when the spiritual temple, made of regenerated souls, is completed, the cap-stone will be brought forth with such shoutings as we have never heard. There was great noise when Ezekiel began to prophesy to the bleached bones, and bone came to bone, each occupying its proper position; but when the notable day of which we are speaking comes, the heavens will be dressed in black, and the universe will be filled with the thundering of the crash of worlds, the cries of

terrified sinners, and above all the shouts of the redeemed.

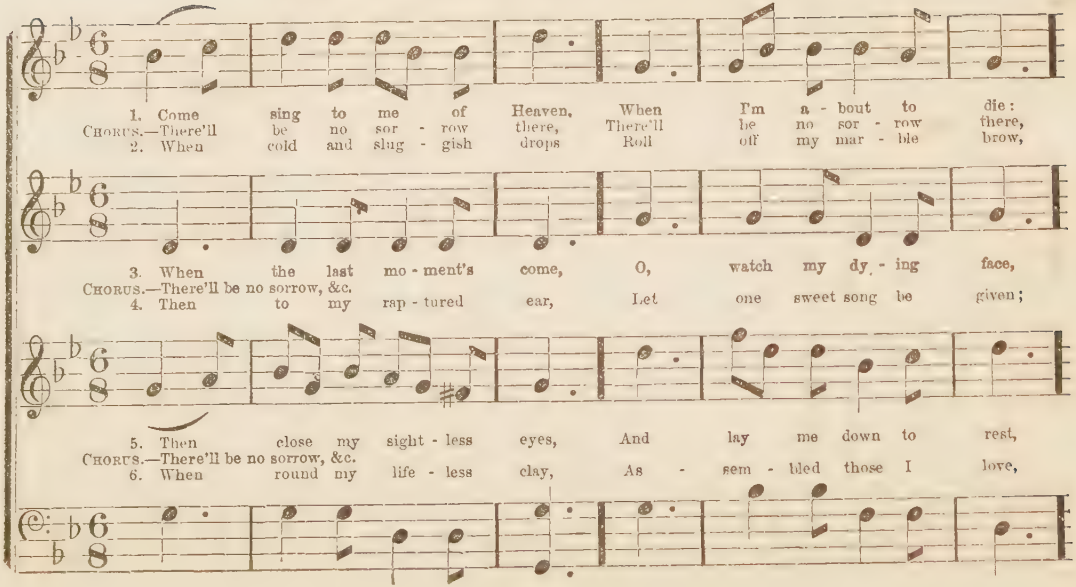
The revival of which we speak, if revival it may be called, differs from those of time. No mourner's bench presented! It will be said, "He that is holy, let him be holy still, and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still." No wash tubs or gospel pools there, in which the bride may prepare her robes for the nuptial festivities. There will be no oil for the dead formalist. There will be a sudden trumpet-blast, and a peremptory call. There will be no faithful preacher or pious mother to weep over the sinner, and lead him to the mercy-seat. The day of such privileges will have passed. Sinner, you will not say, "If my young companions will go with me I will go." No! All that are in the grave will hear his voice and come forth; they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation, they that have done good to the resurrection of life. The wicked have but one resurrection. Annanias and Sapphira were partners in guilt, and shared the same fate; so the body and the soul of the wicked share the pains of hell. True believers have two resurrections. Their souls are brought to life while on earth—the first resurrection; then at the second resurrection the body is raised and the soul again united with it to live forever in a glorious heaven.

You who have cried, "too much noise, confusion," as the saints have blowed the ram's horn around your spiritual Jericho, what will you say when the Arch-Angel shall take the trump from the hands of him that sits on the throne, stand with one foot on the sea and the other on dry land, and say that time shall be no longer? when with one shrill blast the slumbering millions are startled, and land and sea are made to give up their dead? when the righteous shall rise with glorified bodies, to meet in the air the royal Bride-groom with the flower of his court, who is to introduce the Bride to the Father, as Isaac introduced Rebecca to his father Abraham? In this revival the Lord shall descend himself with a shout; and we may be assured responsive shouts will be heard from myriads of celestial beings. And then the saints shout louder than ever on earth. Body and soul, companions in life's toils, pains, conflicts, and victories, after a long separation will be reunited, and together enter a royal mansion. Now they look back on vacant graves, and realize the saying, "Death is swallowed up in victory;" and Oh, how they shout, "O, grave where is thy victory?"

Behold he cometh in clouds, as with armies. Every eye shall see him. O, what a glorious sight for your humble blind author. And the saints, as they

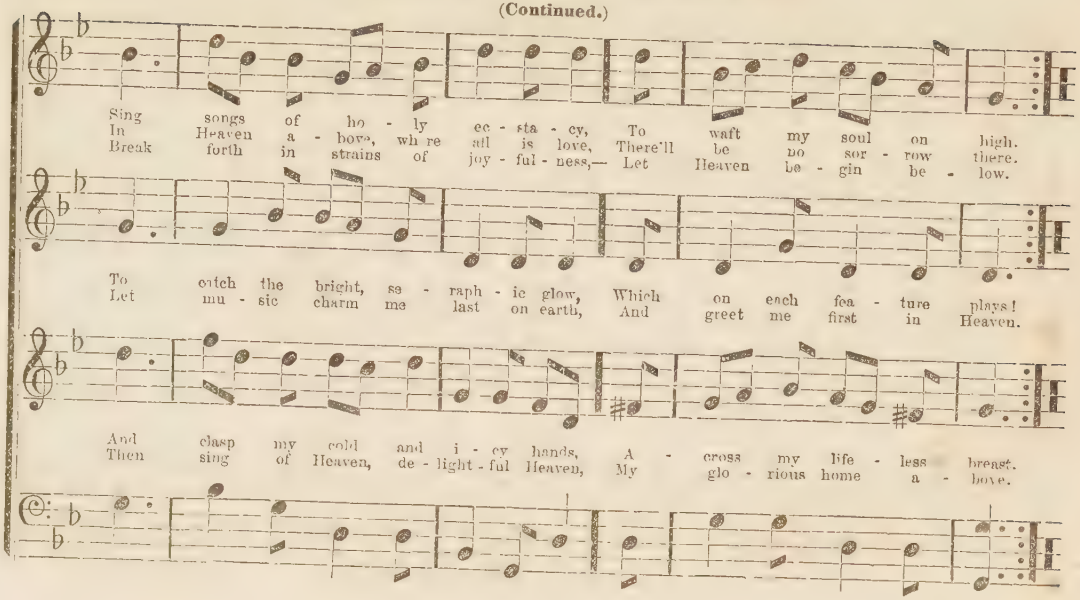
behold him, shall rise. Many envy Elijah, and his chariot of fire; but here all saints have an ascension that even Elijah might court. Unnumbered millions will exclaim as they ascend, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." So shall we be ever with the Lord. Amen! Halleluiah!

COME SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.


1. Come sing to me of Heaven, When I'm a - bout to die:
Chorus.—There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there,
2. When cold and slug - gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow,
3. When the last mo - ment's come, O, watch my dy - ing face,
Chorus.—There'll be no sorrow, &c.
4. Then to my rap - tured ear, Let one sweet song be given;
5. Then close my sight - less eyes, And lay me down to rest,
Chorus.—There'll be no sorrow, &c.
6. When round my life - less clay, As - sem - bled those I love,

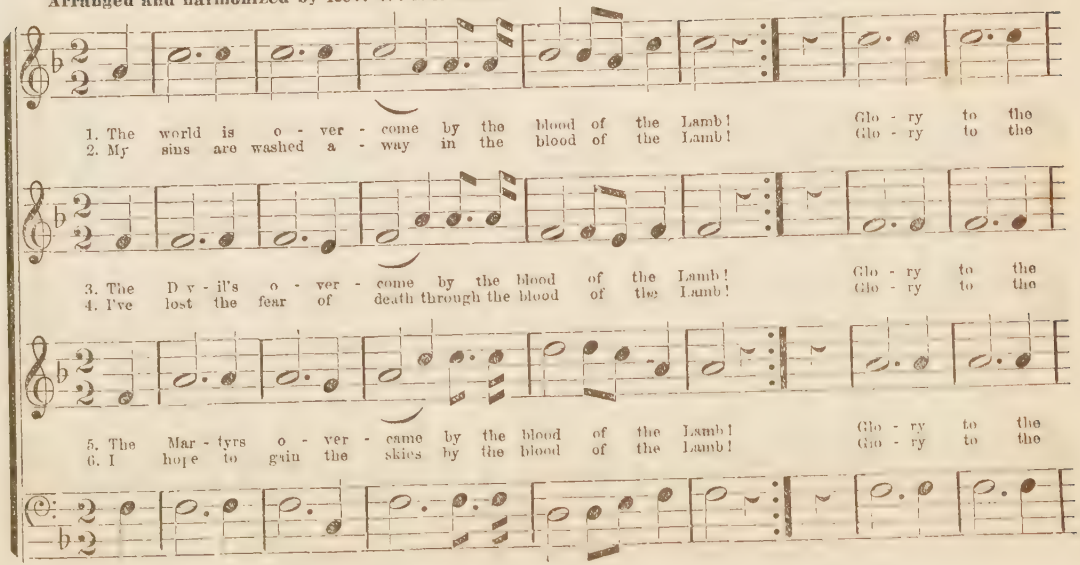
COME SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.

(Continued.)


Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high.
In Heaven a - bove, wh re all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.
Break forth in strains of joy - ful - ness,— Let Heaven be - gin be - low.
To catch the bright, se - raph - ic glow, Which on each fea - ture plays!
Let mu - sic charm me last on earth, And greet me first in Heaven.
And clasp my cold and i - cy hands, A - cross my life - less breast.
Then sing of Heaven, de - light - ful Heaven, My glo - rious home a - bove.

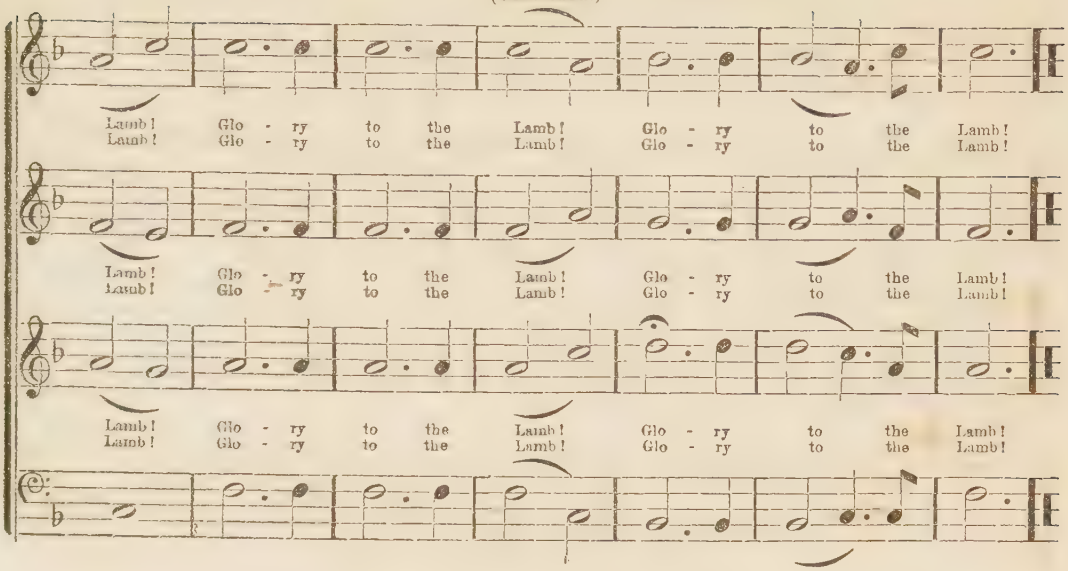
GLORY TO THE LAMB.

Arranged and harmonized by Rev. W. McDonald. **Music by Rev. B. W. Gorham.**


1. The world is o - ver - come by the blood of the Lamb! Glo - ry to the
2. My sins are washed a - way in the blood of the Lamb! Glo - ry to the
3. The D v - il's o - ver - come by the blood of the Lamb! Glo - ry to the
4. I've lost the fear of death through the blood of the Lamb! Glo - ry to the
5. The Mar - tyrs o - ver - came by the blood of the Lamb! Glo - ry to the
6. I hope to gain the skies by the blood of the Lamb! Glo - ry to the

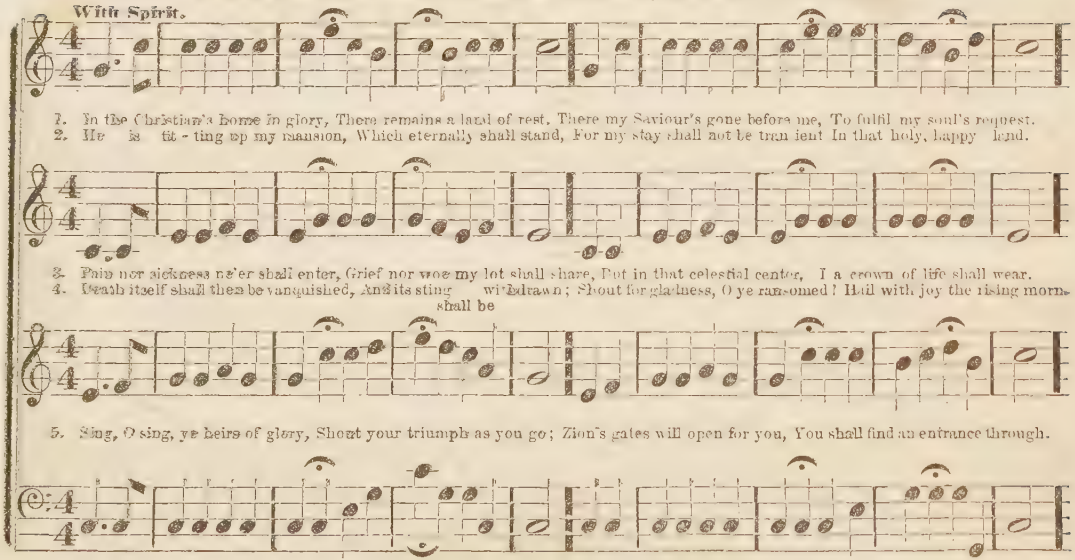
GLORY TO THE LAMB.

(Continued.)



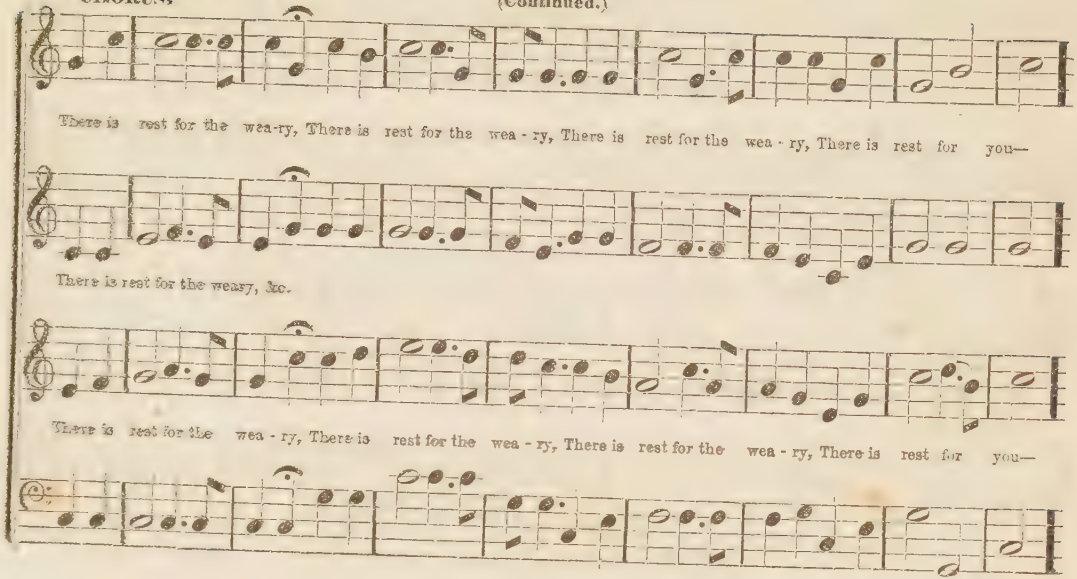
REST FOR THE WEARY.

Arranged and harmonized by Rev. W. McDonald, and Rev. J. W. Dadmun.


With Spirit.
1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest. There my Saviour's gone before me, To fulfil my soul's request.
2. He is pre - par - ing up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand, For my stay shall not be tran sient In that holy, happy land.
3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share, But in that celestial center, I a crown of life shall wear.
4. Death itself shall then be vanquished, And its sting shall be with-drawn; Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed! Hail with joy the rising morn.
5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory, Shout your triumphs as you go; Zion's gates will open for you, You shall find an entrance through.

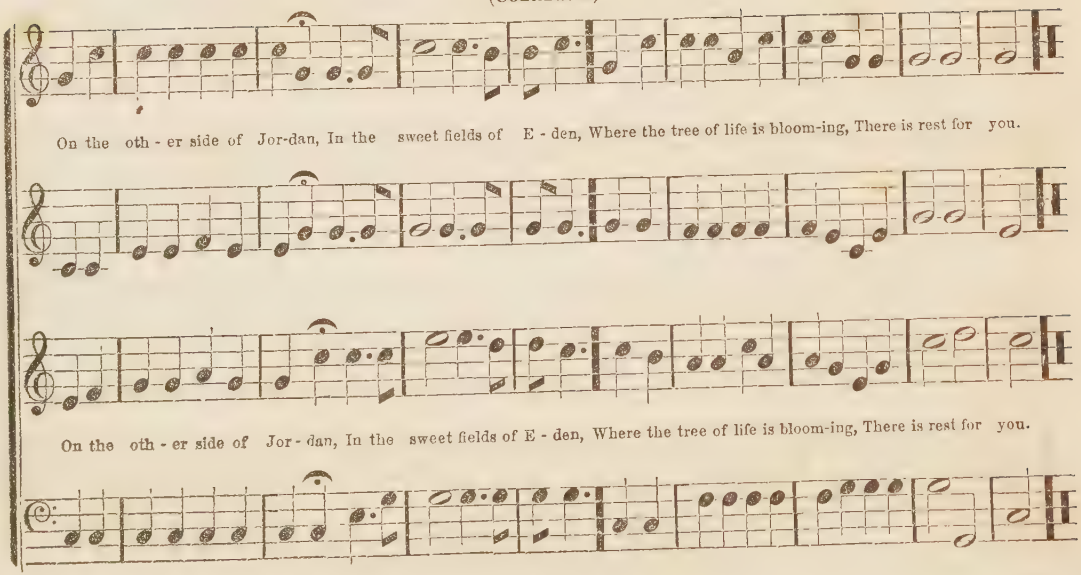
REST FOR THE WEARY.

CHORUS. (Continued.)


There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you—
There is rest for the weary, &c.
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you—

REST FOR THE WEARY.

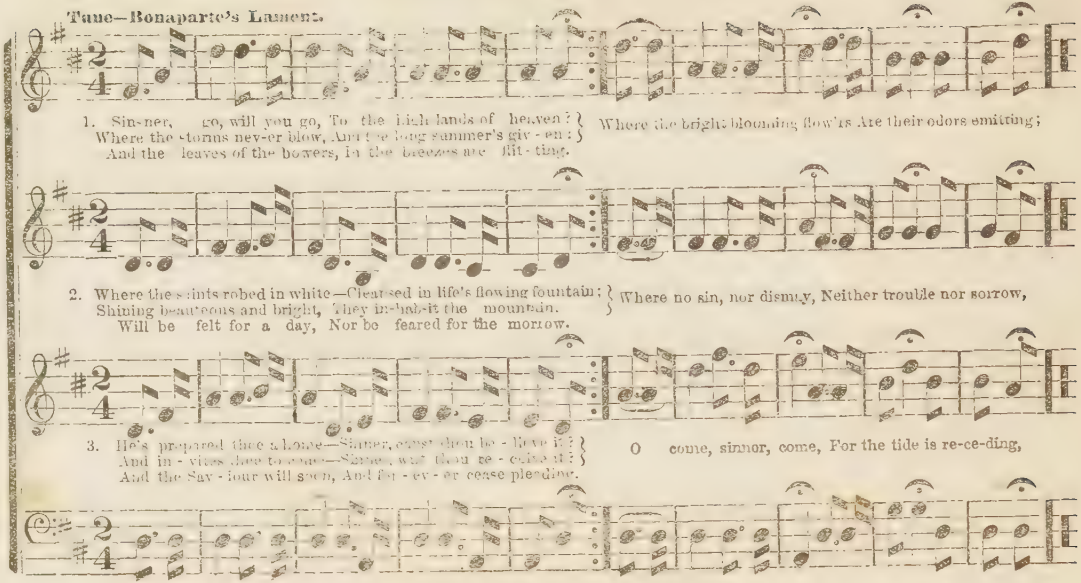
(Continued.)


On the oth - er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you.
On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you.

THE SINNER INVITED.

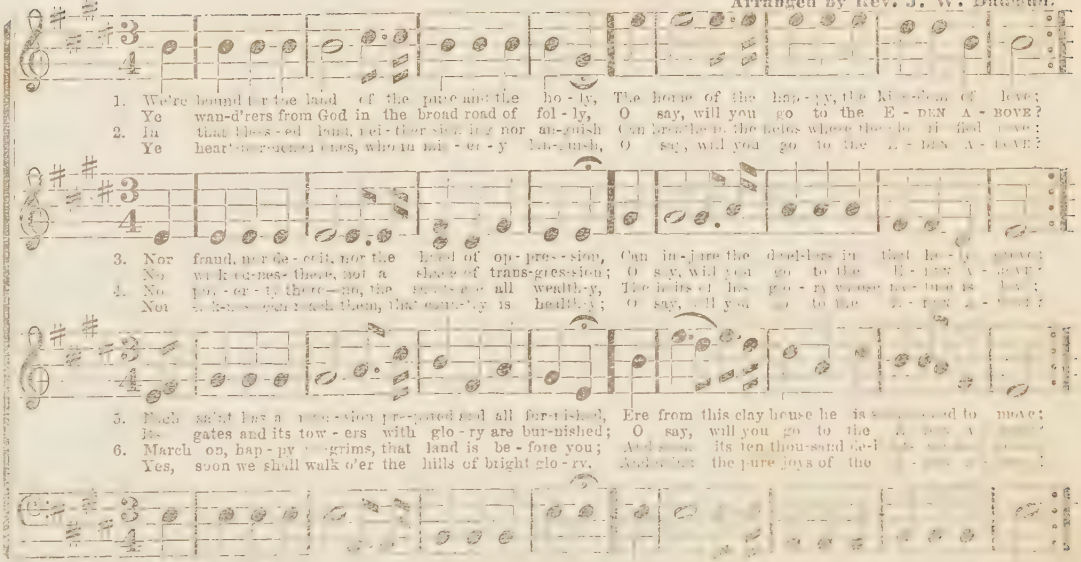
D. C.

Tune—Bonaparte's Lament.


1. Sin-ner, go, will you go, To the high lands of heaven?
Where the storms nev-er blow, And the long summer's giv-en:
And the leaves of the bowers, In the breezes are flit-ting.
Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their odors emitting;
2. Where the saints robed in white—Cleansed in life's flowing fountain;
Shining beauteous and bright, They inhabit the mountain.
Will be felt for a day, Nor be feared for the morrow.
Where no sin, nor dismay, Neither trouble nor sorrow,
3. He's prepared thee a home—Sinner, canst thou be-lieve it?
And in-vites thee to come—Sinner, will thou re-ceive it?
And the Sav-iour will soon, And for-ev-er cease pleading.
O come, sinner, come, For the tide is re-ce-ding,

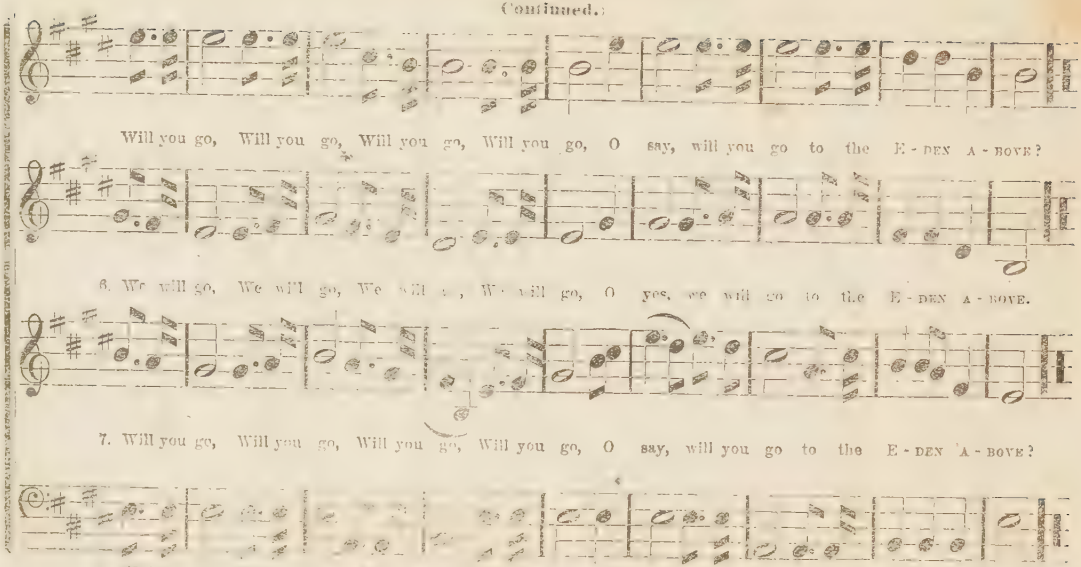
THE EDEN ABOVE.

Arranged by Rev. J. W. Dadeum.


1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly, The home of the hap - py, the kingdom of love;
Ye wan-d'rers from God in the broad road of fol - ly, O say, will you go to the E - DEN A - BOVE?
2. In that blessed land, nei-ther sick-ness nor an-guish
Ye heart-broken ones, who in mi - ser - y lan-guish
3. Nor fraud, nor de - ceit, nor the hand of op - pres - sion, Can in - jure the dwellers in that ho - ly grove;
No wicked-ness- there, not a sha-de of trans-gres-sion;
4. No pov - er - ty there—no, the poor are all wealth-y, The heirs of his glo - ry whose har-vest is love;
Not sickness can reach them, the country is health-y;
5. Each saint has a man-sion pre-pared and all fur-nished, Ere from this clay house he is re-moved to move;
Its gates and its tow - ers with glo - ry are bur-nished;
6. March on, hap - py pil-grims, that land is be - fore you;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glo - ry.
7. And yet, guil - ty sin - ner, we would not for-sake thee,
O COME to thy LORD, in his arms he will take thee,
8. Mé - thinks thou art now in thy
No oth - er but JE - SUS; then

THE EDEN ABOVE.

Continued.


Will you go, Will you go, Will you go, Will you go, O say, will you go to the E - DEN A - BOVE?
6. We will go, We will go, We will go, We will go, O yes, we will go to the E - DEN A - BOVE.
7. Will you go, Will you go, Will you go, Will you go, O say, will you go to the E - DEN A - BOVE?

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